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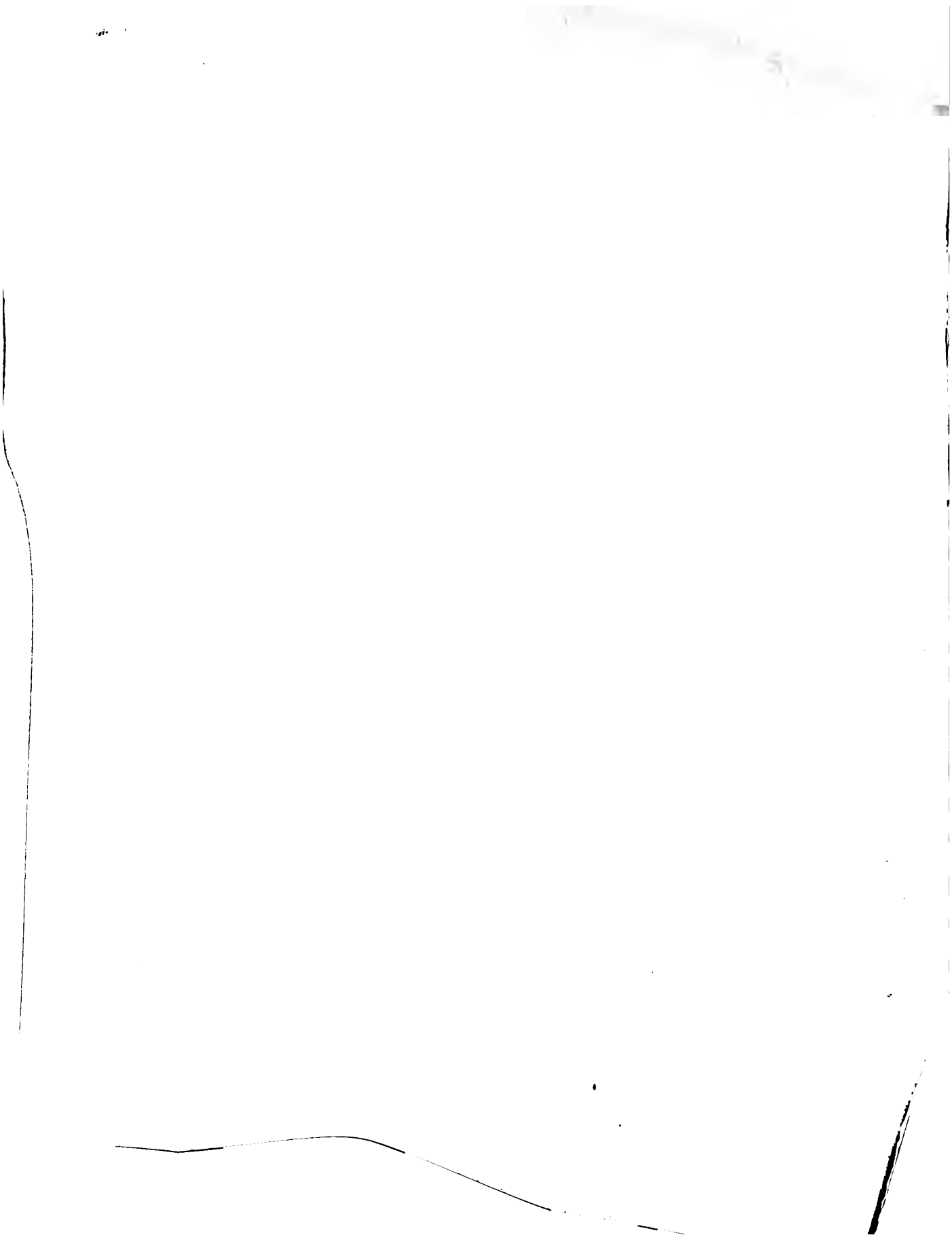

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

T. Rowlandson del.t et sculp.t

Letter XII. p. 196.

Se tanto a me piace
Si vana beltà;
Io perdero la pace,
Quando si svegliera.

If, while entranced in balmy rest,
His Charms can give such pain;
When he awakes, my wounded breast
Will ne'er know peace again.

NAPLES.

AND THE

CAMPAGNA FELICE:

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS.

PUBLISHED AT R. ACKERMANNS
101, STRAND, LONDON

June 1.1815

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

NAPLES

AND THE

CAMPAGNA FELICE.

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS,

ADDRESSED

TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND,

IN 1802.

by
Lewis Engelbach

London:

PUBLISHED BY R. ACKERMANN, 101, STRAND.

1815.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1899.

J. Diggens, Printer, St. Ann's Lane, London.

PREFACE.

THE following Letters having been successively inserted in "ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY OF ARTS", under the title of "Letters from Italy", the proprietor of that Miscellany, influenced, perhaps, by the opinion of partial judges, felt desirous of publishing them in a separate Volume. To this wish alone they owe their appearance in the present form, the Author being too conscious of the imperfections in his performance to have of his own accord presumed to usher it into a more extensive circulation, even with all the advantages of embellishment which it has derived from the exertions of the Publisher.

Some Apology may be due in regard to the fifteenth Letter. Although the fanciful, yet direct, offspring of an idea elicited by its predecessors, it certainly might have been suppressed, agreeably to the original intention of the writer, without injury to the historical or descriptive part of the Work. But as that Letter had formed

the periodical publication, and as the pre-
renders it optional with the matter-of-fact
:ruse it, or not, it is hoped that its admission
more legitimate brethren will give no serious

THE AUTHOR.

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1815.

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Ottajano
Ponticella
la Barra
S. Generello
S. Jorio
Ruins of Herculaneum
Resina
VESUVIO
Torre del Greco
Bosco Reale
Bosco tre Case
Calcarelli
C. Bruno
Scassota
Torre dell' Annunziata
River Sarno
CASTELLAMARE
C. d'Orlando
Scanzano
Pt. di Scutolo
Massa Equiana
Meta
Fornacella
Pacognano
C. di Sorrento
C. di Massa
SORRENTO
Priora
Casarlano
Aquara
Massa
S. Agata
Costa della Torre
Marciano
Monticchio
Termini
Metrano
Pt. Germano
Pt. Fornilla
Pt. Recomune
li Galli
Campanella Pt.
Montalto Pt.
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Capo di Matromania
GULPH OF SALERN
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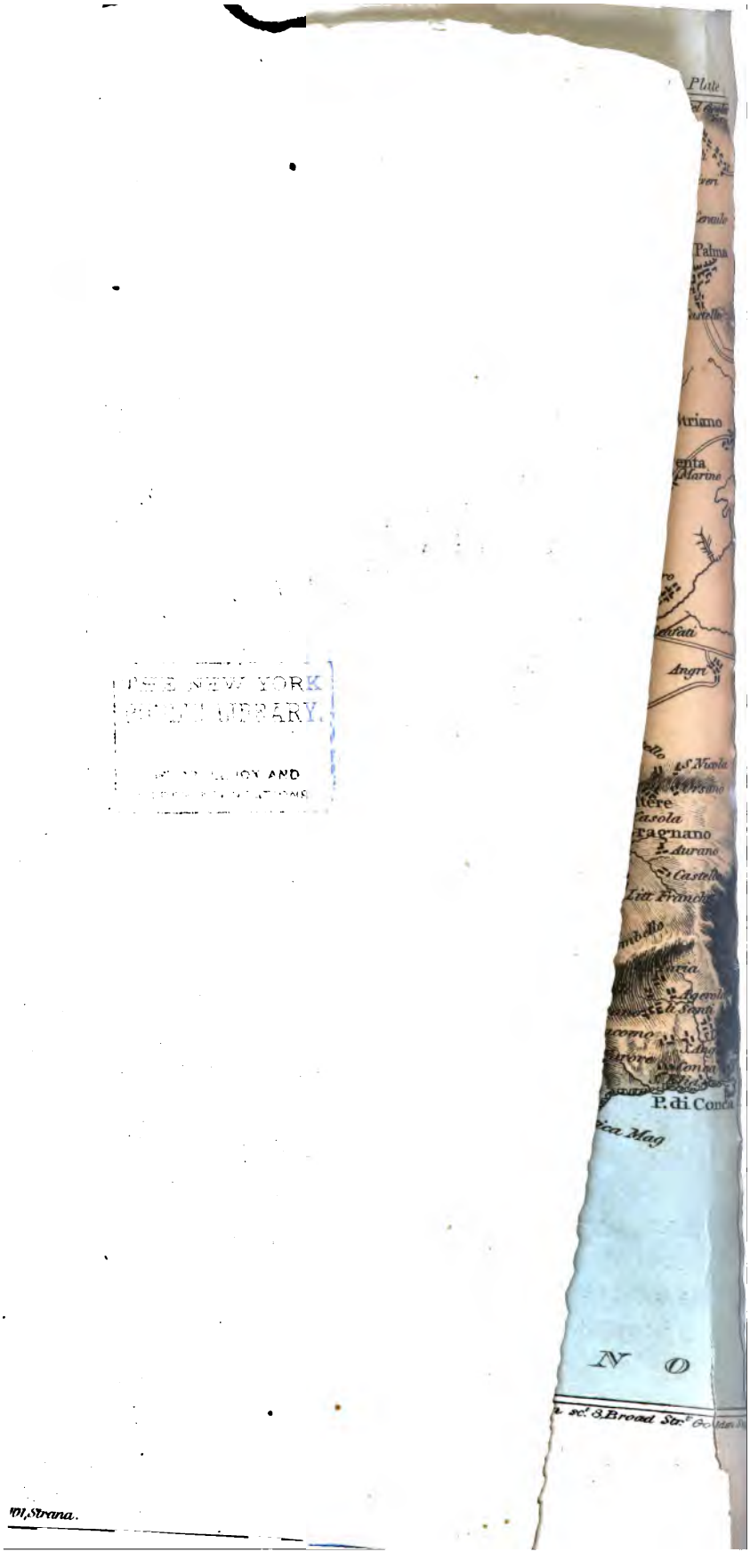

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NAPLES,

AND THE

CAMPAGNA FELICE.

LETTER I.

NAPLES, April —, 1802.

DEAR T.

MY last was dated at Messina, from whence I sailed a week ago in the ———; and in less than three days we cast anchor in the beautiful bay of Naples. This trip has almost removed my strong aversion to maritime conveyances; the weather was delightful, the wind fair, the accommodation on board comfortable, and the attention and hospitality of our worthy captain kind in the extreme.

We passed during the night, through the Faro of Messina, and the *once* formidable Straits of Scylla and Charybdis, with all the unconcern and *sang froid* of true British sailors. My classic fears had prompted me to read to the captain the speech of Helenus to Æneas in the third Book of Virgil, which he treated with sovereign contempt, declaring the venerable seer to be no better than an old woman, and the whole story a d——d h——g. The event, certainly, was by no means calculated to raise the Maronian nautics in my estimation, and in some measure justified the captain's blunt and severe sentence.

ere soon afterwards more seriously excited
ureous vapour, which pervaded every part
d induced me to believe it was on fire. I
from my cot; but on enquiry, learned, to
that the smell which had alarmed me pro-
ount Stromboli, a burning volcano, then
listant. I did not regret the interruption
l all my fears were suspended in contemp-
quarter-deck, the truly sublime spectacle
exhibited; this you will easily credit when
at even at so great a distance the objects on
nined enough to cause a very perceptible
nore than probable, that the whole space
Ætna and Vesuvius forms connected re-
erials for subterraneous fire, and that those
Stromboli serve as occasional vomitories of
ent; and I think it very probable, that by
kingdoms of Naples and Sicily are in some
l from destruction. That so few vents,
entirely sufficient for this salutary purpose,
to conclude from the calamitous earth-
Messina and Calabria have at various
posed. On the other hand, it is but fair to
lat these convulsions of nature have some-
nded with beneficial consequences; since
ls evidently, and probably also the Straits
e their existence to volcanic revolutions
ecords of history.

arly in the morning, we sailed through the
he island of Capri and the territory of Sor-
ner, once the theatre of the beastly revels
rant Tiberius, is now inhabited by a few
nd poor fishermen; some of its ancient and
is were distinctly visible from our ship,
tered site induced a recollection of the ne-
farious

farious and brutish scenes transacted within their walls, so faithfully and *con amore* depicted by Suetonius. With these, however, I took care not to acquaint our good captain, lest I should experience a rebuff similar to the one I received between Scylla and Charybdis.

The disgusting train of ideas elicited by the view of Capri, was soon wiped away by a contrast of scene, infinitely more pleasing. On leaving the strait, we at once entered the bay of Naples, and beheld the city, with its beautiful mole, castles, and churches; Misenum, Bajæ, Pozzuoli, and Mount Posilipo on the left; Vesuvius and Portici on the right; St. Elmo and Capo di Monte in the rear: a prospect celebrated by every traveller for its grandeur and sublimity, yet far exceeding any description I had read of it: in my estimation, it is indeed beyond the power of language to describe it. A panorama of Naples would be a high treat to our London loungers, and the materials for its execution might be procured at a trifling expense, from some of the skilful scene-painters in this place.

Having come from Messina, the quarantine formalities were brief. As soon as I once more felt myself on *terra firma*, my enquiries were for a French inn, in conformity to the advice I received at Messina from a British Merchant, who, having several times travelled over Italy, observed, that to travellers who were not rich, the inns kept by Frenchmen proved a desirable medium between the expensive cleanliness of English hotels abroad, and the cheap filth of native accommodations. The house of Madame Gasse, on Mount Oliveto, being recommended to me, I enquired for a porter to carry my small portmanteau, pistols, &c. In an instant four, more than half-naked, Lazzaroni, grasped the four separate parcels of my baggage, and were ready to start with me to the city. I remonstrated

whole was but a moderate load for a lad of
multaneous and unintelligible jargon of the
was all the answer I received, and to which I
ative but that of submission, fully expecting
perty travel in as many different directions.
ion, however, I was fortunately mistaken;
age arrived safe with their owner at Madame
; reward of their labour was the next point to
nd there, as the vulgar phrase is, I was a
a. To the one who carried the portmanteau,
xpedition, I handed three carlins (about 15d.),
y of recompensing his associates according to
e merits. This suggestion he obeyed most
set off in an instant with all the money in
ving the other three on my hands, clamor-
upon immediate payment. Seeing no other
elf of their importunities, I adroitly shifted
tion to the passage, slipt into my room again
door. Their cries were now converted into
-whoop, which brought up some persons be-
ter at issue, fairly turned the whole of their
out of doors.

like this, you may well suppose, dear T.
ted to bias my first impressions in favour of
whom I intended to make some stay. The
venture, however, although another—but
s of imposition, most seasonably corrected
te of my feelings. A Franciscan friar, with
gay and a basket containing three oranges,
in:—"The prior and brethren of our con-
favoured me with the grateful task of offer-
trious Sir, our congratulations on your safe
apital, with our best wishes and prayers for

your

your speedy recovery. We entreat your acceptance of this produce of our garden, *so much beneath the merits of your exalted person*, as the only token of sincerity which the poverty of St. Francis enables us to present to you." This address, you will allow, contained no indifferent specimen of monastic rhetoric; it was eloquent, kind, and, above all, flattering. But for the "speedy recovery," I should have felt highly pleased. What! do my very looks betray inward disease to one who never saw me before? With civility and, I dare say, with a trembling accent, I requested an explanation on this delicate point. "If I have erred, Sir, it was from having espied that vial before I looked at your countenance." Neither St. Francis nor your humble servant were the losers by this *éclaircissement*.

Substituting a dollar for the half-crown which I had already destined to give to this *adroit*, but good-natured monk, and kindly thanking him for all the pretty things he had said, I observed to him, that he appeared to be perfectly correct, although he had drawn a false conclusion,—that illness had brought me to Naples; but that, whatever my countenance might indicate, the contents of the vial in the window were rather intended to re-establish the looks of my boot-tops than those of my face. The venerable father paid a neat compliment to English ingenuity, bowed affectionately for the small donation, assured me that the mineral waters with which the environs of the city abound, would soon effect my cure, and, requesting to be permitted now and then to enquire after my health, repectfully withdrew.

This was not the only visit I received of the same kind, although the only one that had to boast of any other return than my best thanks.

Having

LETTER II.

Naples, April —, 1802.

nvy my lot, dear T. when I tell you, that
sited the antique mausoleum, the divine
urposely denied myself this exquisite plea-
eason should be more advanced, and the
nproved.—When we wait on a great man,
to appear in our best attire; ought not then
l in her most brilliant garb, for my approach
er poet? A heavenly morning had cheered
he most pleasing harmony, when I resolved,
for breakfast, to enter on this classic pil-
our excellency is early this morning," ex-
Don Giuseppe on entering the room; and
ted him with the cause, he added, in per-
nt, "You will feel the want of your break-
e time you get there; and what is more, you
the place unless I go with you."—Giving
tand that this was my business, I left him
e observations on the singular whims *dei*
and hastened down the Infrescata and the
do, towards the sea-beach. In my way, I
physician's, whom I found very busy in the
his breakfast. "You are just in time to take
e, such as you will probably not meet with
e in this city." Notwithstanding the inter-
s guardian of my constitution had, on his first
ced against that favourite beverage of mine,
romatic odour attending the process, and the
stomach, that I felt little hesitation in trans-
w, on the temptation of the legislator. This
owever, I kept to myself till I had made an

excellent

...sy and delightful path, ushered me
...et.

...must know," exclaimed the officious
...leared his vociferating organs for ac-
...thing."——"Then I am silent."

...of this solemn retreat, the lovely shade
...trees, the soothing stillness, scarcely
...rustling of leaves gently fanned by
...isturbed by the plaintive strains of the
...no comment—nator. Methought I heard
...l whisper his "Procul, O! procul este,
...eying the warning, I dismissed the

...radition. This surely was a favourite
..., and as such selected by his patron
...nd Pollio, to contain his mortal remains.
...s genius, the world then known was in-
...re read with equal admiration on the
...are, Wolga, and Ganges, although their
...e Ovid in his Jam opus exegi, the vanity
...eternity.

...tion alone of this elegant little mausoleum
...to be Virgil's nature herself has, as it were,
...fort, strengthened its authenticity: the ruinous
...l strengthened with ivy and myrtle, and
...ric is crowned with vigorous branches of
...s of which have for centuries replaced the
...ries of profane hands. And yet, with such
...before them, the learned, who question
...heir own knowledge, have dared to utter
...the Neapolitan literati, I am told, has va-
...liantly

f official labour —— "*otium cum dignitate*."
: what it might have been some prebend,
g connected with the temples of Jupiter or
oli, although the writers of his life have not
to descend to such particulars; a sinecure
and there we have at once classic autho—
f sinecure places, for literary characters a
ıose exclusively they ought to be granted =
: so, T.? This is a serious subject, which
to England, shall be brought before the
ress publication, wherein I shall prove that
of the greatest geniuses, such as Horace,
e, Newton, Swift, and hundreds of others,
as modern, owe their existence to sinecure

ı to Naples = —— what other country could so
ır poet with the subject of his Georgics, as
w even called *la Terra di Lavoro* (the land of
bour, as some have mischievously translated
en several of the *masserie*, or farms, in the
d, and been surprised at the high state of cul-
are in, and at the industry with which every
perlatively fertile soil is brought to account.

he Georgics are indebted for their instructive
ıdustrious example of Campania: the Æneid
e of its most beautiful passages to the intimate
hich Virgil must have had of the surrounding
the sixth book (his master-piece in my judg-
ıle of the horribly sublime scenery, the cavern
ake Avernus, Acheron, &c. is borrowed from
of Cumæ and Pozzuoli, the volcanic regions
with characteristic propriety and infinite skill,
y the poet as the gloomy purlieus to the en-
e realms of Pluto.

But

But I am again, dear T. running on at a wi
you may well see, mounted on my hobby, and
it is, prancing to the left and right, seldom d
low a straight forward course; too much c
breed, unfit for sober travelling.

An over anxious desire to impress you with
of this classic jewel, and of the train of feelings
upon my fancy at the time, has made me p
atone for the fault by a more steady narrative
occurrences.

The day after my arrival, I looked out f
sician: Cyrillo, the Hippocrates of Italy, t
country, was no more. His unhappy fate m
an indelible stain in the revolutionary anna
try: it will form a set-off, on the credit side
of blood, against the Jacobin butchers of P
nius of David (the painter) was a sufficien
save him from a well-deserved punishment;
sentence, the balance of justice had one scal
his errors, when his transcendent talents
have been thrown into the other. But let
over the transaction; posterity one day wi
The skill of Dr. *** in chronic diseases, wa
mended to me: he conceived frequent ex
back, and a purer air than that which prev
Gasse's, to be essential to my recovery;
the mineral waters, which had been my c
for coming to Naples, unfit to be drank
months. However disappointed at this i
displeased with the idea of quitting my i
comfortably accommodated with a good lo
for little more than five shillings a day, I o
of his decrees; hired a horse by the wee

mit of the *Infrescata*, a hill in the suburbs,
its appellation from the salubrity of the at-

les after new quarters, tedious any where, but
where no bills in the windows guide your en-
shewn to the house, or, as they called it, the
vate gentleman. To you, as a geometrician,
matter of surprise to find every house with a
styled palace, in a city where, as I have already
our humble *Sir* is translated into *Eccellenza*;

Sir to Eccellenza, so House to Palace.——EUCLID.

Euclid was perfectly at home in this palace, as you
Presently. The *Private gentleman* received me
Politan politeness (*c'est tout dit*), regretted infi-
his apartments were still in the occupancy of a
and assured me, that such was his par-
Moscovita; but and his *knowledge of their* gene-
British nation, acting, that he should contrive
noble manner of the apartments in a week or ten
in possession to give warning to the Russian
time necessary for at all events, in less than three
This most gentle- rous offer being civilly declined
he added that set off for Rome, when I might
gentleman was 18, was occupied at another
ruple become a emical drawing. On admiring
ly, of about Pinelli icoletta was introduced as the
xecuting an the house. She was employed on
iency, Donna of which I
of the owner ercules, the original
the Farnesian gii *Studii*; and the young artist
seen in the antiquity in all its parts, owing
lly copied ru ken the design previously to the
o her having visit

visit which a high personage lately paic
antiques now deposited in that museum
sion, I have been told, an immediate ar
of brazen foliage, of various dimensions,
attached, without regard to rank or distir
majorum or minorum gentium, to all t
Olympus, that were found too fashionat
even poor Kallipyga was forced to submi
mands of decorum; although, in her ca
of the beholder would most probably be
tipodean direction.

"Here," you will exclaim, "is the h
ing from Donna Nicoletta to Venus Kal
saltum mortale!" Do not, dear T. wrong
rian friend by suspecting too physical
ideas.

"The trifles on which you are good
your praise," observed Sig. ———, "are
daughter's leisure hours: she shall she
more worthy of your attention." A Latir
first canto of the *Gierusalemma Libera*
one of two or three books of Euclid, enri
tian notes, were now produced as the w
phical damsel. Unfortunatly a rooted
very learned females not only rendered m
to the merits of her lucubrations, but eve
nion to the very features of her countenar
had appeared attractive, an air of pedantry
repellent power with such accumulated forc
look for an opportunity of extricating mys
which I had not grace enough to apprecia

What, in the name of goodness, thought

he walls of this *palace*, will a man do w th
ever mortal ave courage or simplic ty
the possession of a woman, who will be
e binomial theorem when she ought to be
table dish of maccaroni for his dinner, or
stead of plaiting the radii of his shirt fr ll s
arallels. A simpleton he must forsooth !
ne but such a one will she elect we trus t
adox, according to which, the most diametri —
qualifications, moral or physical, are soonest
lock.

u read this letter to Miss ——, you had better
ove; tell her it contains private matter; or, if
der an absolute necessity of reading it, I depend
endship for such an explanation of my sentiments
vince her, that I intend by no means to exclude
partners of our fortunes from the benefits of an
d education: 'tis a professedly literary career, an
into the more abstruse sciences, which I conceive
compatible with the fulfilment of the important
y owe to society.

de of this female sage being at no very great
om the castle of St. Elmo, and more than half
mountain on which it is situated, I desired Don
to lead the way. "Indeed the ascent is too
e, Sir; you will be exhausted, and your curi-
aid. "What will you see there? the sea, some
wn, a few pieces of brass cannon, all of which
en before: besides, I doubt whether the sentry
you." When all these objections were over-
rned the true cause of poor Joe's demur: he had
ng since his scanty breakfast: his services, under
nstances, would have proved very inefficient; I
therefore

therefore dispensed with his guidance, and re
fortress by my own enquiries.

The *auri sacra fames*, which ere now has op
of many an impregnable stronghold; or, in pla
three carlins delicately introduced into the pa
poral, procured me free access to the interior
ever, I met with nothing which could interest m
my attention was totally absorbed by the view
most delightful prospects I had ever beheld -
lay extended, like a map, at my feet; the spl
sion of the Carthusian monks of St. Martin, wit
tiful gardens belonging to it, directly under the
castle; the port crowded with masts; at a dist
bay, two British frigates riding at anchor, as if
to seek greater security from a more sheltered
marine skirts of the town lined with the mole
house, the Castel Nuovo, Castel d'Uovo, Pizzof
the public gardens of Chiaia; in the rear, o
detached from its parent, the mountain of Somm
rising out of its bosom. But the scene baffles
tion; and to save myself a more minute detail
hasty sketch, which I have since pencilled fr
point of view *.

I have been told a curious circumstance wh
when recently a detachment of our troops, in
with the Neapolitans, besieged the French
The British had no sooner built their huts at
distance from the fortress, than many of the m
denly seized with violent vomitings, others wi
and languour, which rendered them unfit for c
it was suspected that the French had poison

* The view here alluded to has been introduced in the tit

s found that other corps, who had used the
re in perfect health, it was feared that the
other epidemic disease, had infected the
e so, as medicine, although administered
oduced no abatement in the symptoms, until
geons discovered the true cause of the evil.
nt being in the vicinity of a hemp field, many
formed their huts with the stalks and leaves of
effluvia of which had exerted their intoxicat-
orific qualities to the alarming degree above
As soon therefore as the cause was removed,
ed, without any further serious consequence.

ave feasted my eyes for hours on the sublime
e me, had not grosser organs reminded me of the
truth, that man is not all mind. My stomach
e in the same predicament as that of Don Giu-
our ago: hunger hurried me down to the city,
I nearly repented of the indulgence I had granted
lly lost my way, and became bewildered in a maze
rrow lanes, the poor inhabitants of which an-
epeated enquiries with a good-natured, but to me
le Neapolitan *patois*. Fortunately, I met at last
n officer, *who could speak Italian*, and who was
to conduct me to my inn, where, for the first
ur months, I dined with real appetite on the
the table d'hôte.

ose this long letter, I must give you a short
a curious theatrical representation at which I
me days ago. The title of *Saul* induced me
acred oratorio; instead of which, I found the
biblical narrative dramatized into a complete
en omitting the incantations of the witch of
Neapolitans are more unreasonable than the
ancient

ancient Romans; they would have carnem et
in Lent-time: the former, I understand, tl
indulged with by a special, but by no mea
dispensation from the Holy See; and their
the latter has been gratified by the sacred
just mentioned, in which Signora P. made h
a singer, in the character of David, and, I am
the particular notice of a British officer of
not yet a great singer, but bids fair to be or
tion is full and sweet, and her compass grea
an action more dégagée and adapted to the
wants; and which, at her age, she has time
she does not appear to be more than sixteen
a lovely face and figure, much resembling ou
you will not tax me with unreasonable pa
belli, the first tenor, acted King Saul admi
he is d'un certain age, his voice penetrated e
house; but it is in the recitativos he is most
I think, unrivalled: his figure, step, and ac
put me in mind of Kemble. The music,
am told, has great merit; and a harp air
David's (not a psalm) in a minor key, was
ing. Upon the whole, justice was not done
by the orchestra, which was sensibly infer
King's Theatre.

After one of the longest letters which
from my pen, I trust I may take leave of
degree of credit: the more so, as the pleasu
writing to you has made me transgress the
physician, who has most seriously cautio
sedentary occupation. My health, howe
at least my spirits are better, as you may
yourself, from the preceding rhapsodies of

III.

LETTER

Naples, April —, 1802.

elightful city, with its heavenly irons, s—o
every day on my favour, that, n— ithstand —
; wish to return to old England, and to all I
; to me, I fear I shall never be able to quit
ut sincere regret. Miss Parthenope must in—
been a lady of great judgment and taste, to
igible a situation for settling her colony in,
d eloped from the rigorous treatment of her
papa; her choice is even superior to that of
do, another run-away princess, who contented
the parched sands of Barbary. How different
nts of those heroic ages from the amorous flights
es! The breach of the social compact would
ned for, by the establishment of rising colonies;
w-a-days, the aggregate results of all the love-
record, from the origin of the functions of the
riest to the present time, would scarcely furnish
al compliment of one colonial settlement.

en wondered how so gallant a man as Æneas
thin sight of this place, without giving even a
r Parthenope; or why, if he did such a thing,
rgil should be silent on the subject; and I
pect the latter to be the fact. The pious hero,
aid his respects *en passant* to that princess,
ook French leave of her, as he did of the Ty-
pt at the instigation of a Cupid *en masque*, but
rudence suggested him, that if he listened to
invitations of those love-sick maids, aud mar-

ried

ried one or the other, he might indeed become the
of a queen, a kind of appendix kept for posterity
but not king in his own right; a wish that had
primum mobile of all his peregrinations. He then
clined all connexion, or at least all matrimonial c
with these petticoat governments, and steered furt
ward, in order to ——.

But no! let him steer on, I know you will th
steered long enough out of course for the sake
sical digression, or rather rhapsody; for to give i
appellation, at the very outset of the epistle, w
bad as beginning a letter with a postscript.

How you will envy me, dear T. when you
scription of my head-quarters. If it is true, th
man once exclaimed, "Paris is the capital of
the *Palais Royal* the capital of Paris," I r
Naples is the loveliest city in Europe, and th
your humble servant on the top of the Infres
liest spot in all Naples. In front an extens
the gayest vernal attire, with several state
just ready to blossom; and backwards a p
far surpassing the magic scenery of Claude
From my pillow I often behold, in the cool
the thin aërial fume issuing from the cra
and the varied and extensive prospect fron
the city, the bay, villas, gardens, and a wi
tile and well cultivated country, bordered
of mountains, surpasses the powers of des
these local advantages the kind offices of
good-natured families upon earth, who
their particular study to anticipate my
and you will agree with me, that I ha
in procuring all these excellencies at th

…t two guineas … per month, the rent whi…h I
…ay them.

…nay be called truly patriarchal, in as much
… of four successive generations under the
great-grandfather and great-grandmother,
: and grandmother, the father and mother,
…en of the latter, the eldest of whom is five
… both mother and grandmother in a family
almost forgotten the pretty Donna Luisa,
not least in our estimation; for she cooks my
prepares her maccaroni as exquisitely as any
at Brunet's.

…hele, the grandfather, is the leader of this nu-
…d; a man of formal address and pompous civi-
: those sententious characters that delight in the
…f their own talk.

… renounces his siesta, in order to keep me com-
…inner, where it is in vain to beg him to join:
…il mio dovere, Signor mio, aggio pranzato,*" is
…is reply to any invitation of that kind. He is per-
…ented when he sees me enjoy my dinner, and the
…of appetite causes him real uneasiness. On such
…, which unfortunately occurs more often than I
…he generally launches out into a violent philip-
physicians, the burden of which is, "Believe
…, you'll never be well till you throw your bottles
… of the window. How can a man of your sense
…anding doubt for a moment that it is all a farce
…on?" To contradict him on this, or indeed any

---

* I know my duty, dear sir; I have dined.

other

other subject, would only elicit an endless t
argumentation; whereas a "lei dice bene,"
shrugging up my shoulders (a favourite Italia
persuades his self-complacency, that the su
reasoning is unanswerable. He then enters
of the day; and there his communications ar
taining in a city where one wretched new
printed twice or thrice a week, and that cont
indifferent extracts from other foreign jour
my friend Don Michele, therefore, I obt
notice of oratorios to be performed in any
churches, of a nun's taking the veil, of the
to be represented, of the arrival of any
war, &c.

In this place, a lover of harmony need
to hear excellent music very often. Scarc
but one church or other has to celebra
saint's aniversary, or other important holy
is an essential requisite; and fond as I an
in particular, I have hitherto missed few
that kind. In almost every instance the
vocal and instrumental, were of the first-
the composition, whether ancient or mode
but frequently also the pleasure I experie
or rather destroyed, by sensations of disgu
of eunuchs employed in the execution of
certs. Among all the potent engines w
church has called in aid of the adoratio
Being, music, from its powerful and dire
hearts and feelings, and the sublimity of
deity claims the first rank. But, surely,
unnatural strains of these unfortunate being
the solemn harmony of divine song
their employment debases that heavenly

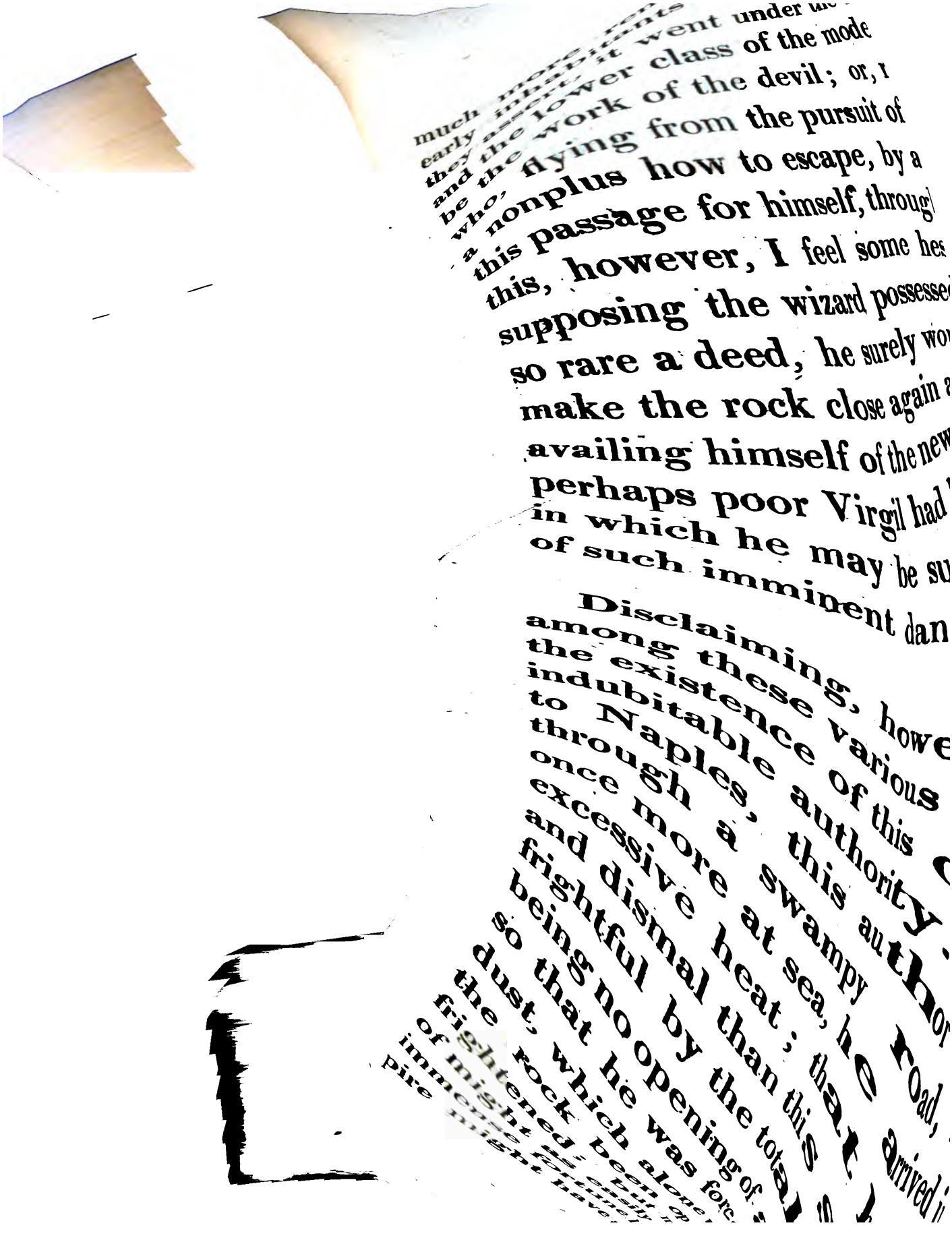
d temples of the Almig ity,
lace of worship, bespea ks a
erous refinement of mo d ern
vation was fully ackn o w-
ement VIII. when he is su ed
so inhuman and impio us a
religious practi istry, th at
, to elu de
but infrin g-
To name them would only sul ly
too long on a subject dis-
friend of mankind, without any

T. turn to the verdant groves, the
rocky recesses of the lovely
beauties of which have so justly
ers of antiquity. It forms in a
nce to the whole of the north-
the city, and terminates in an
the south. The tranquillity
tion had rendered it to the
no less fashionable than the
æ. Cæsar, Lucullus, Pollio,
many other great public cha-
ficent villas, of which some
remain. No wonder, then, if Posi-
and the beauty of its situation
favourite haunt of mine; so
left to its free agency, regu-
scata, through Uomero, over
along the broad spine of the
illage near the cape. The Uo-
Posilipo, and on its summit rises
nce Belvedere, with its noble
gardens.

gardens. The latter are particularly
of the many exotic and tropical plant
the open air. It is in these gardens I
for the first time in my life, the bull-r
deed in such abundance as it once
banks of the Syracusan Anapus, o
lake Menzaléh in Egypt, but sufficient
osity. Some of the stalks being near d
obtained one of them; and the inclosed
conveys to her some anapæstics (as te
flow), written with a reed and atram
characters, on papyrus-paper of my
Make her truly sensible of the value of th
tell her it is a *fac simile* of one of Mar
letters to the Egyptian queen; assure her t
ciety would gladly have received it, that th
would have hung it up in a frame in the
Small as the specimen is, it has occasioned
ble and vexation to produce thus much.
pare it as nearly as possible according to
Pliny, I was, in the first instance, under
going down to the city, to consult, in the l
one of the convents the natural history of
then set to work, divided with my razor the
into small slips, and having placed them clo
in two layers, longitudinally and transverse
der fabric between the Æneid and a brevi
lord's, and for the sake of stronger compres
the whole to the gravitating power of.....
pen refuses its office! How shall I describ
felt, when, on my return from a long ride,
treasure, and learned its woeful fate. Bened
cessor to the infatuated Don Giuseppe, had
town with my medicine just in time to saddle
this unfortunate ride, and I was scarcely out o

quity. This manner of placing the st
rows, like the moderns, but in a diago
one of the four angles downwards, like t
has probably assisted the durability of t

The sight of a large square slab of whi
distance from the main road on th
ed my curiosity some days ago. It c
Latin inscription of great length, whicl
would send you, but I wish to save pos
is desired to pause, in order to behold
stration of the cruelty and impiety of
exhibited in the fish-ponds of A. Pollio
marble, was particularly fond of lamp
blood; and who, to gratify this *inhun*
had these ponds built at an immense
the wretched victims of his corrupt pal
them. Accepting the pious invitatio
pointed at by the inscription, and act
house to consist of some modern mas
a solid stock of ancient reticulated
back of the building a small door o
which even now appeared to be abur
water, rising to the height of about
the door downwards, and covered by
as high from the top of the door: the
a stucco, as hard, if not harder, than
bric was in perfect preservation, and w
of an antiquary; but my conductor
thing to the information given by th
confess, appeared to me very problem
impenetrable covering of stucco wou
take it for a reservoir, or large cistern
for lampreys: and supposing it to
where is the evidence of human bodie


much more rom
early imbibed
they associate
and the lower class of the mode
be, it went under the
who, the work of the devil; or, r
a nonplus how to escape, by a
this passage for himself, through
this, however, I feel some hes
supposing the wizard possesse
so rare a deed, he surely wo
make the rock close again a
availing himself of the new
perhaps poor Virgil had
in which he may be su
of such imminent dan
Disclaiming, howe
among these various
the existence of this
indubitable authority
to Naples, this au thor
through a swampy road,
once more at sea, he arrived i
excessive heat; that
and dismal than this
frightful by the total
being no opening of
so that he was forc
dust, which alone
the rock began
frightened
of mighty
immense
pire

merable ob
of making
preposses
letter; and your friendship,
every allowance I can wish for.

We have known here of the peace o
weeks past ..... At all
during my journey home; for I have
northwards through Italy and Fr
Florence, Turin, Lyons, Paris,
hot season, which is rapidly a
longer stay in this latitude w
like me. In these travels I
to proceed leisurely, so a
proper time to make wh
interesting as those m
notice, or at least tha
tailed an account as t
communicate it to yo
able to meet so soon as
aided by recollection, a h
tertainment.

I am now going to Pozzo
sion of mine to proceed
in that direction; a
rather ridiculous in
delight and instruct

Some days ago D
beside my dinner-t
his eloquent conversation
mands for procuring
day, and not return

white satin waistcoat, profus
passion-flowers, breeches lik
cordovan shoes with huge s
frills, and the hair frizzed i
curls. But for the pondero
queue, Don Michele might
king's birth-day.

I stared; but my surpris
the motive for this effort o
"*per far onore alla di lei pe*

Not to expose the contra
my veteran black coat and
observations of my English
go the more unfrequented
into the *Pianura*: still we
ler's acquaintances, who s
envy either his coat or his pl
steep road, we travelled t
about four miles, till we a
round the extremity of which
cut, immediately overhangin
the mountain to the gate of
forms a most picturesque app
we halted at the gate of Do
already stepped down to rec
welcome, imprinted three sa
cheeks and lips ***. A Briti
been received with greater h
tality, than were here bestow
ed into the best room, and
meat, &c. was immediately

* To do hono

mountain," exclaimed the latter,
famous villa of Cicero, called by
he wrote his *Academical Questions*.

To question this information w
academical; since, from more th
may be proved that this country-
have been situated at, or at lea
pointed out by our guide.

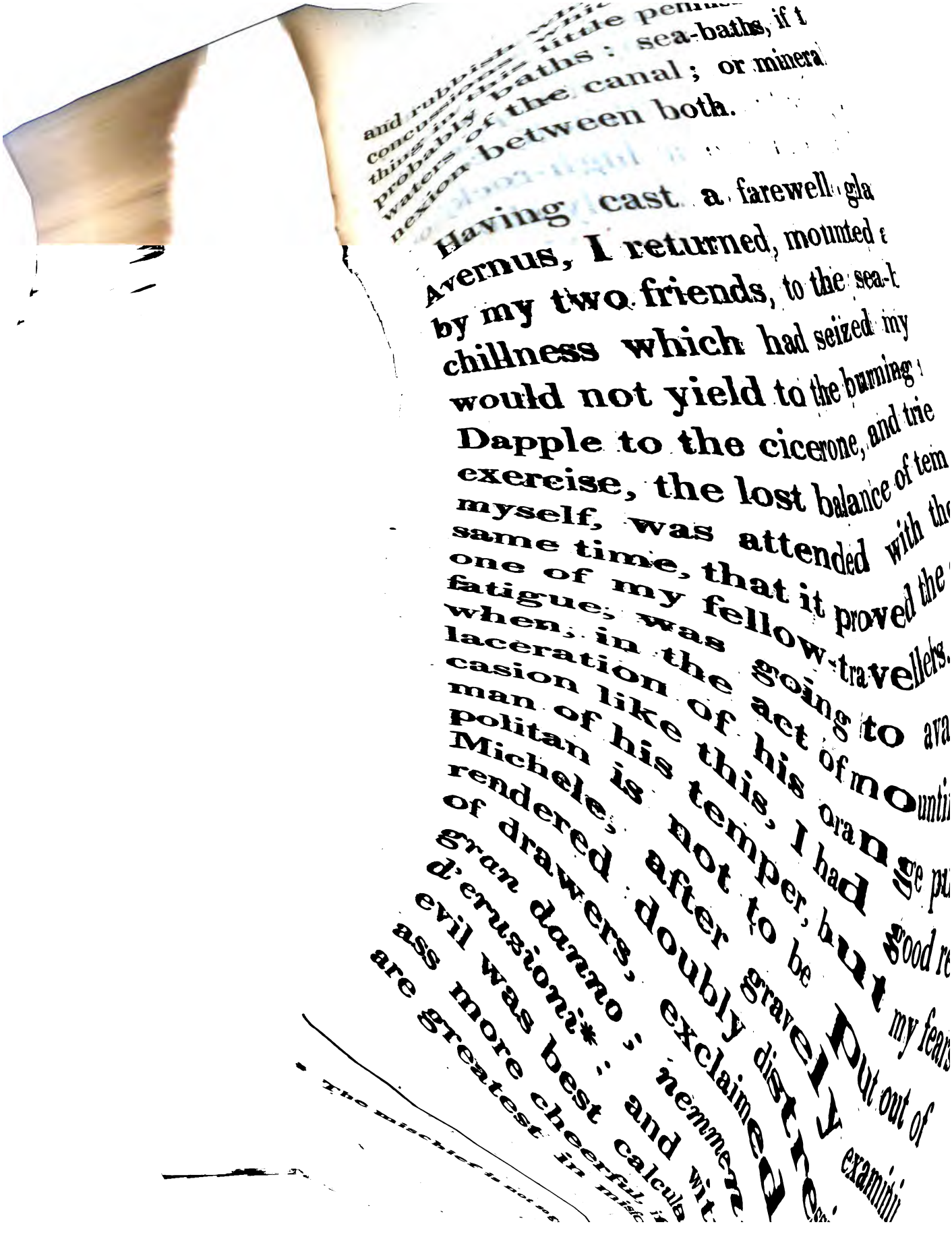
The next object that excited
monte nuovo, a mountain of cons
the space of one night (19th Sep
earthquake, accompanied with
gave birth to this mountain; at
stroyed or defaced the whole o
from Pozzuoli to Misenum: rich
were in an instant converted int
pable of cultivation. The Rom
had stood nearly entire, althou
lated by the sad catastrophe,
dilapidated.

Close to the *monte nuovo* is t
the same convulsion of nature,
to an insignificant puddle a few
not call to your recollection tha
tus, of infernal memory; and
which ancient Rome drew
fish in particular, caused its
venal, Martial, and Horace,
the exquisite flavour of the L
stance alone proves a comm
from different authors of antiq
land navigation formerly exis

Don Michele tacitly waited the end of his friend's disquisition before he declared his sentiments on the point. "My opinion is," exclaimed he, with gravity, "that the whole is a parcel of lies, purvented by those gentlemen of antiquity, to make believe that the number of pagan rascals was so inable as to require no more elbow-room than that which we find ourselves at present, would afford.

But whatever foundation, dear T. there may poetical tradition, it is certain that the present lake Avernus is such as to give rise to any other than ideas. Its unruffled waters, now abounding with are closely surrounded by romantic groups of ded with stately trees and shrubs, the luxuriant which casts a sombre, but pleasing, shade over The mind partakes of the silent repose of nature solemnity of the scene is heightened by the ruinerable temples, close to the edge of the lake vicinity of the entrance to the cavern of the Sibyl the former, which the omniscience of our guide to Apollo, is sufficiently entire to allow you to beauty of the architecture and the fineness tions: the outside is octangular, the interior niches decorate the walls, and various shrubs its sunken dome. The other edifice, which *ciceronian facility*, was consecrated to Mercury fered much more, and altogether appears to inferior workmanship and materials. Both their contiguity to the lake, may, for ought been baths.

We now proceed to the celebrated cave likewise situated on the borders of lake Avernus score yards distance from the temple of Apollo



and rubbish
concussions
thing in this
probably
waters of
nexion between both.

Having cast a farewell gla
Avernus, I returned, mounted
by my two friends, to the sea-t
chillness which had seized my
would not yield to the burning
Dapple to the cicerone, and trie
exercise, the lost balance of tem
myself, was attended with th
same time, that it proved the
one of my fellow-travellers.
fatigue; was going to ava
when, in the act of mounti
laceration like this, I had ge pu
casion like this temper, but good re
man of his temper, but my fears
politan is not to be Put out of
Michele; after gravely
rendered doubly distre
of drawers, exclaimed
gran danno; nemmeno
d'erusioni*: and with
evil was best calcula
ass more cheerful in misc
are greatest in

* The mischief is not so

stitution, and a wise use of it,
both; but decrepitude will, s
pearance, or foreign violence h
From the latter, our insular s
we have to boast of every adv
tion; the manner of using or al
have to look to.

Full of such reflections, anc
rious, I looked down on the litt
thought I saw that infernal contr
falling into pieces, and the unha
towards the shore for her life, wl
disappointed at the failure of his s
wards consigned to the sword o
What a picture of human depravi
have been shared among a great
He that planned the constructio
workmen that executed the desig
the ministers, all must have been
and Seneca, the moralist,—had h
say on this occasion?—or was he,
getting rid of the influence of an
haps, even he was in the secret
belief, the army and senate, acc
gratulated their worthy master on

Let us turn from recollections sc
to some of the most interesting obj
selves to the view of the modern tr
forms a safe port for vessels of sm
construction has been built, to facil
and mooring of ships, and a citac
protects the coast and harbour.
ruins, stand at a small distance

ately enough, the name of
bers): they are a sort of
the trouble of creeping int
is very indifferently compe
seeing in them, and the wa
the destination of so gloom
never seemed to be at a l
the Cento Camerelle to ha
tive Christians, during the
and although I objected t
forefathers would have tho
the neighbourhood of the
Michele, as usual, was of o
to the place of danger, t
suspected, and, of course,
intrusion of power; adding
wind, one that was close to
the falling of tiles and chim
middle of the street. You
an observation was met with

We were next led up hil
wonderful fish-pond). This
fish-pond or not, is, compar
vation, and has pre-eminent
first present you, dear T. wit
and then add what appears
thesis concerning its probal
part of the building is, and
ground, above the surface o
where it is covered with a fla
an oblong square, about sixt
much in breadth; two entr
forty steps, lead to the bottor
lated pilasters, in the shape c

G

guards, regularly disposed in r… ows of twelve by four,
a lofty roof: between these … two men may walk
The interior walls and the … pilasters are covered
stucco, not only impenetrable … to water, but as hard
itself; so much so, that fr… om fragments, broken
that purpose, this lapidaries at Naples manufacture
and well-polished … a specimen of which
the pleasu… in proof
being … Which a… thou…
r season … When the tempest… in by the…
e requi… red … Putting to sea, a… for such an operation…
Roman … Government, …
all times … At least the whole…
springs of … good water, a defect which…
… sea and to the…
be ascribed both to the
volcanic matter under ground.

From the hill on which the *Piscina Mirabile* stands, we enjoyed a charming prospect of Cape Mis… Lucrine lake immediately before us, and of the verdant i… separated from the cape by a channel about half a mile in breadth; but our antiquarian peregrination stopped short of either. We were by this time nearly … with hunger and fatigue, that the distance we had … was altogether insurmountable, but the researches among so many

many ruinous edifices, at one time cl
another descending below ground, o
through narrow passages, under r
transitions from heat to cold, required
than a journey of perhaps treble the
I had, as I already informed you, in
progress, consigned to Don Michele,
tainly entitled him to this sacrifice of
however little, as the case turned out
cession. He was unaccustomed to t
and the rents in his garments appeare
the galling action of an obdurate sa
nual locomotion or shifting, and a
quarter of an hour, gave room to ap
of such a grievance. In short, he d
proceed any farther, and Don Giacor
ordered dinner to be ready at hal
nem. con. determined to return fort

Owing to this resolve I find myself i
with you, Dear T. An account of C
mised you, and ought to stand in
though in many of our modern travel
to meet with full and particular acc
the author has never visited; he tru
his own intuitive genius, and, perh
dull, but correct writers that have pr
subject for him, like the drone whic
pared by the industrious bee: alth
thing is perfectly warranted by the
book-making, yet, as I am not makin
a letter, a friendly letter to my dear
lemnly promised to relate nothing
seen . . . . . seen? Stop!
and very near too, although I may n

At any rate, I may therefore tell you what I have
The promontory is a moderate hill, or rather rock,
thout a town, which was destroyed by the Saracens
inth century. Adjoining to the cape, and directly
our feet, lay the Dead Sea (Mare Morto), across
the inhabitants of the town used to ferry over their
to a place called Fields, now *Mercato*
als, and still contain many sepul-
name of
mankind after death; a peculiarity of the same subject
left us on Agrippa, the
port which Scarcely a
ment which Æneas erected
us, from Whom the name

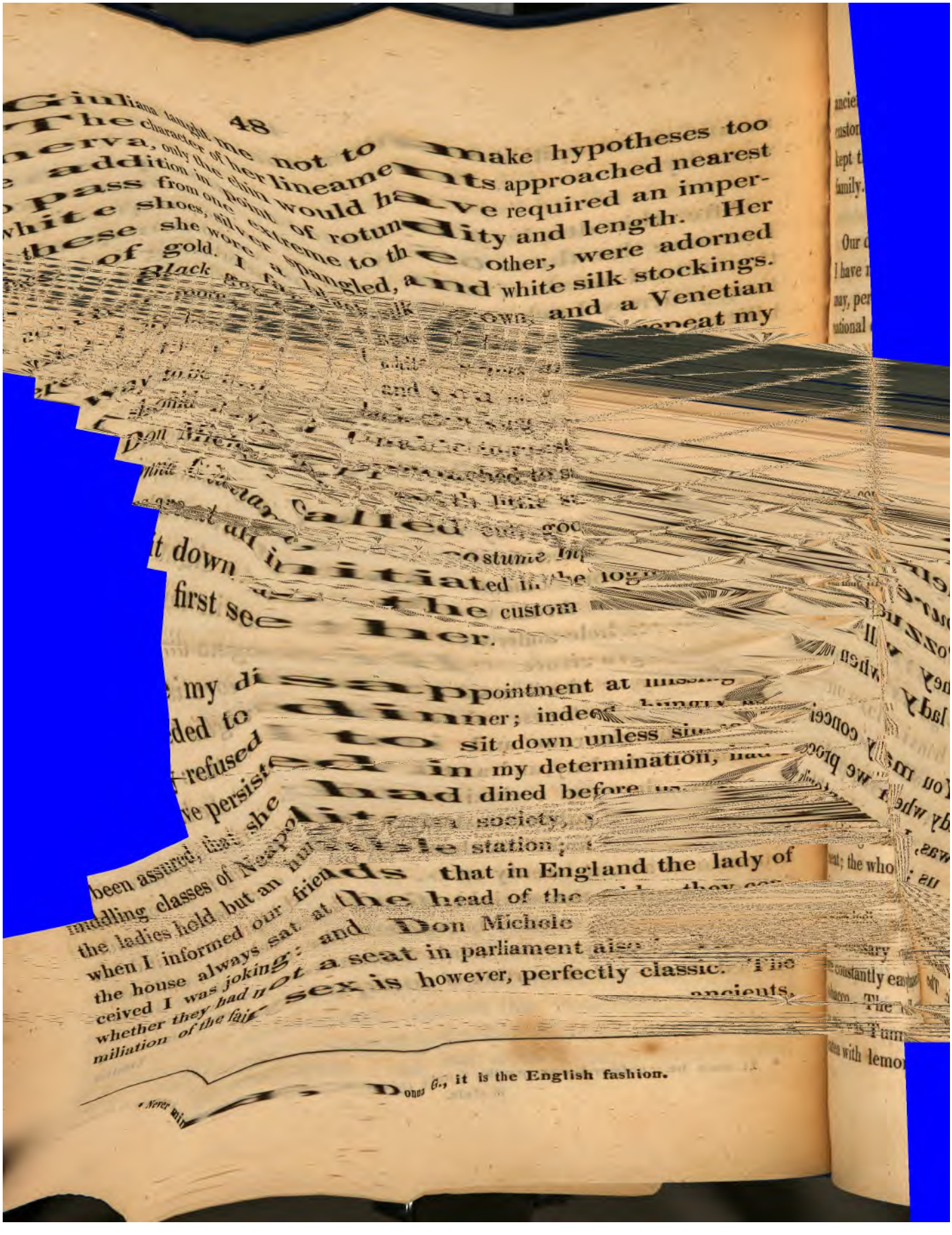
Monte sub aërio: qui nunc Misenus ab illo
Dicitur, æternumque tenet per

This prediction of Virgil, as to the duration of the appellation, stands to this day unimpugned. This
is generally explained as the noun proper of
it changed its name; but when I inform you that the many
curious natural hollows, or perhaps artificial excavations of
its rock, give it, in some measure, the resemblance of the
aërial and transparent nature of a Gothic building,
perhaps, coeur with me, that *aërius* may have been meant

meant as an epithet rather, than as th
went by.

After this desultory notice of the Mi
I resume the thread of my narrative.
the actual waste of our strength, as
long journey back to Pozzuoli, and ou
bility to accomplish so arduous an und
of the day, that had damped Don Mi
as my own. But here the good gener
provident good nature, of our worthy
cated us from every difficulty. Like t
mance, who, after wandering throug
gloomy forests, reaches the sea-shore
gilded bark provided by the spell of a
him to some blessed abode; so we fou
the beach, a commodious boat order
Don Giacomo. At this welcome sigh
our friend Michele underwent an instar
mesto to allegro vivace. "Bisogna dir
complacency, "che il nostro onoratis
como sa ordinare le cose a maraviglia"
home by the cicerone, and in less tha
the chord of the bay, and arrived at th
Pozzuoli, where an ecclesiastic, invit
Giacomo's hospitality, had been wai
I was now introduced to the sister o
brunette of about twenty-two. I had
for certain, that the straight forehea
cularly the broad surface between th
busts of women, were ideal beaut
refined taste of the artists of antiq

* It must be confessed our worthy friend D. Gi
in style.



ancients, and especially the Greeks, whose customs were, in many respects, derived from kept themselves equally aloof from the femal family.

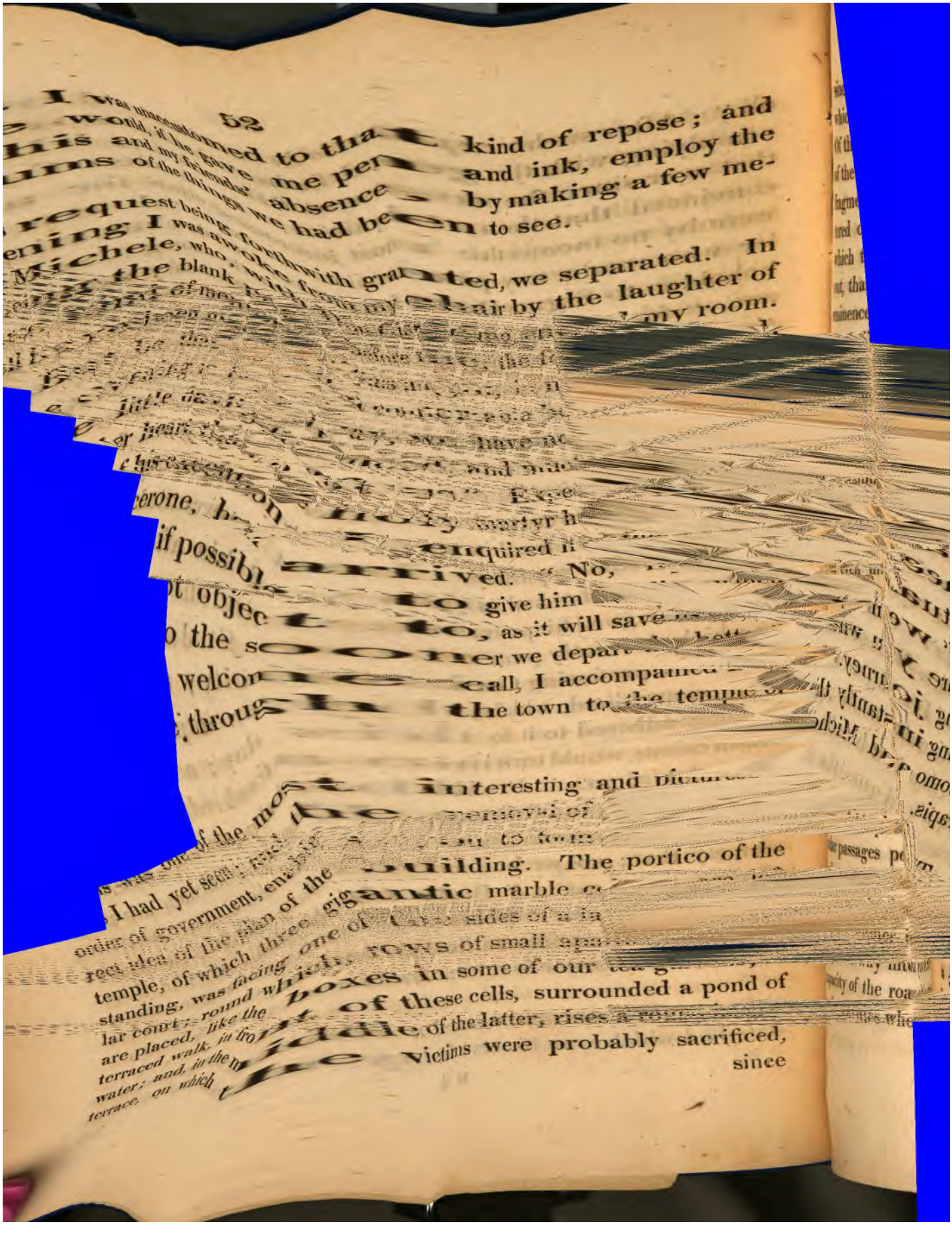
Our dinner was excellent; and since, to my I have not yet treated you with an Italian may, perhaps, be entertaining to you, to know national dishes which made their appearance como's hospitable board. The soup and bouil the same as all over the Continent, except tha contained small pieces of ham, and, among much asparagus and purslain. At the four c table were placed as many *piatti di rinfresc dishes)*, consisting of small pieces of sausage *capers*, garlic, &c. all of which swam in a v sauce of oil and vinegar. Of this a tea-spo from time to time to whet the appetite. Anot sisted of baked love-apples, the inside of wh with a high-seasoned meat stuffing. We had *certain* parts of a young ram, which are put England, and which I forbear mentioning at is considered a great delicacy here, even Maccaroni, as being too common, were not s *raveoli* in their stead. These consist of two flat paste, put together like the two shells of containing a rich stuffing of sweet herbs, garl meat; the whole boiled in water. You, that sion to garlic, will probably not envy this su but this bulb, so much decried in England, be a necessary of life in these latitudes; e are constantly eating it raw, as ours would ch tobacco. The dish which pleased me most, to me, was Tunny, cut in slices and broile aten with lemon-juice, it tasted much like

so, that without being otherwise informed, I should
ought it butchers' meat, or anything else than fish.
ncipal vegetables were asparagus and green peas;
er of which, I am told, are in season all the year
and for our dessert, we had besides strawberries,
erries cooled with ice, a variety of sweetmeats and
tionary, prepared by
isite taste of
dear
of a convent in Naples,
render

aid on
as in full
Donna
pour
of her
e guests.
ed his
ues which he submitted
experienced palate, beg
as follows, addressing
"No doubt, Signor D. Luigi, the temples, baths, sepul-
chres, and other antiquities which you
pains to explore this morning, are well wo
of a gentleman of your taste and erudition; yet there is
curiosity which you have not seen, although it surpasses all
the rest as much as the English nation exce
apolitans in industry, learning, and bravery
shall be proud of showing to you before you leave Pozzu-
oli."

oli." After such a *captatio benevolentiæ*, I could i
complying with the good father's invitation, assu
that ever since the presence of Donna Giuliana, I
convinced that the antiquities on the other side o
were by no means the most interesting objects for
ler who made any pretensions to taste. "I a
beholden to Signor Don Luigi," replied the charm
ana, "for assigning to me the first rank among th
ties of Pozzuoli" I declaimed most strenuously ag
an unwarrantable interpretation of my words, ad
if even an unlucky turn of expression, in a langua
to me, were subject to that inference, I could only
such was my veneration of the beauties of the ant
a comparison with its excellence was the highest
praise in *my* power to bestow. The pious fath
tience did not suffer this polite controversy to b
into any further repartee, but interrupted us by
that as soon as he had enjoyed his afternoon's
would make good his promise, and shew us the self-
on which their holy protector, St. Januarius, ha
headed for professing Christianity; nay, even th
his precious blood, which, by an unparalleled mi
indelibly adhered to it to this day; and althoug
brown colour, would turn into a fresh red on every a
of his martyrdom. "It will be labour in vain," ol
arch Don Michele: "these English gentlemen
sophers; they believe nothing but what they see
scarcely that; so we had better save ourselves
of the pilgrimage." "But this he shall see,
fore will believe it." With this curious syllogi
verend father rose from table, promising that he
tail his rest, in order to return in time for the ex

Our worthy host now opened a door, and po
state-bed which was to serve for my siesta, but



since some massy iron rings are fastened to the flo
which it may be supposed the sacred animals were atta
Of the temple itself, little remains besides the portico
of the latter, one pillar is thrown down, and some exc
fragments of capitals, and pieces of entablature, lie
tered on the ground. It is undoubtedly the deptl
which the ornaments of ancient architecture are ch
out, that contributes in a great measure towards the
eminence over our modern works of a similar nature
deep hollows produce a magical effect of light and
not often to be met with in the superficial excava
the lapidaries of the present day, which, at the pro
tance, are lost to the eye. The ancient artists
above all, effect; they even would, in some instanc
mit a deliberate error in design, if such error was c
to the impression or effect intended. The temple
pis has for a length of time been buried under
and even under water; the first was probably
earthquakes, the latter evidently to the encroac
the sea, which is now about forty or fifty yard
Hence an extraordinary natural curiosity, which w
to you incredible. Not only the fragments of
the ground, but even the erect pillars, are, up
height, perforated with innumerable little holes,
an inch in diameter, worked with such precision
by the chisel. On a more narrow inspection, the
cause of this phenomenou is apparent: many
cular passages penetrate deep into the body o
and contain a shell belonging to the species cal
(finger-muscle, from its shape.) This little sh
during a former innundation of the sea, hav
worked its way into the stone, and, outgrowing
capacity of the road it had formed, was proba
in the cavities where it is now discovered.

y be to credit this, I can ass re you, dear T. of the
d its explanation seems to me Perfectly natural.

e were leaving this place, we Perceived Father An-
making up to us with hasty steps. Before he had
ered his breath, he would ins ist on taking us to the
d only after a [illegible] upon exertion of argu-
[illegible] would on an

[illegible] of Caligu[illegible]

[illegible] ing at [illegible]

[illegible] portal. [illegible]

[illegible] suppo[illegible] mista[illegible] [illegible] he sea towa[illegible]

eprived [illegible] fragments of [illegible]

madman [illegible] them by the [illegible]

confound [illegible] certainly erected [illegible]

lus, the [illegible] or rather to [illegible]

Caligu[illegible] mathematician, [illegible]

empire, [illegible] would no [illegible]

to Bajæ, [illegible] than he would traver[illegible]

possessed [illegible] by sea. This was quite enough

[illegible] power and folly suffi[illegible]

an idiot who [illegible] His triumph[illegible]

h a scheme in execution. [illegible] in every boo[illegible]

this new communication is [illegible] endant of the Fabii, the Scipio's,

One day, this amiable descendant of the Fabii, the Scipio's,
the Metelli, and Julius Cæsar, paraded ba[illegible] and [illegible]
wards on horseback; and the next, he c[illegible]
the same precious journey in a splendid car: but then, [illegible]
fortunately, this Caligulian bridge happened to be a bridge
of boats anchored along side each other, [illegible] sustaining
planks, on which a fac-simile of the Appi[illegible] was
pourtrayed

pourtrayed with earth and stucco. These piers, b
must have been something else; and what else,
for the port of Pozzuoli, which was one of the
commercial harbours on the peninsula, and is ofte
ancient writers, designated by the name of emporiæ
open space between the piers does not stand in th
this hypothesis: the waves, in a situation so shel
ready by nature, would be sufficiently broken by t
to allay the violence of the water which entered
the arches; and, on the other hand, the openings s
carry off, by the reflux, the sand and other matte
otherwise, might have choaked up the port. A
such original construction was perfectly well calcu
the placid seas in the bay of Bajæ, but would be of
on the dangerous coasts of Norfolk or Cornwall.

The sun left us while standing on one of the pi
although his departure put a premature end to t
prospectus, yet his setting was so beautiful, so subl
rosy tints cast over every object of this delightful l
so rich, so glowing, that I did not for a moment r
being by such a sight, prevented from completing
work. Twilight in these latitudes is so short, that
already sure of arriving by night at Naples; we
returned in excellent spirits to the house of our frie
Giacomo, where a cold collation was waiting for us.
the reverend Father Anselm not only partook as fre
had done at dinner, but recollecting the bottled pc
which I had presented our host, he suggested the
of tasting a liquor hitherto unknown to his well-
palate: but no sooner had the poor divine sipped
draught, than he ejected it on the floor, exclaimin
woeful coutenance, *Questo e una medicina*!"*

* This is pure physic.

relished it as little ; but Don Michele, who, in order
pt his spirit of contradiction to the occasion, had
their opinion, declared he had never drunk any
more to his taste, and that the Neapolitans were
right cuccia, for not knowing how to prepare so ex-
nt and refreshing a beverage.

ow prepared
er the ne

ther Anselm

I said
ld suggest
à rivederla † after me
my e than any
l countr Fear not,
t shall not long remain

dark ; but Don Michele, to beguile the journey entertaining,
y, and render the
stories of robberies and murders commi
which he illustrated by
which these misdeeds had been perpetrated. The fact was,
his fears had got the better of his cou
arrived at the foot of Mount Posilipo, he
that he would on no account go the solitary
the mountain. Nothing, therefore, remained but to pass through

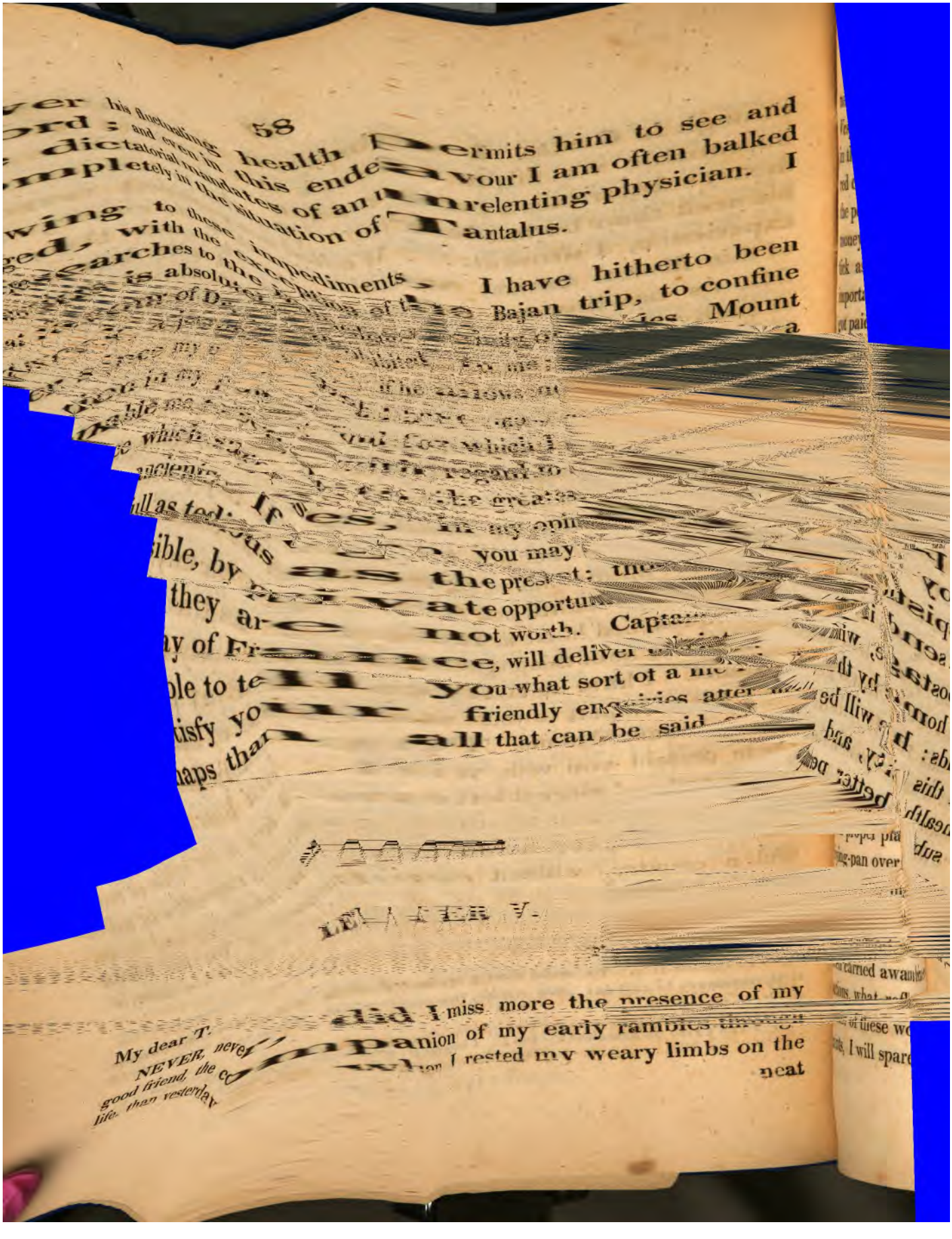
* Asses (vulgar Neapol.)

† Let us soon see you again.

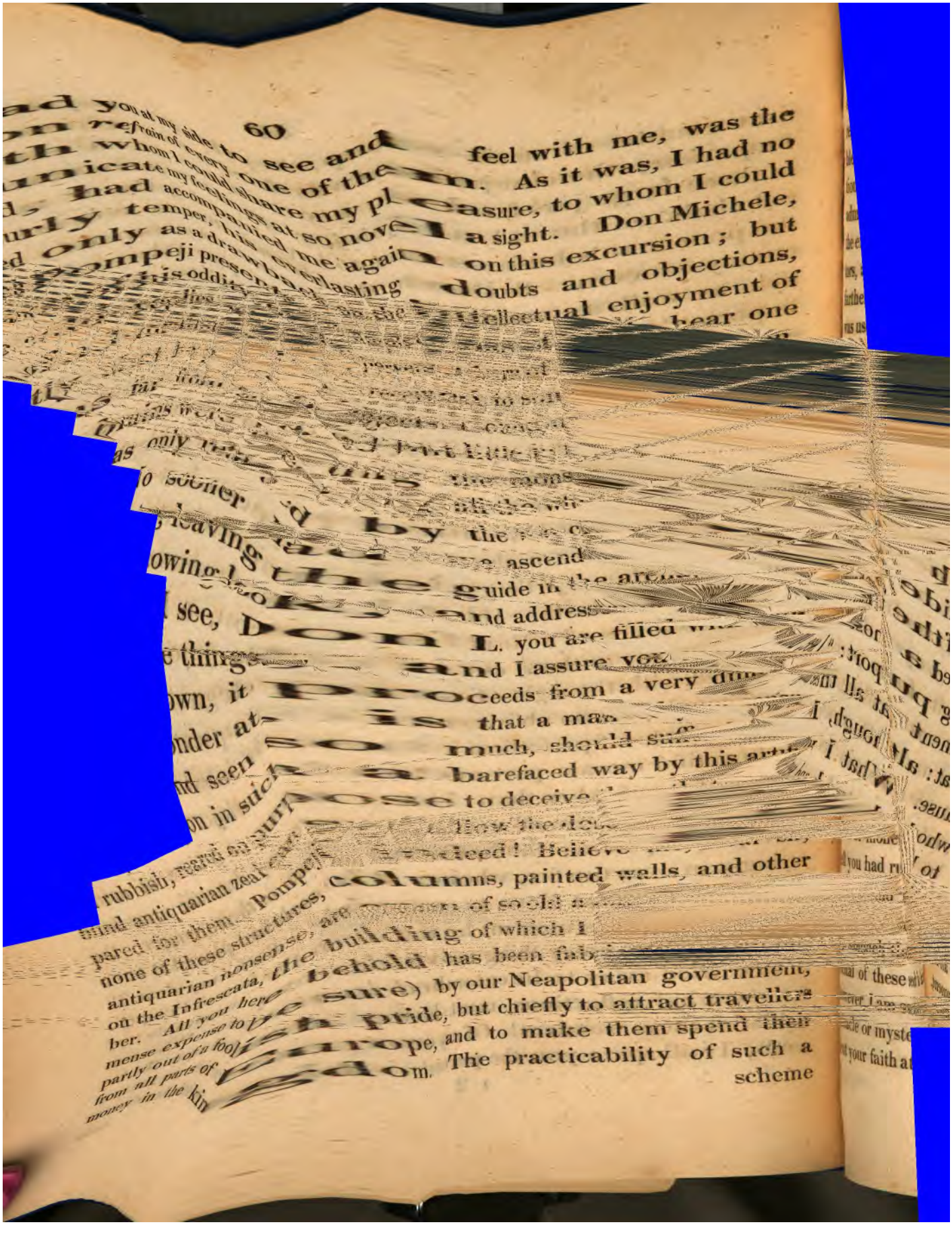
through *la Grotta.* I observed, in vain, that
improbable we might break our necks in tha
dreary subterraneous excavation. "He would ra
his neck than be murdered." Knowing his obst
experience, I drove in. We had not penetrated
of this dismal cavern, when the rattling of a c
fellow's bawling out, *Alla marina* *, frightened
to such a degree, that no whipping could make
inch. I called to the cart to stop; and conce
with a rider on him, the animal might be brough
I begged Don Michele to mount him, while
reins. "*Non saggio cavalcare io, aggio cavalca
sta mattina sul' asino* †." The execution of the
therefore to my share, and, fortunately, it succe
in this ludicrous manner had I to drive through
city, till we got somebody to take my place; fo
nacy of the animal was as great as that of my fe
ler, he was determined not to go on any other w
ever, we reached home at last, as tired as you,
will probably be of this preposterously long letter
pamphlet. I have no excuse for my prolixity,
sire I felt to impart to you some of the pleasur
journey has afforded me. The hasty descriptior
I here present you with, will not bear a com
the finished and elegant letters I am in the hal
ing from you. Mine are the uncouth rhapsod
valid, who is desirous not to leave so interestin
tiful a country, without commemorating fo

* *To the sea-side.* To avoid running against each other in the it is customary to call out *Alla marina*, (towards the sea); or, wards the mountain).

† I can't ride on horseback, not I; I have rode enough this mo



neat counter of an oil-shop, kept by —, *Vespasian;* the olive juice was dried up to a in three large jars fixed in another counter, red chalk on the wall adjoining, graphicall the poor man's business not to have been alt money concern. So then, the ancient Ron tick as well as ourselves! Mark that, *en* important antiquarian fact. Whether poo got paid for the fourteen quarts and five pir like the black sponge carried in the Gc our extinguishers of the national debt, t Vesuvian ashes at one puff liquidated all acc whelming books and goods, and debtor and common ruin, or whether . . . . . Nay, whit *ing* again in this wild manner? I was goin I am sure you have already guessed at— *Pompeji!*—Pompeji, the gold mine of antiqu classic jewel on earth. All the Museums in ponderous folios of a Montfaucon, a Lipsiu of antiquarian authors, dwindle into insig compared with the sight of an elegant Græc resuscitated from an oblivion of upwards of ries, in a state of perfection as if inhabited the beautiful mosaic pavements uninjured; the paintings fresher than in many a pictu artists after the lapse of a few years; dome their proper places; the horses' corn in thei frying-pan over the fire, where the cook had 81, only the meat done to a *cinder*. Suc would even at this moment have been the fa had not almost every thing movable, nay, ir been carried away to be entombed in museu sations, what reflections, must have rushed holder of these wonders! Of my own reveries nts, I will spare you the perusal: the wish



scheme you certainly will not deny. But wh
rests on confidential information derived from u
ble authority. Whenever any of these pretend
tions were carrying on, the greatest care was ta
admit any one but those that were absolutely n
the execution of the work: much was done by nig
tors, architects, and painters, were sent for from
further the cheat; in short, the greatest secrecy a
was used in the whole operation, and is so to this
but that now and then the cloven foot is discern
town is paved with lava from Mount Vesuviu
very first eruption, we know, caused its destructi
you see any of those beautiful marble columns wi
all the ancient temples and towns were decorated
here they are made of brick-work stuccoed over, I
forsooth, such ones may be got up in a little time;
for the paintings, they may be fresh indeed, but no
persuade me that they would be so had they been
to the most violent eruption of a volcano, and, aft
lain very superficially buried for near 2000 years,
to alternate changes of heat and rain. Only look a
del Greco! do you imagine our descendants 200
hence will by digging restore that unfortunate place,
any thing but ashes and lava? Why even the bra
iron work was melted in an instant. But to return to
peji: have these would-be excavators found any
sures of money, jewels, or plate? Oh no! the peopl
tell you had run off with their valuables and left the
chests behind . . . . . I see you smile, Don L. W
after what I have taken the liberty to point out, yo
still stomach the joke, much good may it do to *you*, a
recital of these wonders to your countrymen. One
however, I am sure of: if the question had been about
miracle or mystery of our holy religion, you would not
lent your faith at so cheap a rate, you would not have

at a loss to start a thousand scruples and objections; so it be but antiquity, all is gospel. But no matter, every one in his own way. *Mundus vult decipi ergo . . . . . "*

Well, dear T. what do you say to the heterodoxical tenets of this unclassic heretic? At all events they have the merit of originality. To have endeavoured to refute them by argument would have been in vain, nor had I *in*deed a mind to lose the most precious moments of my life in so unprofitable a discussion. Giving the good man to understand that every one was at liberty to form his own opinion in matters of *doubt*, I continued my researches. Unfortunately for human nature, Don Michele is not the first, nor probably will be the last, to rack his brains for delusive sophisms, by which to kick truth from before his feet.

Thus far, dear T. had I written yesterday, intending to resume the thread of my narrative this morning in the same desultory way, when on going to dinner at Mr. W—— (an English merchant in the city, in whose house I have been received with true British hospitality), I was agreeably surprised on finding your short letter of the ——, directed to me at Malta. Are you aware, my good friend, what a task you are assigning to my feeble powers? These are your own words, which I make free to repeat, lest you should have forgotten the Augean labour they impose upon me: "I no doubt will make the discoveries in the ancient cities of Herculaneum, Stabiæ, *and Pompeji in particular*, the principal objects of your classic enquiries at Naples. I know how often those interesting ruins have been the subject of our evening's chat at B.'s, how disappointed we were at the vague and scattered notices we could glean from amidst of the original Is;
Believe me, I do not envy you for being in the m——

When it is considered that among the ancients geography had not arrived at that degree of perfection which has raised it to the rank of a science among the moderns, we shall not be surprised at the scanty information afforded us by the authors of antiquity respecting the three provincial towns which form the subject of the present enquiry. The meager notices to be collected from Pliny, Strabo, Dio, Seneca, Suetonius, and perhaps other writers, are scarcely sufficient to indicate their respective sites; and our estimation of their former condition and importance, is rather derived from the discovery of their remains, than from any thing those authors have left us.

Herculaneum

was situated on a point of land stretching into the gulph of Naples, about two miles distant from that city, nearly where the modern towns of Portici and Resina, and the royal palace, which separates both, now stand. The neck of land on which it stood, and which is now no more, formed a small harbour. Hence the appellation of *Herculis Porticum* sometimes given to Herculaneum, and thence, probably, the modern name of Portici. The latter indeed, in formed, is absolutely above some of the excavations of Herculaneum; and the just fear of endangering the society of Portici by undermining it, is stated as one of the principal reasons of the little progress hitherto made in the Herculanean discoveries. It would certainly be carrying zeal too far to risk the existence of a flourishing modern town for the sake of exploring one already in ruins, at the depth of 60 feet and upwards below the other. This apparent submersion and total change in the face of the country, may naturally be attributed to the repeated accumulation of ashes, sand, and other volcanic matter thrown out from Mount Vesuvius. But not only does Herculaneum lie so much below the present surface of the land, it is even considerably

ble; the inland commodities received from Nola, Nocera, and other places in that district, were there exchanged for transmarine goods brought up the river Sarno. Of the port, however, which it is said to have possessed, no trace remains; its distance from the sea is upwards of a mile at present, owing probably to volcanic additions of territory, not to the retiring of the sea, which, as I have shewn above, has rather advanced, than receded, in these regions. Perhaps, too, the sea may at all times have been as far off as it now is; and what Strabo calls a port, was very likely a basin, or wet dock, formed by the Sarno, similar to the fine basin at Bruges, or to the West India docks now making in England. But whatever may have been the trade of Pompeji, there can be no doubt, from its remains, both in size and importance, it greatly surpassed Herculaneum. It had two theatres, one a very large one; its barracks prove it to have been a military station; and the length of the high street, as well as the elegant apartments in many of its houses, together with the variety of fine specimens of the plastic arts, sufficiently attest its former extent and opulence.

Stabiæ

has not yet been visited by me; perhaps I shall not go thither at all. Nothing but some remains of villas, stript of all that is worth seeing, are to be seen there. The town itself had been destroyed in the civil wars of Sylla, long before the calamity which befel the two other places. Its situation was still further to the south-east of the volcano than Pompeji, nearly where the modern Gragnano stands.

Thus much, my dear T. for the situation and former condition of these Vesuvian towns; now to the mode and time of their destruction, then to the manner and period of their discovery,

overwhelmed, at the same time, the towns of Herculaneum and Pompeji, just when the inhabitants of the latter place were assembled in the theatre.

Pliny ..... (But you recollect his letter about the death of his uncle: 'tis a long story, not to be repeated here.)

Now, if we believe Seneca and Dio—as to Suetonius, his story we may qualify one way or the other, the man mentions no names;—if we credit the two others, the case must stand as follows:—1st, Pompeji, as it stood in Titus' reign, had been rebuilt in the short space of time intervening tween Nero and Titus, about twelve years;—and, thousands of people were buried under the ashes Theatre. Both these deductions, however, are con facts: not a soul, or at least not a bone, was found o ing the theatre; and that, as well as other edifice indubitable marks of a much higher age than twelve, twenty years: yet, after all, it is difficult to exclude evidence; he was a cotemporary, he was Nero's ster. There certainly is a way to get rid of him, b almost afraid to propose it. As a financier, he mig been desirous of raising a new tax, under the prete lieving the sufferers by the Campanian earthquake, likely enough, was not near so bad as he made it.

But, say you, what *are* we to believe, *then?* as I do in awkward predicaments like this, *when* must be believed: take that for truth which the of people take as such, and store up your doub cular occasions when you wish to make a figur learning. Let us, therefore, believe that the de Herculaneum, Pompeji, and of what remained was occasioned by the *pretended first* eruption on the first day of November, in the year 81 of

lives, and even their most valuable effects. The number of bodies hitherto found is inconsiderable; and some of those being in prison, and in fetters, had not the power of escaping. Of money, too, jewels, and precious metals, little has yet been met with; all these were naturally first secured by the fugitives: and some empty chests, furniture, and utensils, found irregularly scattered about, and alluded to in friend Michele's dissertation, prove, if not his wild position, at any rate the hurry and confusion prevailing at that unfortunate moment.

In a future letter, my dear T. you will allow me to resume the thread of my subject. Already out of humour with the mediocrity of the above performance, I fear, if I continue it at present, worse would be added to bad, and perhaps the whole be consigned to the flames: there is a merit, therefore, in leaving off in time. God bless you.

&c.

Your

LETTER VI.

, 1802.

My dear Friend, Naples, May

THE conclusion of my last epistle will have appeared to you somewhat abrupt: the fact is, I felt tired and well. Whether it was owing to the fatigue of my Pompejan trip, to the *mal aria* I inhaled there, or to the shower which overtook us on our return to town, or to a combination of all these causes, I had no sooner closed my letter than I was assailed by febrile symptoms, which seemed to progress, and indicate some serious disease. Thanks, I verily believe, to the salubrity of the Neapolitan climate, a confinement of two

ing pierced the lava to a considerable depth, got clear of it, arrived at the very stratum of dry mud which, as I have before stated, had caused the destruction of Herculaneum, and immediately found three female statues. These were, in a manner, the handsel of all future discoveries. The difficulty as to the ownership of the three ladies was readily solved by the Austrian vice-regal government. *Res nullius est res principis!* The *Herculea proles* marched to Vienna, and poor Elbeuf had the digging for his pains. But what is more cruel, particularly to a man of his nation, he received an order not to dig for any more ladies, a sufficiency of that article being to be met with above-ground. Not that the government felt at all inclined to work the mine themselves, only it was not deemed proper for individual industry to reap that benefit which public sloth had not a mind to search for. Near *forty* years elapsed before Herculaneum was thought of again. In the reign of the Panish prince only, who afterwards ascended the Castilian throne under the name of Charles the Third, and whose memory is still blessed by every Neapolitan, the research after Herculaneum were seriously and systematically pursued, and rewarded with unlooked-for success. By continuing Elbeuf's well, the excavators at once came into the theatre of that town, and from that spot carried on their subterraneous investigations. Even now, the theatre derives light from the well above-mentioned. To enumerate the actual discoveries here, would be inconsistent with my plan: they will be noticed in their proper place hereafter. Let us at once proceed to

THE DISCOVERY OF POMPEJI.

If I recollect right, I have already noticed the different and less fatal manner in which this city was at once blotted from the face of the earth. The light volcanic matter would almost instantly

call in aid the obstetric axe of Vulcan, and submit to the literally *cæsarean* operation of having his cranium split in order to bring forth that very daughter of his—no one, I say, will pity the retributory wound accidentally inflicted on the self-same spot of Pallas Athene! It was a judgment upon her! For, surely, to have hit that very square inch of space which constituted the most elevated part of all the subterraneous remains of Pompeji, was something more than the effect of mere chance.

THE DISCOVERY OF STABIÆ,

after that of Pompeji, was a matter of less difficulty once from attentively sought for, its site was soon ascertained, of the some ruins that projected above the ground, like those and Pompejan theatre. The earth was easily cleared away, the remains of some villas brought to light, which, although in themselves far less interesting than the discoveries mentioned, contained some exquisite specimens of ancient painting, of which I shall have to speak more at large hereafter.

I have now, my dear T. waded through the most tedious part of my Herculaneum dissertation—I have burnt, sunk, and destroyed three towns; and might, for this act of heroism, have been numbered among your great men in history, had I not committed the blunder of restoring them again, which is foreign to the character of true heroic greatness. The remaining portion of my task will be more pleasing to me, and I flatter myself, more entertaining to you: it will consist of a *catalogue raisonné* of the discoveries themselves, and probably require the space of at least one volumes, letter. I therefore drop the subject for the present most willingly, as I find myself in a heavy arrear with other more temporary matters, which I must endeavour to bring up as well as I can.

an old acquaintance. From the church we proceeded to a gallery, where my conductors consigned me respectfully to Father Onofrio, the superior, a tall, corpulent man, of about forty-five, with a handsome, thoroughly good-natured countenance. Into better hands I could not have fallen.

"Why, my good sir, did you not come an hour sooner? We have just dined, and should have been happy of your company: however, we shall find something for you by the time you have seen our garden, which has been admired by every one of your countrymen who honoured us with a visit."

It was of no avail to observe, that a late dinner would wait-ing for me in town; a nod of the head to a lay brother, con-vinced me that Donna Luisa's culinary preparations next on this day go a begging. The garden, to which we iosity. shaped our course, certainly was an object of curiosity. Flowers, fruit, and vegetables, of every description, grove in luxuriant abundance on an artificial level, created on the summit of a high mountain; the mould itself was otic. The just admiration excited at their view, and a desire to say something obliging, elicited a comparison with the pen-sile gardens of Semiramis. "Indeed not!" replied the holy father; "we know enough of the beauty of your English gardens to be convinced that what you are pleased to say is but a compliment from your politeness." Poor Onophrius's ignorance of the Assyrian termagant was certainly carying the vow of chastity to a great length.

The gardens terminate at an abrupt precipice, from which, under the cooling shade of some gigantic trees, I enjoyed the most enchanting prospect; which I shall forbear describing, since no delineation of mine, however minute and romantic, would enable you to see a whit more than for it. But, with almost tears in his eyes, the superior points

No sooner was I seated by the inquisitive father than a huge black tom-cat, the only succedaneum his vow of celibacy allowed him for a partner through life, took a familiar leap on his patron's lap. After a few caresses, which Toro's gratitude returned by an appropriate purring of inward contentment, and a few gentle feline attitudes and oblique glidings against the sleeves of the monastic habit, Onofrio said as follows: "Now, tell me candidly, sir, what I am to believe of this peace of your's, is it real or feigned?"

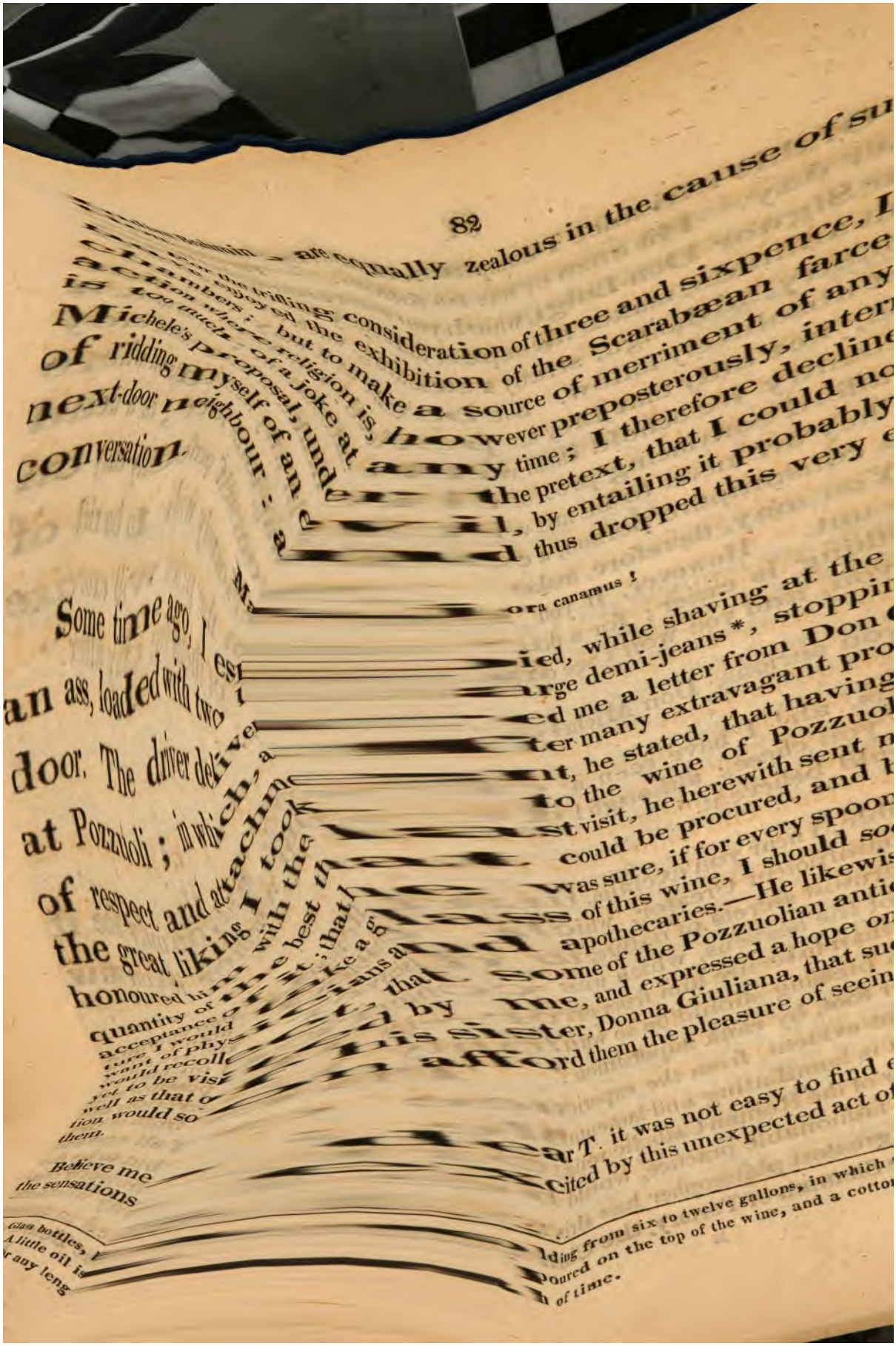
"To the best of my knowledge, peace, I am sorry to say, has been concluded between our government and France. You must have seen the treaty in the gazette?"

"Ah! my good sir, I do not want the Naples gazette: I wish to hear from you the secret views which your nation must have had in this mysterious transaction, of which you must be well informed. Come, you are with friend of the English; say, is it not all a farce of Mr. Pitt's to entrap Bonaparte in his own snares?"

"Mr. Pitt has quitted the ministry; he . . . ."

"He is, nevertheless, at the bottom of all; he is too deep for Bonaparte. But I see you are afraid to speak and perhaps may be justified in being cautious for the present. Allow me, therefore, one more question only: Malta and the Cape to be given up by you?"

"Upon my word, good father, your question exceeds my power of reply. An absence from England of two years has made me an absolute novice in the political affairs of my country. As to the peace, however, as far as I can judge by the English papers, and by some letters from my friends, it is, on our side at least, perfectly sincere." Here



an utter stranger. Yet, the short answer which I s
at the moment my heart was overflowing, prov
more to the purpose, and, at all events, more sincer
studied epistle, written with more leisure. I promise
over, to thank this good man personally in a few da

The custom of obliging your friends by trifling p
which is general in Turkey and the East, and which, e
this part of the world, is more frequently observed than
northern hemisphere, where our actions are too much g
by cold calculation, is certainly very commendable. A
if of ever so little value, serves to commence or cement frie
ships: even a flower, or an orange, presented with a g
grace, and a friendly intent, is more expressive of the done
esteem and good-will, than all the protestations in the wor
conveyed by mere words.

The sight of the lovely Juliana's name, I will be sincere
own, added not a little to the elevation of my spirits. A secon
jaunt to Pozzuoli, upon a more enlarged scale than the fo
mer, was immediately planned in all its details; and not t
arrive on my part, with empty hands, my telescope, with m
only two good razors, were destined for Don Giacomo, and
gown of sprigged muslin, of British manufacture, was forth
with purchased in the city for my heroine.

Thus equipped, I set out, in a single horse-chaise, at
early hour. A copious dew sparkled on every leaf in the fa
tile *pianura*, the fresh morning air was perfumed with a co
pound of fragrant odours, and the nightingales seemed to
in skill with the minor ditties of the male and female peasan
I met flocking towards the town. Before I was aware of
passed through the stately gate of Pozzuoli, halted a
house of my friend, with a few strides hurried up the
sta

staircase, and, on entering the room, surprised the lovely Giuliana—*in a confidential tête-à-tête with father Anselmo !!!*

Fancy to yourself our worthy Solomon standing before a Hanover-square audience, just ready to begin one of his finest concertos; the significant rap has already sounded against the tin candle-screen, the silent bow is moved across the strings up to its hilt, in order to give energy to the first stroke; all is ear, you might hear a fly sneeze; and, at this moment of expectation, the tail-piece of the virtuoso's violin gives way, and all the fifths fly with a tremendous crash into their former chaos!

Thus was the fair-tempered harmony of my soul, at one instant, unstrung into discords; my checked breath had scarcely power sufficient to utter, with a bitter smile, "I beg pardon for this very unseasonable intrusion," when I felt the priest's dead weight clinging round my neck, and embalming my cheeks and lips with a set of osculations which were absolutely in an inverse ratio with the fragrant exhalations I had just inhaled in the delightful *pianura*. I was all statue, so he had ample scope for his fulsome congratulations on my arrival.

When these emotions of the first moment had given way *to sober reflection*, I began to feel that I had made a fool *of myself*; and I tried, by an assumed look of cheerfulness, *to correct the flaw* in my past conduct. But now the tables *were turned upon me*. Donna Giuliana, who before had *hailed my arrival*, appeared obviously struck and offended *my rudeness*. She said little or nothing; and father elm, whether in consequence of a side wink, or from an e of policy or good-nature, prepared for his depar- erving, that he had to attend a sick person, after ould again wait upon me. (*Exit Anselmo; three* mi-nettes uncomfortable *silence.*)

"You

"You seemed agitated when you first came in, D. Luigi, had you met with any accident on the ro

Knowing, from experience, that in perplexed situat mine, and above all, when placed before a judge acute penetration, it is nine times out of ten prefe confess the truth, than to disguise it by invention under such a state of mind, generally turn out silly, and only serve to entangle and expose you I candidly confessed that my surprize and disap had proceeded from seeing her closeted with the and if I am not mistaken, the fair Juliet, like the sex, appeared not displeased at the idea of hav jealousy.

"Perhaps you do not know that father A confessor."

"I know that so fair a form cannot be inhab that is capable of willing any thing that requi re

"If I were the great beauty you would enough to believe, I should the more stand ritual guidance, to secure me against world But tell me, are the ladies of your country m converse with the guardians of their consci en

"Their religion denies them that com fe confess at all."

"How do they get rid of their sins then

"God in heaven knows! They comm i can help; and as to those they cannot av o them with that fortitude and courage wh the other day in the warriors of our nation

"Gesù Maria! che eresia!"

This turn our conversation had taken operated as a most seasonable relief to my embarrassment; and Donna Giuliana, who seemed to be satisfied with the mild chastisement she had justly inflicted on me, gave full scope to the brilliant sallies of a most lively wit. It was some time before I missed her brother; and, to my shame be it said, I was not displeased to learn that he happened to be on a little excursion, to collect some rents, which would prevent his coming home to dinner, and I most readily accepted the invitation to supply her brother's place at table. The next thing to be done was to deliver my present, and however awkwardly I executed this task, the gown was graciously and gracefully received: her wish, at least, that it might last as long as I should be remembered by her, was not a little flattering to your humble servant; it encouraged me to express a hope that she would not be averse to accompany me to town in the afternoon, to see the opera, pass the night in Don Michele's family, and the next morning return under my protection to Pozzuoli. To this request, however, the lovely Julia only assented conditionally; that is, if her brother returned in time, without whose consent she did not wish to go, nor indeed could leave the house.

Father Anselm now made his appearance, and without mercy hurried me away to see the place of the decapitation of St. Januarius; a pilgrimage to which, as in a former letter I have informed you, I had pledged my word. That however, I succeeded to prevail on him to visit last, most valuable of the curiosities I was to behold; and set out to see the town and its antiquities first.

It is a corruption of Puteoli, the ancient name of which it acquired either from the variety of mineral

ral springs in or about it, or from a number of small which were sunk by Quintus Fabius, who, in the Punic war, had been sent with a strong corps to lest Hannibal in his march to the south of Italy, mi prise the town. Fabius, fearing to have the wate from the place, is said to have had those wells du soldiers. The extent and importance of Pozzuol tested by almost every historian of antiquity: it a direct trade with Spain, Africa, and the Levant; own senate, two large theatres, a number of m temples, several superb aqueducts, and was stur innumerable villas belonging to Roman senator which Sylla died of the pedicularian disease. site, like that of Alexandria, occupies but an part of the ground on which Puteoli stood: atres, together with several temples, are now able distance from the town. By a rare and of antiquity, we are enabled to judge not only size of Puteoli, but even to form a correct id and appearance. Among the ancient Her ings in the Royal Museum at Portici, one re ously the town of Puteoli. Although in poi execution this picture is below mediocrity, th wretched, the houses heaped above each oth manner of Chinese drawings; yet, as it af of comparing the present condition of the to was two thousand years ago, it becomes hi in an antiquarian point of view. A simila of Rome and Athens would be inestimab scholar.

The reduced state of the modern Pozzu buted to the frequent earthquakes which i well as to the ravages it sustained from th Goths, Lombards, and Saracens. The h

:eased to be masters of the country, were pretty numerous
n this town, and were permitted to exercise divine worship
according to their religious tenets, until they were finally
expelled by Charles of Anjou. Several Saracen epitaphs in
Arabic characters have been found in Pozzuoli, and trans-
lated by Montfaucon; a specimen of one of which I con-
ceive may be a curiosity to you. It is, in English, nearly
as follows:—*In the name of all-merciful God. May the
Lord be gracious unto Mohammed, his prophet, and unto
his race; may he bless them! Death overtaketh all men,
but on the day of resurrection only they shall meet their re-
ward; for God hath prepared their egress out of the fire,
that they might enter Paradise. Yet man trembles! as if
to go out of this world were ought but to enter the possession
of everlasting happiness. This is the tomb of Bazainab, the
son of Abdulmaled, who departed this life on the 21st day of
the month Shaban, in the year 576* , having confessed, that
there is no God, but God the Almighty.*

But to return to our antiquarian ramble. The first object
which my spiritual cicerone thought proper to conduct me to,
was the temple of Jupiter, now the cathedral church of Poz-
zuoli, situated in the centre, and on the most elevated part
of the town. The whole of this superb edifice, walls as well
as columns, is of the most beautiful white marble; and such
is the solidity of its structure, that the same marble blocks
form the walls of the inside as well as outside; but the latter
is as much concealed by the surrounding buildings, as the
noble simplicity of the former is disfigured by various orna-
nts of a modern date. The architect of this sublime edifice
Coccejus, and its founder Calphurnius, who caused it to
lt in honour of the emperor Augustus, as may be seen
e following inscription on the frontispiece:

LUM — CALPHURNIUS — L. F.
AUGUSTO. CUM— ORNAMENTIS. D. D.

The

answering to the 28t[illegible] December, 1181 after Christ.

The high state of preservation of this temple, is, l
of many others in Italy, to be solely attributed to th
nate circumstance of its having been converted into
in the very infancy of Christianity. The ecclesiastic
of Pozzuoli record an uninterrupted series of bish
Patrobas, a cotemporary of St. Paul (who mentio
the sixteenth chapter of his epistle to the Roman
present day. That apostle likewise bears testim
faith and hospitality of this town in the 28th chap
v. 13, where he says, "And from thence (Sy
fetched a compass, and came to Rhegium; and a
the south wind blew, and we came next day
where *we found brethren, and were desired to* te
seven *days*, and so went towards Rome."

From hence we proceeded to view the ant
no longer lie within the walls of Pozzuoli, bo
On the hill behind the town. On crossing th
served a marble pedestal, enriched with a ve
in *alto-relievo*; but so much defaced, as not to
a guess at its former destination, except tha
and size, it appeared to have once support
statue. We again passed by the majestic
temple of Serapis, described in a former let
progress up the hill, through several well
abounding with ruins of minor interest, arri
ple of Diana. Of this structure, the shell
brick-work, remains at present. The figu
rounded off at one extremity. Some of th
walls are still perfect, and of a bold const
interior space of the temple is now cultiva
of ruins near to these, was shewn, under the
ple of Neptune; a description of which, I no
probably prove as uninteresting to you as
peared to me.

or great theatre of Pozzuoli, stands at an
distance from the temple of Diana, in the
formerly it was situated in the center of the
exterior walls are of reticulated masonry, and ap-
greatly sunk in the ground; and the arena,
should judge to be about eighty paces in length, and
in breadth. The interior is in too ruinous a state to
usual gradation of seats.—"Here it was," ex-
claimed father Anselm, that our holy protector, St. Janu-
with Proculus, Festus, Desiderius, and many
martyrs, were exposed to the fury of savage
persecution, mandate of the heathen emperor
himself more ferocious than the lions and tigers
or that diabolical purpose. But instead of de-
vouring his companions, those very beasts
kissed the hands and feet of the holy bishop; while Timo-
thy, minister of the emperor's cruelty, was
struck with the loss of his sight, which he only recovered
by the efficacy of St. Januarius's prayers: and not-
withstanding this christian act of generosity, still the heads
of the martyrs fell by a pagan axe.
One of the arches of the amphitheatre,
previous to the execution of the infamous
decrees of Heaven were not to be thwart-
ed by the efforts of heathen executioners. The super-
stition has vanished from the face of Europe,
before the pure tenets of our Redeemer have, without any
effusion of blood, spread themselves
throughout the globe."

The enthusiastic fervency with which the venerable father
uttered these words, left no doubt, that he would be as ready
to suffer for God in the cause of his faith as his saint, and
greatly

greatly raised him in my estimation. I felt no le
same reluctance to visit the spot of the saint's ma
and cheerfully followed my conductor on the road
the Solfatara.

We had scarcely entered a small, but neat churc
Anselmo led me into a chapel, and pointing to a
sculpture, in white marble, "Here," said he, "you
the most valuable treasure of antiquity, both in poin
and on account of its exhibiting the true likeness of
nuarius. It is the work of a pagan sculptor, who wa
*tempo*rary of the saint, and who, through the holine
work he undertook, became a convert to Christianity
mark, sir, which you perceive around the nose, is a
proof of the miraculous preservation of this image.
must know, that at the time when the Saracens ravag
regions, and polluted and destroyed every thing w
lated to our holy worship, so precious a relic was no
by their sacrilegious hands. And although, after t
pulsion, the image was carefully sought for, and dis
at last, yet the nose was found to be wanting. All t
of the best artists to supply that defect, proved vain
ment, however strong, was capable of uniting the
erogeneous marbles. After a variety of useless eff
face remained without a nose for many years. Som
men, however, in dragging their nets from the sea,
peatedly observed a piece of marble, among the di
the net usually brings up, and, not aware of its valu
often thrown it back into the water, but the constan
pearance of the same piece of stone, at every haul
net, at last attracted their attention: they shewed
monk of the Capuchin order, who recollecting the
state of this image, thought of trying whether the newl
fragment might not fit it; and no sooner had he app
nose to the face of the saint than it adhered of its own

cement whatever, so firmly, that it ha
where you see it, and no force will e
it. "And here," pointing to a pla
"you observe the mark left by a bo
the kingdom and city of Naples, in the year 1686.

At the other side of the
which some
fallen, when he was bel
this chapel was as spari
linen-drapers' shops in
wanting in truth were I h
were certainly visible on
the assertion is correct, th
ment, of the liquefaction
spots turn to a bright re
shall I be able to ascert
the superior miracle of
tion of the solemn pa
Father A
satisfaction,
he had exhi
"Dite m
"Non m
letano, con
"Ah, Si
pecore rogn
"Non e

altar was the celebrated st
of the blood of St. Januar
aded; and although day-
gly administered as in an
ranbourn-alley, yet I sh
t to confess, that some bro
the surface of the stone.
at on the day, or rather at
of the saint's blood at Nap
I will not pretend to dec
in the fact, since I intend
e two, at the approachin
Naples.

eiving, with evident marks
on with which I viewed th
me, asked in a tone of innoce

caro Signor mio, cosa pensate di tu
miraviglio piu della divozione del p
nti miracoli e monumenti sacri atte
Don Luigi, abbiamo, per disg
assai nella mandra nostra."
a de' pastori certamente*."

"Well, my
I am no long
e by so ma
dear s
his i

ar sir, what do you think of all this?"
surprised at the devotion of the Neapolitan
y miracles and holy monuments."
, we have plenty of scabby sheep in our floc
not the fault of the shepherds."

On leaving this church, I followed the exam
ductor, by dipping my finger into the holy wa
king the sign of the cross. Perhaps, my dea
think this was carrying courtesy too far, and s
apostacy. For my part, I can see no harm in
religion of the country we reside in, every atte
tible with the dictates of our own persuasion an
Father Anselm, I can assure you, was highly p
conforming to this part of the rites of his churc
sibly led the conversation to the excellency of
Catholic religion, till by degrees he laid actual
conscience, opening all the approaches of his e
make a convert of me. My means of defence, h
ved superior to his attack. One battery, in parti
I opened upon him, presently silenced his holy
the good man, that I was ready to enter the lis
provided he would allow my arguments to be fo
the New Testament itself, in the purity of its o
Greek) language, and not upon any translation.
ly replied, that he was not master of that langua
the necessity of learning it, while there existed
cellent translation as that of the *Vulgate*, whic
sides admitted to be so perfect, as to be at *least*
original.

Like a beaten enemy, however, who, in retraci
does not all at once cease his discharge of smal
slackens his fire by degrees, so did Father Anselm
discomfited in his attempt on my faith, make good
by recounting several most extraordinary miracl
stagger my obstinacy, or at least to impress a cer
of respect on his conqueror. One of those I shall
to entertain you with in his own words :—

" Have you yet visited the church of ——— at

(I paid so little attention to the holy father's question, which I answered in the negative, that I have already forgotten the name of this church.)

"You must know then, Signor Don Luigi, that this church boasts of three of the most precious and wonderful relics (next to the holy vial containing the blood of our protector), that are to be met with in Naples. The bodies of three saints are there to be seen, in such preservation, that the lineaments of their faces may be distinguished as correctly as if they had died yesterday, although it is many ages since their souls were received into paradise. Indeed, such is the holiness of their corporeal abode, that those bodies are in every respect perfect, only completely dried up, and of course somewhat reduced in bulk."

"This is no such . . . . . ."

"Allow me to proceed, good sir! These bodies had long remained in a state of nature, and were but slightly attended to, till some pious Neapolitan left, by legacy, a yearly new suit of clothes to each of them. Now, sir, stupendous to relate, but no less true, whenever, on the anniversary of the re-clothing ceremony, the new garments are put on to them, these inanimate masses of skin and bone forthwith raise their arms, and of their own accord slip into the sleeves, as you or I would do every morning!!!—" (Pause.) "*Cosa vi pare di questo, eh?*"

"Truly, holy father, I believe it as readily as the miracle of my good T. except the spontaneous lifting of the nose."

"What d' ye think of that, sir?"

the arms, Anselm's story is likely to be true enoug
this is not the only instance of a natural mummefact
has come to my knowledge. A friend of mine,
lately made the tour of Sicily, visited a convent (
lermo, I believe), where none of its members are bur
death, but are preserved in a similar manner.
gallery a great number of niches are sunk, and in
dried bodies of the friars stand erect, with the
they wore during life; and a short inscription
name, birth, and decease of every one; some of
are empty, being destined for the monks still liv
come hereafter. The same friend informed me,
sight their grinning faces appeared to him extrem
ful, but after becoming a little more reconciled
so unusual, the idea of death lost much of that
which he had been in the habit of looking upon

I have myself had an opportunity of witnes
amining a similar curiosity, in my journey
many, about two years ago. Under the cat
men, there is a vault called the Bley Keller
which possesses the singular property of pr
corruption any animal body deposited in
ton shewed me several corpses in shells, wh
up to a mummy, and so light that with my li
able to lift them by the hair of their head
altogether perhaps ten pounds. The hair
grown after death. Among others there wa
a woman, said to have been an English coun
ship, from a dread of being buried alive, h
placed in that vault, probably not considerin
be handled by every curious traveller.
been excessively corpulent, for the inflated
had sunk into a labyrinth of innumerable
latest specimen was a bricklayer's labou

arch, had fallen down and been killed
although his death happened upwards
than that of the countess, his state of p
no respect more perfect than her's. Som
two or three cats, which had been thrown down
thievous boys, were equally uncorrupted. On my
respecting the process and cause of this singular ph
tion, I learned from the sexton, that no other pro
required than placing the subject in a perforated sh
after the first fortnight fermentation ensued, whic
ally produced a discharge of the internal juices;
more solid parts dissolved by degrees likewise,
when all the moisture had thus left the body, wh
rally required the space of from four to six month
shifted to a dry cell, and there left to itself. W
same process would prove equally successful in
place, I am incompetent to decide; so much
that the Bremen vault is remarkably dry, and e
as I found by my book; ; although the city stand
marshy country, generally overflowed on all si
the winter months.

From the
suspect the
curing the
ceased; for
recorded b
corpses, ha

great number of Egyptian mummie
that people had a method equally
bodies of at least the common class
even the least expensive method of
Herodotus, must, with any grea
been tedious and troublesome.

In some
in the north
buried und
being froz
, even i
trate a

work of travels, I remember to ha
men parts of Siberia, the dead bodi
ground, never corrupt at all,
summer and winter; and th
the former season, being so
ove a few inches below the sur

All this by the way. Anselmo w
to another neighbouring convent,
curiosity—God knows what; but I
shows for the present. The rays o
nearly become perpendicular, and s
though no saint, almost to a mumi
declined his offer, and proposed an in
zuoli, whither we forthwith shaped o
more direct road. On our way hom
dous ruin of a great aqueduct, with a t
tirely of bricks; some of which, and
lined the arches, appeared of an un
less than eighteen inches square, and
tured and baked. This must have be
duct of ancient Puteoli.

On our return to Pozzuoli, we fo
Giacomo, who had but just returned
business. I lost no time in thanking
wine; and, some time afterwards, pr
which he admired exceedingly, but wo
cept of so valuable an article, until I w
to threaten him with my instant depa
compliance.

The manners of the Neapolitans in t
singular. If any thing in your possess
snuff-box, ring, &c. happens to be a
good breeding requires that you should
it to him—nay, insist, in as strong term
idiom affords (which is saying a great dea
of the same. Good breeding, on the c
demands, that the other party should as s
present, under a variation of courteous
a considerable waste of time and words,

of the Neapolitan army ; that fou
due to him—an inconvenience he
the more, as he was prevented fro
ther, at Lecce, the periodical allo
which he had hitherto been in the
and which constituted the princip
That, indeed, he might command
veral of his Neapolitan friends ; l
them acquainted with his tempo
thought he might presume so muc
captain, as to apply to him for the
for which he was ready to give
or an assignation on the pay-mast
honest captain found little difficu
purport of this point-blank aim ; a
the sum demanded, but, with truly
another twelve ounces as a present
lady, who probably never received
more probably, had no existence
tion of her pretended offspring.

Donna Giuliana had prepared a
and favoured the company with he
como readily consenting to his sist
Naples, as soon as dinner was ove
parture. Conceive, dear T. your
side the finest girl of all Italy, drivi
tic country, on one of the most
fanned by cooling zephyrs on one
gas on the other. The joy of Zeu
cent Europa on his back through
happiness of his brother, when he s
from the Sicilian meadows ; the pl
smuggled the Tyrian queen into th

* About six guine

16107

her from the shower (umbrellas being either unknown at that time, or not worn by military men); the ecstasy of Paris, when.....; nay, there are similes enough already; to put you *au fait* of my sensations at the time. We passed a cave also, the great Posilipan grotto; but not *à la Didon* —that is to say, in a much more decent and quiet manner than Virgil's silence leads us to suspect was the case with his hero. You may be sure, had the Mantuan author written the *Histoire Secrète*, or *Chronique scandaleuse de la Cour de Carthage*, instead of an epic poem, we should have a less abrupt account of the mysterious adventure of the grotto.

Be that as it may, the Neapolitan couple arrived safe, and pleased with each other, at the head-quarters in the Infrescata; and after a short toilette, went, *solus cum sola*, to the play, having previously refreshed themselves, in the Strada Toledo, with some ices, of which the lovely Giuliana partook, in my opinion, rather too abundantly.—The opera was "*Chi d'altrui si vesti presto si spoglia**;" remarkable for the probability of the incidents. A young lady of fortune, on her journey to Naples, in order to marry a naval captain, who is to arrive there at an appointed time, is attacked and robbed on the road by a gang of highwaymen: her chamber-maid, escaping by some good luck or other, pursues the journey, and forms the plan of imposing herself as the mistress on the captain. The latter, on his voyage to Naples, is attacked by an Algerine corsair: his servant, escaping by some good luck or other, pursues the voyage, and forms the plan of imposing himself as his master on the lady. Thus the footman and chamber-maid arrive at Naples nearly at the same time, and cheat each other into wedlock. So far only can I give you the fable of this curious dramatic production; my poor Giuliana being, in the middle of the performance, seized with what she called spasms and sickness, of

* Who adorns himself with others' feathers, will soon be plucked.

of which by *her account, the* over perfu
son was the *cause. It is true, to* make m
also to counteract *the customary* effluvi
temples of *Thalia, I had dropped* an ad
of roses on *my handkerchief; but* I shre
five ices of *strawberry, raspberry*, chocol
on, successively *and rapidly* introduce
canal, *did the business. Nothing* was
home in a *caless; where, very* contrar
culation, *I administered to my* fair pat
fuls of powder of *rhubarb, mixed* with
from my medicine *chest; and* wished

Sic transit gloria mundi!

On my early enquiry *the next* morn
great joy, *that the remedy had* had th
restored my *patient to perfect* health.
it said, the occurence of the preceding
ably damped *the sublimity* of my i
The exhibition of the frailties and ne
soon dissolve *the charm and* enthusi
apt to behold *the most angelic* form,
ant mental *perfection.* Hence it w
handsome *Juliana back to* Pozzu
more *composed and tempered* than
journey *the evening* before.

She *is safely lodged* again with
therefore, *prevents the conclusion*
sort of *an epistle, the extent* of w
foresee *when I took up* my pen,
nishing *in its velocity*, seems absol
acceleration.

"Vires acquirit eun

LETTER VIII.

NAPLES, May —, 1802.

Dear T.

IN several of my preceding letters, I have endeavoured to give you a succinct account of the former site, state, and opulence of the ancient towns which, in the reign of Titus, where overwhelmed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius; I have described the manner by which their destruction was effected; and, finally, I have stated to you the means, fortuitous or premeditated, which led to their re-discovery. You are, no doubt, therefore, prepared and eager to be ushered into the ruins themselves. Come along, then, and follow the grave Don Michele and me into the spacious court-yard, on a level with, and at a few yards distance from, the Salernian high-road, from which it is separated by a large lattice-gate, adjoining to the abode of the only inhabitant of the once magnificent and populous town of Pompeji, the invalid guardian and guide to its remains. Oh! the vicissitudes of earthly grandeur!—This very dwelling of the decrepid Neapolitan veteran was once tenanted by a maniple of those legionaries, whose irresistible valour had subdued all our hemisphere, from the Tyne to the swampy banks of the Nile, from the pillars of Hercules to the shores of India! Why, T. every one of these four points, at this moment*, acknowledges British sway; and not only the seas between them, but every accessible corner of the liquid part of the whole globe, from Nootka Sound to Bass's Streights, bows to the nod of half a dozen valves in Charing-Cross!!—— Proud.....But a truce to national bragging, which I detest as much as individual self-praise: it may do by way of a clap trap at the end of a dry stage-speech, well and significantly bawled

* Egypt at that time was in possession of the British troops.

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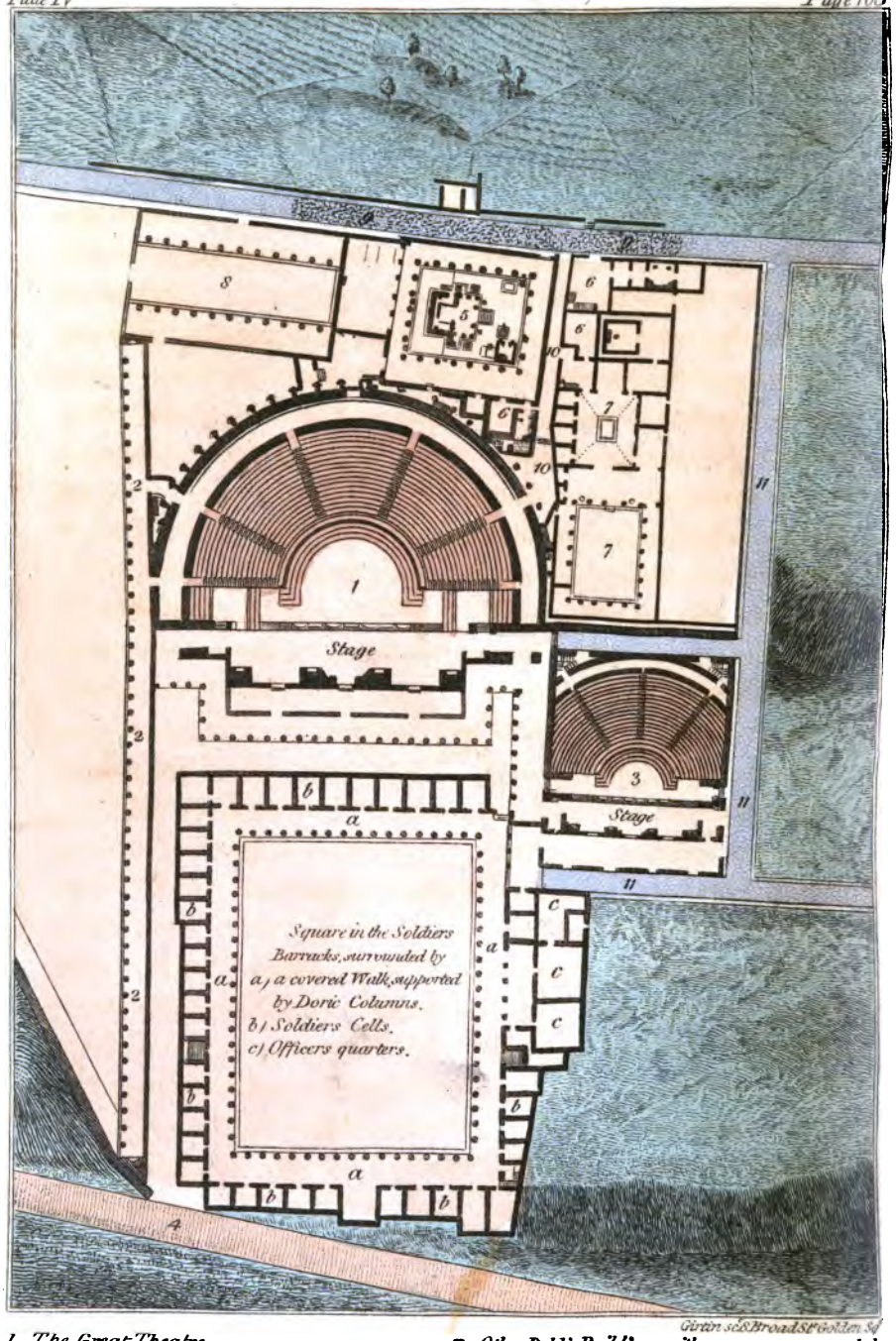
Plan of the BARRACKS, THEATRES &c. of Pompeji


Stage
Stage
Square in the Soldiers Barracks, surrounded by a) a covered Walk, supported by Doric Columns. b) Soldiers Cells. c) Officers quarters.
Girtin sc. 8 Broad St Golden Sq.

1 The Great Theatre.
2 Covered Gallery leading thereto.
3 The little (covered) Theatre.
4 Present Highroad from whence you enter Pompeji, on the side of the Barracks.
5 Temple of Isis. (vide Pls page 107)
6 Supposed Dwellings of the Priests & attendants on the Temple with a receptacle for the Victims.
7 Other Public Buildings, with a space surrounded by a Colonnade
8 Public place for Gymnastic exercises.
9 Ancient Highroad, paved.
10 Street communicating with the Great Theatre and the Temple of Isis.
11 Road, leading to the Theatres & Barracks.

bawled up to the forum of the galleries. No m
this place; let us begin with a sober narrative
things.

The quadrangular court which we first enter
be as large as the railed part of Leicester-squa
rounded on all sides by a colonnade, supportin
gallery; and from the gallery you enter a num
apartments, not unlike the cells of a prison;
affirmative comparison, greatly resembling
round some of our old inns, with the rooms adj
in the present instance, the corridor is on the
there being no upper story. The columns be
are of brick, stuccoed over, and painted a deep re
to twelve feet high, at about the like distance from
of the Doric order, fluted two-thirds from the top,
wise of good proportion. This building was first
gymnasium, afterwards for a prison, and, by some, fo
of gladiators; at present it is declared to have been
rack for soldiers, because various pieces of armou
found in some of the cells. These little apartmen
highly interesting: many have their walls covered wi
scriptions, and curious drawings. When I speak of ir
tions or drawings, do not let your classic imaginatio
to itself public records or *chefs d'œuvre* of art. I ha
my power at once to put you *au fait* in this busine
the comparison will be deemed vulgar. You, no dou
in your peregrinations, visited certain apartments at
inns, where former visitors have thought proper to
ate the memory of their temporary abode, by som
clumsy couplets, epigrams, anacreontic or aphrod
sions, traced either with pencil, chalk, or any pigme
at hand, or even with some sharp-pointed instrum
buff walls; and, not unfrequently, may you have f
sentences illustrated by sundry hasty and whimsic

in the line manner, betraying all the rudeness of the infant art. Know, then, that such practice is of the highest antiquity; witness the walls of the Pompejan barracks, on which we discovered a vast number of the like inscriptions, generally done in red chalk, but, in some instances, black, or white. Most of them consisted merely of the name of the writer, with the cohort and legion he belonged to; on some, the consuls of the time were mentioned; and a few were of a satirical import, levelled probably at an obnoxious centurion, or even tribune; and, in order to give additional force to the text, a drawing of the subject of the pasquil was annexed, approaching, in point of design, as near as possible to the puerile sketches you may at times have noticed on some of the dead walls in the London streets. The letters were all capitals; and although not absolutely like our present Roman alphabet, might easily be read, particularly by one who, from the Herculanean manuscripts, had become a little familiar with antique penmanship. Some names and sentences were Greek, whence it may fairly be inferred that the Roman troops were not solely composed of Italian subjects. A gentleman, of the name of Nonius Maximus, occured repeatedly on those walls; not, however, with "*mention honorable;*" nor was the whole-length portrait annexed to his name such as to convey a favourable impression either of his figure or the skill of the artist. A copy, drawn from *memory*, by the pen of your humble servant, will perhaps amuse you.

Simple

Simple as this design may appea
portant inferences are to be drawn
Nonius was left-handed—2dly. Th
on the said hand, which probably
grape-shot—3dly. That one of his
the other, or that a bullet in his thig
draw up the leg in the manner here d
to the nature of the weapon he wie
be mere conjecture. Don Michele,
sons, declared it to be a sword; but
kind of a sword, whether *gladius*,
surely if it had been intended for a s
been some marks of a hilt, handle,
seen. It appears, therefore, more
instrument for a mere rod or vine s
Nonius Maximus, whom I strongl
the provost-marshal, was in the hal
ment on the transgressors of the
frequent use of which had rendere
comrades, as to procure him the h
effigy on the barrack walls.

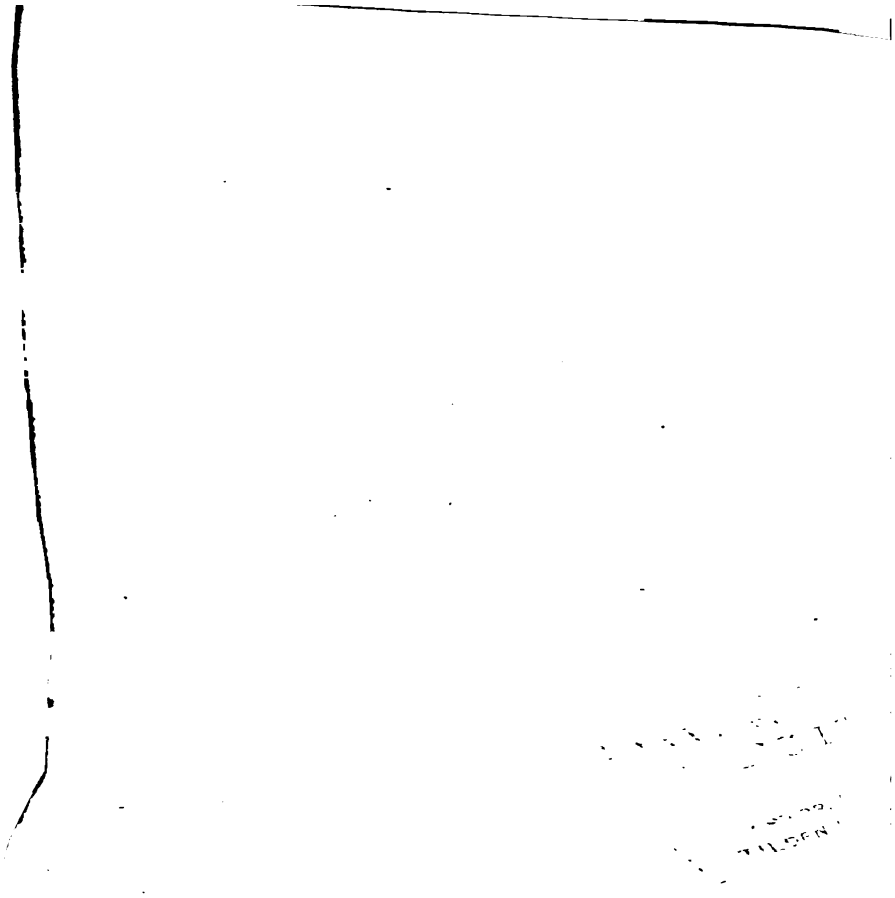
As I said before, the precedin
drawn from recollection only: no
sirous to take, on the spot itself, a
as well as of some of the most inte
actually pulled out pencil and pock
but the invalid Argus checked my c
ing me, that he had strict orders
allow the use of pencil, paper, or
materials, within the town of Pom
observed my disappointment at this
to me with his left eye, while a re
his right thumb, across the finger
tain telegraphic signal, which, with

I understood to be an exhortation to bribery. Unfortunately for you, my dear T. and all those who may chance to read this, on this occasion I chose to be honest—that is to say, not to make another a rogue; and left the inscriptions uncopied, not without a sensible degree of offence to my fellow-traveller for not complying with his well-meant advice.

Close to the barracks, which appear to have stood in the most public part of the city, are the theatres, the forum, and one or two temples, all connected by very neat and well-paved courts; or, where the ground is elevated, by commodious public staircases. The *tout-ensemble* appeared totally different from our present mode of building; indeed, from its elegant compactness, the whole looked more like the model of a town, than a town in reality. But to continue my narrative, which shall be guided rather by the contiguity of the places, than the order in which we saw them:

To the right, a high wall separates the lesser theatre from the barracks: this is called the covered theatre, because it was so constructed, that, by canvas awnings, the spectators could be defended from sun or rain. A door through the wall leads into the different galleries, and into the open space in the middle, resembling our pit.—You are too well acquainted with the construction of ancient theatres, to require a minute description of the interior of this, which is one of the smallest I have yet seen; but beautifully neat, and, excepting the spoliation of the marble slabs, with which the whole of the inside, seats and all, had been covered, excellently preserved. To have torn off those is really pitiful, and downright Vandalism. The use to which the fragments of marble might be put, could not have been very great; whereas the original aspect of the theatre, entirely encrustated with marble, must have been charming. On both

sides



VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS IN POMPEJI.
(v. Pl. IV. N° 5.)

sides are the usual seats for magistrates; with us, is along the front of the stage; ar its brick wings, very shallow. This th about two thousand spectators. It was or here that Don Michele gave vent to his the authenticity of the Pompejan structi you in one of my preceding letters.

A staircase leads from the level on v stands, to an eminence on which various situated. The most conspicuous of those or, rather, chapel, said to have been Here the guide called our attention to a se forated in two places; observing, that it sage, and through its openings, that the c Isis were wont to pronounce the oracles o the deluded and credulous multitude. going to add to this valuable piece of i particulars, perhaps equally interesting, w stopped his progress, by telling him he ne trouble, since he was sure the Signor Ingl lieve one word of the whole story. "The added, "is too great an admirer of anti suaded that his friends, the ancients, wou employing fraud in their worship. I, for vinced, that all the oracles we read of in hi contrived by similar tricks of imposition, more probable, by direct inspirations of fiend of mankind, who, before the establish faith, was absolute lord and master of the

My friend having disburthened his splee ing observation, was, as usual, for a little more cheerful. The guide took us round which we found an altar, of a round sha

ıer side. A little way on, a cistern was placed, with pertures, to facilitate the procuring of water. In this it is to be supposed, sacrifices and other holy rites lace: this opinion was confirmed by the conductor, old us that various sacrificatory utensils, such as lamps, , tripods, &c. were here found, when the place was cavated. One of the tripods dug out in this yard, e most admirable workmanship: on each of the three beautiful sphinx, with an unusual head-dress, is probably in allusion to the hidden meanings of the which were delivered in the temple above-mention- hoop, in which the bason for the coals was sunk, is decorated with rams' heads, connected by garlands s; and in the bason, which was of baked earth, the ers left from the last sacrifice (nearly 2000 years re seen as fresh as if they had been the remains of 's fire!

the court before-mentioned, you enter another larger, with a stone pulpit in the middle, and near the walls. This spot, therefore, might either the *auditorium* of some philosopher, or the place ublic orators pleaded their causes before the peo- he *rostra* at Rome. Every thing here is in the er and preservation.

at amphitheatre proudly rears its walls over edifice on the same elevated spot. For a coun- e Pompeji, this is a stupendous structure: it had rows of seats, the circumference of the lowest of ut 3000 Neapolitan palms, and is supposed to),000 people. The upper walls are much in- r from time immemorial, before the disco- eji, partially projected above-ground; and the gether, not near so substantial and well pre- theatre at Verona, which I saw two years ago.

You

You have now, my dear T. see
public end, the Whitehall, of the
trip will bring us into the High-s
and the private dwellings of its inh
is going on there.

It is from a corn-field you descen
per end of the High-street of this to
of melancholy seized upon my mind
remains of former opulence and co
remnants of remote ages, we are gen
the period of their duration from
them by the hand of TIME. But h
of time were so strangely assailed and
to repeat all the whimsical doubts whic
their way into my brain, my possessi
truly fear, be disputed. What, said I
this something, which history interca
strophe and the discovery? A point
eternity; the passing of which we cont
apparent rotation of the sun, or of so
other within our observation.—Now le
the sun, moon, stars, &c. stood still (ap
—no night, no noon, no alternate cl
fact, no exterior data by which to assi
Catholic, who depends upon the beads in
bers of Paternosters and Avemarias he
pose, I say, a total absence of externa
faculty of our mind, called memory; a
such conditions, would, I suspect, be e
or turn out quite another sort of thing-
of your time, of history, our age, our ac
our meals would solely depend upon our
o morning for breakfast, no noon or
ethod for computing wages, salaries,

ombination in the movements of armies, or the
s of common life. What a chaos of confusion!
ely from a fixed situation of the earth and the
odies, from a mere want of motion; without
would appear impossible for time to exist.

is! whither am I wandering? What in the world
sess me to make you pay postage for my metaphy-
ims; instead of sending you a sober and cool descrip-
is street, which consists of a narrow road for carts,
t-pavements on each side. The middle road is paved
ge blocks of lava, and the ruts of the wheels proclaim
uity, even at the time of its being overwhelmed: the
hs are more elevated than those in London, generally
and a half from the level of the carriage road. The
on each side, whether shops or private buildings, have
im to external elegance; they consist but of a ground-
and have no opening towards the street, except the door.
indow is to be seen, unless the open counter of the shops
ds the street be deemed such. The windows of the pri-
houses look into an inner square court; and even those
enerally so high, that to look out of them, must have re-
ed a foot-stool. The apartments themselves, are, with
exception of one in each house which probably served as
awing-room, extremely diminutive, and many very low.
w the great Romans, for whom the world was too little,
ld bear to be cooped up in those little cells, not much
ger than a water-closet, in a climate like this, will be a nut
crack for the antiquarians. Don Michele perhaps saved
em the trouble. "If," he observed, "I could persuade
yself that these pigsties were actually the work of Roman
chitecture, I should feel no difficulty in solving the doubts
f my credulous English friend. It was these very confined
ells which made them so eager to get abroad, and enlarge, by
onquests, their elbow-room; and the same reason induces

us

us modern Italians, who live in comfort
cious dwellings, to remain where we are
feel, that any change of abode would on

Friend Michele uttered this opinion of l
nate ambiguity of accent, peculiar to a
people, which left it doubtful whether his
or serious. The name of pigsties, howev
serve from their size. In point of deco
rooms are neat, and, in many instances, s
the floors generally consist of figured
larger stones of various colours, regular
cally disposed, or composed of some bea
fanciful border, and some animal or figu
is surprising into how many pleasing sh
nation of the artists would convert an end
trical lines and figures in the design of th
selated pavements alone would evince t
The ground is usually white, the ornamen
lours are often employed with increas
for the floors! The walls of the rooms a
deserving our attention: they are pain
ments, exhibiting some mythological
simply coloured over with a light grou
der, and perhaps an elegant little vigne
equal distances. The former (the historic
exist in Pompeji; for wherever a wall was
ed a tolerable picture of some distinct su
government took off the painting, togeth
face of the wall, and deposited it in th
so that in those apartments which had
most elegant, the bare walls thus spolia

You may well suppose, dear T. that
ingenuity were required to peel off, by m

Dutch minuteness; on the contrary, bold
ve, so fanciful, that you forget the trivial
in the discerning skill of the artist. On a
eager contest of some birds pecking at frui
but life itself. A heap of dead game, a parc
playing—how natural, how inimitably true!

I am aware, dear T. that the above repr
expression, does not attach to the early mas
art. The placid innocence of Raphael, the
of Guido, the manly firmness of Buonaroti, th
ness of Rosa, the poetic sublimity of Corregio
characteristic traits of many other celebrated e
gain our instant approbation, because nature a
prototype. In beholding the human features a
by those artists, we seem as if we recollected th
my; we are convinced it is not an unmeaning
pression we behold, but nature itself; assisted,
embellished by genius. Far otherwise with the
——, ——, ——, and a host of moderns. The
as correct as insignificant; as void of error as
thought or expression. Some honourable exce
deed, are to be found among the number of our
ists, but too few to invalidate the observation in
point of view.

But enough of these speculations, to which I ha
vent the more freely, as I was sure, my dear T. y
understand, you would feel the meaning of my
otherwise, indeed, I should have reason to fear, al
would appear downright nonsense. *Sapienti sat!*

Besides the *naïveté* and truth in the design of t
corative paintings discovered in Pompeji, there is
mourous oddity in their composition, a fanciful ex
gance which draws forth a simper of satisfaction. Wh

ards one horizontal point; they rise bel
ch other; the further ends of the roofs are d
ll looks as if taken from a bird's-eye view;
bserved in a former letter, like the drawings
or of our very early modern artists.

The above, I think, will enable you to fo
curate idea of the private dwellings in the to
Probably the description falls as short of yo
as the sight of them did of mine. Take aw
walls and the mosaic pavements, and Don Mi
will not be far from truth. Possibly, the circu
houses having but a ground floor, may be at
fear of earthquakes, which the vicinity of Vesu
rendered as frequent in those times, as they a
ment; probably indeed more so, the volcan
then burst itself a vent for the combustible a
matter contained in the bowels and subterra
of the mountain. But waving the consider
quakes, we need not feel any degree of surpri
nutive size of these habitations. It is in thei
public buildings only, that the ancient Roma
displayed the grandeur and costliness we still a
in their own dwellings and habits of private l
generally as humble and frugal, as they were
and sumptuous in the former. I say, general
we aware, that the luxury of some Patricians
after the conquests of Corinth and Carthage, w
exception to my argument. But in the count
extravagance of the metropolis would in all pr
few admirers or imitators.

We now strolled down the High-street, and
ed but a few yards, when Don Michele, looki
exclaimed, with a burst of laughter, "G...o!

ny thing, sir, could induce me to retra
ude to, it would be the discovery of t
of sculpture, which, whatever may be
rest, from its classic elegance, and the bea
I firmly believe to be a true relic of anc

This concession obliged me to shif
not come twelve miles in the heat of th
putation in the main street of Pompeji
the tables on my litigious friend, by te
ever might be my opinion of the rest,
well knew already, the basso-relievo in
had all the appearance of a fraudulent s
he chose, we would talk over the subje
and not lose our time in disputing, sinc
seen, and the day far advanced.

For once, friend Michele consented t
arms, and left me to proceed in my antiq

To you, however, who are not a par
freely impart some reflections which this
as other plastic curiosities of a similar des

In England, where our ideas of delic
are refined, the public exposure of a sin
probably render the street as impassab
was the avenue of that synagogue, in th
a wag had suspended a full-grown pig, t
tortions of which finally obliged the Isra
to get out by the windows. To an En
uninitiated in the customs of antiquity,
terly impossible, for a Roman matron, c
not to go any round, rather than pass th
until he learns, to his unspeakable asto

pass by this unfortunate spot; let us be pe
would cast down their looks, or, at best, or
glance through their fan-sticks; or, if they did
matter, that all was allowed by usage, and sel
du pays.

My *fidus Achates*, by degrees, now begar
troublesome companion (*Angl.* boar). Like
which rises in the tube in proportion as the atr
is extracted from the receiver of an air pump,
humour increase in the same degree as his pat
dually exhausting by the variety of objects or
no value, however interesting they appeared
disorganization of temper was not only most
trayed upon his countenance (which with a
an unerring index of the state of his mind),
burst forth in the surly question addressed to
ne *sono altre cog.....ie da veder**? To which
invalid simply and drily replied, *Spetta 'n pi*
way out of this excavation up the hill, over s
fields and vineyards. Rejoiced at the idea
classic eyes on new objects of admiration, I
him with renovated strength and spirits; but
Ilo, in addition to other grievances, now al
avings of his *unclassic* stomach, brought u
good a grace as I have seen a poor deser
omy steps of the Savoy. To set his latter
invigorate him for new exertions, it was of
mise him as good a *dinner* as the best inn a
afford; he coldly replied, *Sara una* cena, s
da *mangiare*†.

Amidst such edifying discourse we arrived

* Is there any other nonsense to be viewed? †
‡ It will be a *supper*, if we find any thing to ea

VIEW OF THE GATE & HIGH STREET OF POMPEII.

as you shall presently hear. This was real
place; and, if minutely investigated, migh
enough for a distinct treatise. Don Grumb
to give vent to his spleen. "A burying-pla
called out; "why, 'tis not large enough to
jan cats, much less its Christians—Pagans, I
Besides, did not the Romans uniformly bur
Certainly, from its limited extent, this coul
the general burying-place for all Pompeji,
twentieth part of its probable population.
opinion, therefore, this spot might rather h
as a place of interment for some particular
I am still more inclined to believe, for such
by their actions or conduct were judged w
funeral and monument; for the ancients d
religious zeal so far as to make the temple
receptacle for putrefaction; nor had they an i
ation of the pestilential effluvia by the cong
consequent injury to their *bodily* health, co
ted by the *spiritual* edification dispensed to
time. They, in their simplicity, buried the
highway, as we do the worst of our criminal
for the custom among the Romans of burni
I *suspect*, confined to the opulent: and as t
constituted the greater part of the populatio
know of no instance of their burning their
stop here; for I perceive you are in a fair
dissertation of mine on the funeral ceremoni
which, if you have any wish at all to descend
iculars, you had much better acquaint yo
the writings of Lipsius or Montfaucon. As
you no doubt, and very justly too, expect a
of its monuments and inscriptions, which,
misfortune, I am not able to give you, hara
the clamours of my companion, and overpo

as you shall presently hear. This was really a
place; and, if minutely investigated, might y
nough for a distinct treatise. Don Grumble t
to give vent to his spleen. "A burying-place, 1
called out; "why, 'tis not large enough to bu
jan cats, much less its Christians—Pagans, I wa
Besides, did not the Romans uniformly burn th
Certainly, from its limited extent, this could ne
the general burying-place for all Pompeji, or
twentieth part of its probable population. In
opinion, therefore, this spot might rather have
as a place of interment for some particular fam
I am still more inclined to believe, for such of
by their actions or conduct were judged worth
funeral and monument; for the ancients did n
religious zeal so far as to make the temples of
receptacle for putrefaction; nor had they an idea,
ation of the pestilential effluvia by the congrega
consequent injury to their bodily health, could
ted by the spiritual edification dispensed to the
time. They, in their simplicity, buried their d
highway, as we do the worst of our criminals.
for the custom among the Romans of burning th
I suspect, confined to the opulent: and as to the
constituted the greater part of the population o
know of no instance of their burning their dead
stop here; for I perceive you are in a fair way
dissertation of mine on the funeral ceremonies of
which, if you have any wish at all to descend int
ticulars, you had much better acquaint yourse
the writings of Lipsius or Montfaucon. As to th
you no doubt, and very justly too, expect a det
of its monuments and inscriptions, which, to m
misfortune, I am not able to give you, harassed
the clamours of my companion, and overpowere

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the general burying-place for all Pompeji,
twentieth part of its probable population.
opinion, therefore, this spot might rather h
as a place of interment for some particular
I am still more inclined to believe, for such
by their actions or conduct were judged w
funeral and monument; for the ancients
religious zeal so far as to make the temple
receptacle for putrefaction; nor had they an i
ation of the pestilential effluvia by the cons
consequent injury to their *bodily* health, cc
ted by the *spiritual* edification dispensed to
time. They, in their simplicity, buried th
highway, as we do the worst of our crimina
for the custom among the Romans of burn
I suspect, confined to the opulent: and as t
constituted the greater part of the populati
know of no instance of their burning their
stop here; for I perceive you are in a fai
dissertation of mine on the funeral ceremon
which, if you have any wish at all to descen
ticulars, you had much better acquaint y
the writings of Lipsius or Montfaucon. A
you no doubt, and very justly too, expect
of its monuments and inscriptions, which,
misfortune, I am not able to give you, ha
the clamours of my companion, and overp

a villa it certainly was. Before a small, but neat
garden was laid out, in the middle of which a pond
The empty receptacle of water was in good preser
the stone borders of the compartments of the gard
likewise plainly discernible. The statues, howev
which, according to the guide's information, the w
found decorated at the first discovery, had of cou
removed to the king's museum; but the remains of
ed walk around the garden were still to be seen. W
red the nearer investigation of all these matters of
until we should have viewed the wine cellar, which
told was particularly worthy of notice, and which, f
der, my friend seemed anxious to examine. How
anxiety proceeded from an expectation of tasting
samples of choice wines, he must have felt conside
appointment at the sight of a number of *empty* ear
once perhaps the receptacles of exquisite *Tuscan*,
or *Chian*, of which, Time, the destroyer of all thing
left a "wreck behind." Nay, here I am saying too
wreck certainly there was; for, at the bottom of s
jars, a residuary crust was left, resembling the
burnt resinous substance. This was evidently
mortuum of the former grape juice; and our chem
A. no doubt would have given the world for a sp
this *carbonate of wine*, which he would not hav
subject to a most rigorous chemical analysis, in
able to tell how many grains and thousandth par
trate, *nitrate*, *sulphate*, *muriate*, *phosphate*, *borate*,
fluate, *gelatine*, *saccharine*, *alumine*, and God k
other *ates* or *ines*, it contained to a hair. Like
therefore, who stole the leather in order to be a
sent the barefooted poor with shoes to their feet
crib a little morsel of the vinous crust for the la
our curious friend; but you may tell him, all my
forts were absolutely fruitless; the eyes of our

presently restored to good humour, were very san
the elements were leagued against us! Hitherto
conflict above our heads had been confined to a
dry experiments of sparks and intonations, but
scanty, but broad drops, by their heavy fall, effec
change in the pattern of my neighbour's orange
frock. The shower increased, and Don Michele
ed perfectly aware of the danger to which his
was exposed, begged me to stop the horse.—H
his cocked beaver was whipt, with the utmost sa
to the seat, and replaced by a *bandeau*, skilfully
his handkerchief, which unequivocally betrayed
ment to the narcotic comfort of Virginia dust; wi
celerity his upper garment was turned inside out,
ing contrast formed between the milky hue of
and the purple bombazeen lining subtending th
habit. He was now, with my active assistance,
injures du temps, prepared for the worst;

Impavidum nunc ferient imbres. HORACE. (Mutat.

Thus transfigured, he sat down, and begged me
di Dio, to drive on quickly. But all the speed it
heels would not have saved us from a thorough
had we not soon found a house to get under she

This was a manufacture of maccaroni, and th
man happened fortunately to be busily employe
ing that delicious farinaceous food. I observe
process attentively; and as you are probably u
with the method of making it, shall give you a s
of my observations.—The dough had already b
but the manufacturer informed me, that it consiste
but the very finest flour and a small quantity o
eggs whatever, as he repeatedly assured me. T
kneading, which I was a witness to, appeared to
A thick boom, of about eight feet in length, was
by one end, as to turn round horizontally, an

raised and depressed *vertically; under this* boom the mass of dough was placed, *as large* in bulk as the largest of our Cheshire cheeses; the *two* men then leaned with all their weight on the other end of the boom, which they pressed down and suffered to rise alternately; and, while doing this, they carried the boom almost through a whole semicircle forwards, and then again backwards, round its center. By this operation of so powerful a lever, the dough, although extremely stiff and stubborn, became well worked and fit for the next process, that of giving it the form under which it is sold.

This was done by a large press, like one of our cyder-presses, with a cavity of about a foot in the solid, into which a portion of the dough was placed. At the bottom of this cavity a metal plate was fixed with small round holes, of the diameter of the tube of an earthen tobacco-pipe. Another lever being inserted into the screw of the press, the dough was forced through the little apertures in the plate, and came out in a number of long filaments. These, when *they had got to* the length of about two feet, *were quickly* cut off by one of the men, and suspended in the air to dry. This operation was successively repeated until the quantum of dough in the press was nearly exhausted; when a fresh supply was added, and the process begun anew.—In this expeditious manner an incredible quantity of maccaroni was manufactured during the short time of about twenty minutes that we staid in the place; enough certainly to afford a meal for upwards of three hundred people.

I have been thus particular in my description, because I think maccaroni a very desirable article of common food both on account of its cheapness and its wholesome nature, and therefore could wish it to be generally introduced in England. A small quantity of fat meat is sufficient to make a broth or gravy, with which the maccaroni may be dressed

1

but without any meat, simply boiled in water, drained, and some hot butter poured over it, it forms a relishing dish. The common people in Italy prepare it in this simple manner. As it keeps good for any length of time, it is well calculated for long sea voyages; and, I should think, would answer well in our navy. I have seen some of our sailors eat maccaroni as heartily as any Neapolitan, and make no doubt they would be glad to have it once a week at least. Having thus let you into the mystery of maccaroni-making, it will but be fair to let your humble servant go shares, should you be able to get the maccaroni-contract from the Victualling Board, or the king a patent for home consumption. We can (*entre nous soit dit*) afford it for four-pence the pound, while your Italian shops sell it for eighteen-pence and two-shillings!!

During the time I gathered all this valuable information, Don Michele was busily employed in wiping and drying his best suit, and making himself decent. In this laudable effort he had succeeded before the rain was over; we therefore once more mounted our vehicle, and quickly arrived at Rovigliasina, where I had determined to dine. On mentioning this resolve to Don Michele, he replied with a smiling self-sufficiency, *Lascia far a me**. Indeed in matters of catering he appeared much more at home than among the ruins of Pompeji. His local knowledge brought us to an inn, the rustic appearance of whose exterior, interior, and master, promised no sumptuous entertainment. The *padrone della casa* forthwith made his appearance *en négligé*, i. e. in a nightcap and calico jacket; and having understood our present wants, disappeared with the confidential assurance of *Avra un buon pranzo in un* MEZZO MOMENTO†. Leaving to better mathematicians the computation of the precise portion of time meant by half a moment (which in this instance amounted to

* Leave me alone for that.

† You'll have a good dinner in half a moment.

to rather more than *nineteen minutes and a half*), I can only say, that our patience was put to no great trial. The *bon pranzo* (upon which many an Englishman might have starved) consisted of a tolerable vermicelli soup, a pork fry, a dish of delicate little fish, unluckily fried in oil, and a good salad. To us, however, all was manna in the desert. Don Michele, in particular, fell to with such energy and rapidity, that, before I had dispatched four or five of the tender *pisciculi*, my friend had emptied the dish altogether. The little animals glided down his *fauces*, unmasticated, much more quickly than I remember having seen them shoot through the transparent windings of their native rivulet. Fortunately the padrone was prepared for a second edition which was published immediately. To dine at the very foot of Vesuvius and not drink *Lachrime Christi*, would *have been worse than* being at Rome and not seeing St. Peter's. On calling for that wine, our host asked, *Bulite roba buona* ?* which course was answered in the affirmative. The Neapolitans you must know, like a certain religious sect in England, rarely give you a direct answer to a question put to them; their reply generally consists in a new question, which you are to answer, thereby gaining an advantage over you. This *en passant*, is not a bad device, and may with great profit be adopted in all cases, at least, where you are puzzled for an answer. But to return to the *Lachrime Christi*. That of our host's was so delicious, that, in spite of my physician's injunctions, the second bottle soon became a *desideratum*, and my friend now grew more jovial than ever I saw him, and more happs than ever he had been in his life. He would give a specimen of his voice, and favoured the host and yours, the sensible servant with the pretty air, "*Sul margine d'un rio*." To do him justice in this vocal attempt, he would probably have succeeded to admiration, had he not taken some unwarrantable liberties with the sharps and flats; one of which

* Would you have capital stuff?

would substitute for the other so frequently, that at
of his cantata, he was not only a full fifth lower than
he began, but it was also impossible to guess whether
melody was in a minor or major key: as to time, the
was given, *ad libitum*, without any servile adherence to
or stops. On being pressed, in my turn, to sing an Eng
air, I first begged my friend to stand up, and mine host
pull off his night-cap, and then began "God save the King"
with the utmost glee of loyalty and patriotism; feelings
cited the more powerfully, in proportion to the distance
which separates us from a beloved country and sovereign

Believe me, dear T. that no effort was spared on this
casion, to give my companion, as well as the landlord,
favourable idea of British harmonics; nay, I am sure, I
ver sung better in my life; yet this abominable Zoilus
modern times, this vile Don Snarl, had the impudence
observe, that however praiseworthy my execution, the En
lish language appeared to him so harsh, as to be totally un
for music. It was to no purpose to meet his criticism wit
the names of a Mrs. B. and Mr. B. He coolly said he had
heard of both, but he very well knew the former to be
German extraction; and the latter to belong to a nation
whose kings were *virtuosos* before England was even dis
covered.

With such a subject, it would require angelic patience to
pursue an argument; the less you say, therefore, the better.
To cut the matter short, I demanded my bill, or, rather,
the sum total of our entertainment; for bills of particulars
are generally deemed here an unnecessary waste of time and
paper. To my great surprise, our whole reckoning, in-
cluding the two bottles of excellent wine, amounted to thir-
teen carlins and five grani (about 4s. 10d.); and this, Don
Michele, who I believe would find fault (and not without
cause)

cause) with his mother for bringing him into the world, thought exorbitant. It was dusk before we got into our gig again. A heavenly evening had succeeded the storm and shower; the latter had, as our friend A. would say, precipitated every azotic impurity in the atmosphere, and imparted to it a fresh supply of oxygen; a luxuriant vernal vegetation exhaled its perfumes more freely—it was a treat to breathe! A brilliant moon assisted to conduct us safely and pleasantly, through Portici, to the Castel del Carmine: skirting along the old walls of the city, we entered it by the Capuan gate, drove through Strada di Carbonara, passed the Largo delle pigne and the Regii Studii, up the hill to our head-quarters on the Infrescata.

Jam opus exegi! I have fulfilled, at last, your wish and my promise to give you a "full and particular account" of the remains of the interesting Pompeji. As full at least as the impaired, but, thank God, improving health of your friend would permit him to do. If it is beyond the reach of healthy mortals to furnish any thing perfect, how much greater is my claim on your indulgence, when you learn that, amidst the very ruins of Pompeji, I had to swallow two different recipes:

R. Ferrug: martis ʒss. and
R. Infusi gentian: ʒj.
Tinct. Peruv: ʒij.

Fiat haustus in amphitheatro Pompeji sumendus.

Ever you

LETTER IX.

My dear T. NAPLES, Ma

ALTHOUGH it is but a few days since I
pleasure of writing you a most ponderous treatis
cannot resist the opportunity afforded me by Major
returns to England by the way of France, to send yc
lines. The short notice I had of his departure, whic
place to-morrow, leaves me no time to pen one of n
ous, digested, and systematic epistles; a circumstanc
I regret the less, as I want, and really conceive my
titled to, a little desultory chat with you, by way of
ation from the fatigue my Pompejan narrative has
me. You are, however, by no means to consider th
subject as dismissed and exhausted. At some other tir
ere long probably, I shall endeavour to give you a d
tion of some of the statues, paintings, other works
domestic utensils, manuscript papyri, &c. discovered
subterraneous towns, and preserved in the museum at P
Of Herculaneum, likewise, it is my intention to say
thing hereafter. All in proper time! Now a few wo
the public amusements of this city.

In Naples, as in every capital, dramatic perform
take the lead in this chapter. At this season of the year
two great theatres are generally open, the *Teatro N*
and the *Teatro dei Fiorentini*; and to those my visits
not been frequent, their distance from my quarters cou
balancing, in a great measure, the pleasure to be de
from the representations; although I have generally my
brought to the door to ride home. But even this is in
res

respects inconvenient. In these theatres different companies perform operas, and sometimes plays in prose. The latter I have, for the sake of the language, attended more frequently than the operas; but I certainly have had no reason to alter the opinion on the prosaic dramas of Italy, which even better pieces and performers at Florence and Leghorn had impressed me with. Most of the plays I have seen, were translations or adaptations from German and French works; and the few pieces of original Italian growth were full of improbabilities in the plot, and of commonplace sentimental declamation. A generous prince, deluded by some crafty and wicked minister, and finally undeceived, seems to be a very favourite topic among their authors. Sentimental cant, also, appears to be the rage of the writers of the day in this part of the world: but here it is least at home; for a sentimental Italian, and above all a sentimental Neapolitan, is an absolute nondescript; and you that know my sentiments on sentimentality, will not think this observation of mine intended as a stigma on the Italian character, which in spite of what has been said and echoed on the subject, I shall at all times be ready to defend against the commonplace aspersions of biassed, superficial, or malicious observers. As to performers, especially of the serious cast, I have never seen or heard of any whose talents had raised him above the level of a common player. Some of course are better than others; but none to my knowledge, have arrived at that distinguished eminence and fame in their profession as Kemble, Talma, Iffland, &c. This unfavourable criticism of mine particularly applies to the serious and tragic. In comedy the Italian is more at home; some comic actors I have seen, are at least equal to our best. By comic I do not absolutely mean buffoons: it is rather the chaste and judicious representative of a truly comic character I allude to; whose judgement tells him where to draw the line so as not to descend into low farce, or overcharged

ery, who possesses taste and independence enough to adapt his performance to the applause of the vulgar. Italy can produce first-rate performers in every walk of the drama; and if the talents of those have not been crowned with universal fame and estimation, it is perhaps as much owing to the disrepute attached in this country to the profession in general, as to a misconceived inferiority in which the actor is universally held, in comparison with the serious performer. However, in the latter line even, an exception might be made in favour of the Italian females. The women generally acquitted themselves better of a tragic part than the men, with infinitely more truth and feeling; and this I would fain ascribe to the superior degree of sensibility which the fair sex of all countries appear to be endowed with. But really it must be a pleasure to act before an Italian audience: the greatest silence and decorum reigns throughout the whole house, no brutal pushing or crowding, no savage vociferations from the lower orders. But for an occasional "bravo," or now and then a slight whistle at some obnoxious piece of acting or expression, the audience might be compared to a congregation in a church. My station, when alone, is usually in the pit, where it is the spectator's own fault, if he is not at all times accommodated with a comfortable place; for every seat in the pit is a separate pew, which may be engaged in the morning, and which, once so secured, remains locked until the owner's arrival, let him come soon or late. The pew-opener then unlocks the seat, and moreover supplies you with a well-stuffed leather cushion, for which favour a donation of a mere trifle is thankfully received. This commendable arrangement contributes not a little to the order and decorum observed in the pit.

The music between the acts is so indifferent, that it would be doing it a service to say nothing about it, were it not for a most economical practice which I had frequent opportunities

nities of witnessing. The professors find their own light, should the internal light of memory not enable them to play their parts in the dark. Those therefore who labour under that mental disadvantage, bring a slender wax taper in their pockets, to light their path through the labyrinth of minims, crotchets, and quavers. But no sooner does the curtain rise again that—phtt!! out goes the taper by an adroit blow, a few additional whiffs congeal the liquid wax round the wick, to enable the owner to deposit his property, without injury to his pocket; for to leave the candle on the desk, might be a temptation to his professional neighbour. The Dutch themselves, I wager, have not carried economy so far.

Thus much of the prosaic drama of Naples. As to th opera, it is needless to go into any detail, it is exactly simi lar to all Italian operas, and to our establishment at th King's Theatre in London; except the orchestra, which not near so good and numerous as ours*. But the scener of the new pieces in particular, is beautiful. This exce lency, in my opinion, arises from a perfect observance the rules of perspective, as well as from a skilful dispositi of light and shade. The latter merit is peculiar to Itali artists, and may perhaps be attributed to a natural cau the brilliancy of the sun's rays through the serene medi of an Italian atmosphere, by which every projecting ob may naturally be supposed to receive a greater degre light, and to cast a stronger and more marked shadow t is the case among our cloudy skies and insular fogs. perspective of the back scenes here seldom fronts the pi as to be in the direction of a perpendicular with the pr nium; it generally merges into an acute angle toward right or left: and it is surprising, how much the opti ce

* The theatre of St. Carlo, which had not opened yet at the date of this lett an exception to this observation.

ception is assisted by this contrivance. Of the performers Casaciello is deservedly ranked among the first buffos in Italy; a mere grimace of his is sufficient to call into action the risible nerves of the whole house. Signora also, as prima donna buffa, possesses great comic talents, which are much enhanced by an ever-smiling flow of spirits and a beautiful face. These rare gifts of nature have acquired her, besides the protection of a wealthy German merchant, a number of additional successful admirers.

The famous theatre of St. Carlo, the Colosseum of modern times, is still shut, but will shortly open with a great serious opera, composed by Guglielmi. I hope it will happen before my departure, in which case you may depend upon receiving my observations on this immense structure, as well as on the performance.

On the Largo del Castello, there is a small theatre for broad farces in the Neapolitan dialect, which, to a Tuscan is nearly as unintelligible as the Welch to an Englishman. From my first visit, therefore, I derived little entertainment; since that, however, I have made myself more familiar with that idiom, and twice devoted an hour to the whims and drolleries of Pulcinello, at which I laughed very heartily. The audience, it is true, is none of the genteelest, but as long as priests go, I need not be ashamed of the company.

The Thuilleries, as a place of public resort, claim a place in the chapter of public amusements. The Neapolitans do not appear to be very partial to pedestrian exercise; on the contrary, to go on *foot* for pleasure is considered degrading. Hence the immense procession of motley vehicles to be seen every Sunday afternoon on the shore of Chiaja. This subur of Naples, extending along the bay towards the Grotta Posilipo, is justly deemed the most elegant and fashionable

part of the town. On one side of a broad and open tract of beach, a magnificent row of houses overlooks the whole gulph. Here the air in summer is refreshed by cooling sea-breezes, and in winter tempered by the reflection of the sun from the over-topping mountains, which at the same time afford a complete shelter from the north and north-east winds. The most delightful gardens, abounding with orange and lemon trees, cover the hills; on every side numerous and elegant pleasure-houses rear their front between an ever-verdant foliage. Here and there the classic pine, with i tufted top, or the majestic cedar, with its upright stem a sombre leaves, add to the beauty and variety of the sce On this charming spot, the present king has laid out t public walks, which go under the name of Thuilleries. Th consist of several parallel avenues of trees, like our mall St. James's Park, but not so rich in shade and folia running fountains are disposed in different parts, and s pavilions invite the weary to rest. But what, next to its tiguity to the sea, and the delightful prospect over the as well as the adjoining hills, renders this walk unique kind, is the embellishment it has of late received from s exquisite antique statues of the finest white marble, out of the rich Farnesian collection, which the king, no ago, inherited at the extinction of the family of F and which, being conveyed to Naples, is now depos the museum called *Regii Studii*. But to return to the leries, and its statues: You will be surprised to hea the center of the walk stands the celebrated grou *Toro Farnese*, the design of which is in your cc This, in my opinion, is the very finest group of an and superior even to the Laocoon. Placed on a and lofty pedestal, it is seen to the greatest advan the soft hue of its cream-coloured marble is finel by the contrast of verdure which surrounds it. praiseworthy the liberality of the monarch in dev

treasures to the public amusement, yet it is greatly
feared, that their exposure to the injuries of the
and, above all, to the saline and corroding effects of t
air, will in time destroy much of their inimitable beauty
yet they are uninjured! This certainly is the only
they are exposed to in this country, where no brutal
dalism takes delight in defacing or mutilating public
ments, as is the case in some other parts of Europe:
the contrary, the half-naked Lazzarone even points with
tional pride at objects which add lustre to his country.

The Thuilleries have brought walking a *little* more
vogue. On Sundays in particular, you meet there with
destrians of all ranks. Even the *beau monde* will, let
live ever so near, condescend to come in their carriages
the gates, and take a turn on foot. The Paphian
consider this as their *place d'armes*, but their demonstrations
and evolutions are so strictly confined within the bounds
decorum, that nothing but dress, and often not even
can distinguish them from the rest of the company. Upon
the whole, you do not here meet with the same quantum
beauty, in the aggregate, as in Kensington Gardens;
altogether with the same elegant neatness of dress, the
rious manufactures of white muslin, &c. by which the British
fair know so well how to set off their charms; on the other
hand, I am bound to say, that among the more limited
number of Neapolitan beauties, I have seen some, whose
fine Grecian features, pearly teeth, and sparkling Junonian
eyes, would probably secure them the award in a contest
with their rivals of any part of the globe. But as I am
little qualified to act the Paridian umpire (*non nostrum*
tantas componere lites), I must beg leave to pass to other
matters, lest on my return to the country of beauty, I be ar-
raigned before a jury of matrons of the *crimen læsæ majestatis*, and by their verdict outlawed *a mensâ ac thoro*; or like
poor

poor Orpheus, persecuted by their unrelenting anger to the furthermost limits of the Caledonian deserts.

The ice-cellars may be numbered among the places of public gratification in Naples. In a climate like this, ice is almost considered as a necessary of life, and the skill of the Neapolitans in the preparation of this luxurious refreshment, is above all comparison. The treat begins at sunset, when rich as well as poor crowd to allay their excesses of caloric by one or more doses of *frigoric*.—I beg pardon for this new term. Should our chemical friend A. disapprove of this piece of nomenclature, he is perfectly at liberty to substitute another, *secundum artem*.—The wealthy have the ice handed to their carriages: but they are not contented with the specimen of *one* manufacture; they will frequently make the round of every principal shop, thus giving encouragement to the whole of the trade at the same time. You may have every species of fruit; pine-apples, apricots, peaches, &c. in their natural shape, colour, and flavour, entirely made of ice; a circumstance which was unknown to an honest tar, who had been at Naples in those golden times when the hospitable board of Sir W. H. was open to every Englishman, and when the pleasures of the table were enhanced by the wit and beauty of the English Aspasia. At the desert, the servant presented some of those artificial peaches to the son of Neptune, who hoisted the whole "contents unknown" into his eager mouth. The sudden shock which this mass of ice imparted to his teeth, gums, fauces, and to his whole frame, may easily be conceived; but not so the rage which this supposed trick caused in his breast. Indignantly he flung the half-dissolved peach back into the varlet's face, d.....g him and his "snowballs," and swearing, that if ever he came on board his ship, he would give him such a hiding as would *cool* his courage, and make him remember the time he made a fool of him. The subsequent *éclaircissement* and final reconciliation, need not be detailed.

Th

once introduced, you are, without further i
come to frequent the *conversazioni* of the ho
you find it convenient. The hours, howeve
ably late.

Private musical parties are very frequent,
you often meet with amateurs, particularly voc
rate abilities. But public concerts, where yo
mission, are very scarce. The Neapolitans h
good music in their theatres and churches, tha
be loth to be at any expence to procure more
balls and masquerades, likewise, I have hith
heard nothing. How it may be in winter, I do

Thus much, my dear T. for the entertainm
great city. My stay has as yet been too short to e
exhaust this chapter. Should, in the sequel, a
present themselves, opportunities will occur to fi
sions. Adieu!

LETTER X.

My dear T. NAPLES,

MY hobby, the antiquarian Pegasus, o
saddled and bridled, I soar——into the subterra
gloomy cells and windings of HERCULANEUM. No
compassionate smiles, pray! There is no Erinism i
pression at all, at all. To soar downwards, acco
Martinus Scriblerus, is one of the most essential r
of the true bathos, indeed perhaps the most diffic
without great care, and holding a very tight bri
plunge over head and heels, with accelerated centri
into a bottomless gulph, never to rise again. You s

therefore, am at this moment under the dire neces ity c pending entirely on the dry relation of others, if I wi give you any account of the present aspect of Her culan And to give you none, would be equally, if not more, in venient. Not only would you be displeased at the omi but should, which nobody knows, typographical ho stand decreed in the book of fate to these letters of min gentle reader, as well as the ungentle reviewe that is would not easily pardon so important an hia us.

But I hear you exclaim, why not go thith er yoursel this *Herculanean* trip such an *Herculean* labour ?- that, my dear T.; although the journey is by no mea viting. The interdict of my physician, un er pain of excommunicated from the fostering care of the faculty the sole cause of my staying above ground. "If, claimed the stern Dr. ..... "you *go down* to Hercula or *up* to Mount Vesuvius, I have done with you; phial, nay, not a pill, of my writing, shall go down throat."—So you plainly perceive I am forcibly stuc tween heaven and earth—*medium teneo beatus*. Wi medical injunction on one side therefore, and the knov of the trifling value of the objects to be seen, on the you will easily account for my ready obedience. Pe I own, had the fair Donna Giuliana, of icy memory, be price of the pilgrimage, I should have felt as much ness as Orpheus or Hercules, who scrupled not to desc regions even more gloomy, to rescue their Eurydi Alceste's. But *ad rem:*

It was fortunate for me, in a dilemma like this, t met at Mr. W.'s an officer of our engineers, who, in co with some of his military friends from Malta, had th morning performed, with great trouble and little satis that subterraneous journey, and who was obliging enc put to paper the following observations.

to make as great fools of themselves as we had be[illegible] antiquity-hunting among caverns and passages o[illegible] darkness."

Whatever may be said of this very succinc[illegible], su[illegible] and no doubt to you unsatisfactory *procès verbal* of m[illegible] it certainly is not liable to the reproach of exa[illegible]gerat[illegible] the contrary, I suspect he saw much less than [illegible]he m[illegible] ought to have seen; but, as is too often the [illegible]ase, hi[illegible] tations had been overstretched, and the co[illegible]nsequen[illegible] pointment made him slight every thing. H[illegible]d I bee[illegible] I should have seen enough I promise you; p[illegible]rhaps ev[illegible] than really is there, although it is a lam[illegible]ntable fa[illegible] thirty years ago the subterraneous condition of Herc[illegible] was much more interesting and worthy the traveller' than it is at present. The object of its excavation unfortunately been confined to the discovery of statue ings, and other curiosities, and not carried on with a lay open the town, ascertain the features of its buildi streets,—most of the latter were again filled up with as soon as they were gutted of every thing moveab unmoveable even; for the marble was torn from t walls of the temples. Hereulaneum therefore may b have been overwhelmed a second time by its modern rers, and the appearance it presented previously, c only be ascertained from the accounts of those who a more perfect state. According to those, it must time have afforded a truly interesting sight.

The theatre was one of the most perfect specimen cient architecture. It had, from the floor upwards, e rows of seats, and above those, three more rows, whicl covered by a portico, were probably intended for th to screen them from the rays of the sun; a precautio means unnecessary, for if the Herculanean fair sex w

exquisite workmanship. Their pedestal
still to be seen in its place, but the grou
crushed and broken to pieces by the immer
which fell upon it. As, however, all the fra
lected, they might easily have been put togeth
of which the whole was carelessly thrown int
of it stolen, and another portion converted i
king and queen; until, rather late in the day
to endeavour to make the best and only pr
remained, that is to say, to make one horse
by taking a fore leg of one, a hind leg of a
of a third, &c. and where there was
breach, to cast a new piece. To this contr
horse in the yard of the museum at Portici, we
and, considering its patch-work origin, it still
idea of the skill of the ancient artist.

In the forum, which was contiguous to the th
a number of inscriptions, columns, &c. there
the two beautiful equestrian statues, in white m
two Balbi, which are preserved in the hall of
of the palace at Portici.

Adjoining to the forum stood the temple of H
elegant rotunda, the interior of which was decor
variety of paintings, such as Theseus returning from
adventure with the Minotaur, the birth of Teleph
the centaur instructing Achilles, &c. These wer
separated from the walls, and are now deposit
museum.

But the most important discovery was that of a
small distance from the forum; not only on accou
peculiarity of its plan, but because the greater m
works of art were dug out of its precinct; and al

their worship). This dissenting country squire most likely had been performing his secret devotions in the chapel above-mentioned at the very time, or a few moments prior to the general destruction of his property; for coals and cinders were found in the tripod. To what persuasion he belonged, whether an adorer of Isis, Osiris, Orus, or Serapis, or an Eleusinian sectary, it is no business of our's to pry into.

Our Herculanean Dissenter, you will be surprised to learn, was a man of taste and literature: witness his garden and library. The apartment which contained the latter, was fitted up with wooden presses around the walls, about seven feet in height, and another double row of presses stood isolated in the middle of the room, so as to admit a free passage on all sides. The wood of which the presses had been made was burnt of course to a cinder, and gave way at the first touch; but the volumes, composed of a much more perishable substance, the Egyptian or Syracusan papyrus, were although completely carbonized through the effects of heat, yet so far preserved as to admit of their individual removal to a similar set of modern presses, with glass doors in the museum. About 1500 were thus conveyed from obscurity into the modern world; and 1500 volumes, permit me to observe, is by no means to be considered as a despicable number for the collection of a private Roman. In point of expence it may fairly be estimated equal to a modern library of 8,000 volumes; and on the score of matter and information which the former may be presumed to have contained, the same ratio of proportion will probably hold good; perhaps, even, it would be paying a compliment to the authors of the present day to assert, that upon an average volumes of their works are intrinsically equivalent to those of the ancients. The latter wrote for *fame*, the former too often scribble against *famine*.

Thus much for the library. As to the garden, if

The above, my dear T. comprises the particulars that have come to my knowled actual and former condition of the town of a circumstance which I much fear, the des of your expectations, if it be less satisfac than my account of Pompeji, you will alwa that in this instance I have been the organ at Pompeji I saw and examined every thin view of fulfilling my promise to you as f power. The impression which the first v city made upon my mind, will never be eff have yet seen has so powerfully engrosse thousand different ideas and sensations r rapid succession; curiosity, admiration, a bility, reflections on the vanity of all subl the sufferers, alternately and simultaneo selves. The sight of the streets, buildi like the index of a volume, called to my part of what little antiquarian information I and even many a passage of the writers of the habitations of comfort I beheld in ruins. It prising that to this day we have, as far at lea no drawings and plans worth notice of Pompeji ings. The prohibition of the government ca cause, for not only might the overseer be eas upon to permit an infraction of the order, but si is accessible on many sides, without passing lodge at the gate, the drawings might even be ta being noticed by him. But what would surpass i interest any drawing, would be, in my opinion, model of the whole town in cork, like those of Mr. in London, representing every temple, theatre, house (both externally and internally), on a small all the buildings are without roofs, the interior equally visible. An undertaking of this kind, I ad

from the eyes of every one: he may therefo
been here *incognito*.

The purport of this republican embassy is
secret. By all accounts it is likely to be pro
one party: since, as I am credibly informe
en passant, to receive, in person, a present o
ounces* of tyrannical coinage, and of a ser
equal value, prepared for him by royal mun

It is also whispered ..... But let us lea
diplomatical quidnuncs, and at once proce
ral's well earned service of plate to the
brazen spoons of the former inhabitants o
to be seen in the museum. The time my
in a year or two, for aught you and I know,
things may be swallowed up in the Lou
is the surprising force of attraction of th

Plusque cupit quo plura suam demittit in arcem. CLAUDIAN

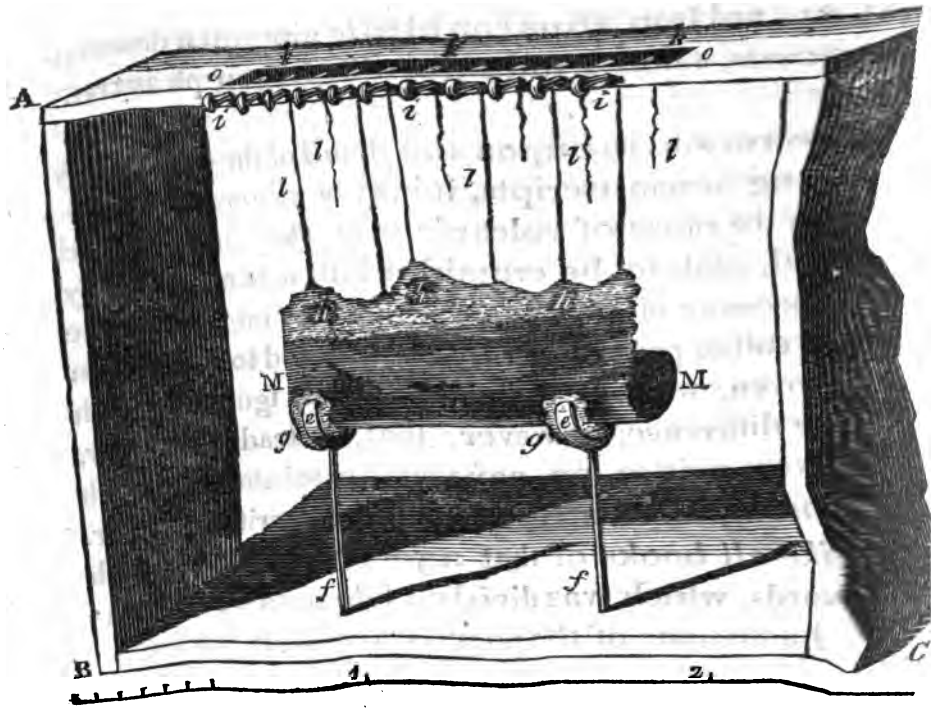
As it is, my good friend, the museum at Porti
be far short of its complement of curiosities; n
the latter have had as yet the good fortune to be
(I detest the term *pilfered*); only, to avoid nap
the best statues, busts, vases, and other articles o
with the court to Palermo, where they still
whence they will probably not return until the a
royal family in this city, an event which is said
near at hand. The absence of these statues, I co
causes me but a trifling disappointment. I h
seen ten times more than I can remember; and
ney through Rome and Paris, shall see more tha
satisfy my curiosity. What I conceive to be the
able of the collection, and what I have longed to

* An ounce is about 11s. sterling.

Unfortunately, my dear T. all these
have to this day remained disappointed. T
in the restoration of these Manuscripts, a
commensurate with the difficulty of the t
been insignificant. The process devised
burnt rolls, however ingenious, is of the mos
and, as yet no other has been successfully
deed, when it is considered, that any new m
be tried on an original and perhaps inestima
and that such a trial may possibly cause th
the very treasure in search, it is natural to s
who were charged with a task of such delica
utmost deliberation and circumspection be
on innovations attended with such manifest d

Tedious as the method is, it would have le
ostensible results, had its application been cons
a sufficient number of hands been at all times
put it in practice. But frequently the undertak
continued for a length of time, and often when
med, want of funds and of energy prevented
progress. Until very late the establishment had
a dead letter, when through British aid it was
action, and put on a footing of effectiveness from
productive results may reasonably be expected.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, from
the advancement of learning, which reflects hon
British character, and calls for the gratitude of t
of all Europe, has sent hither Mr. Hayter, a ge
classic attainments, who, under the sanction of th
litan government, superintends the whole establish
directs its operations with indefatigable diligence.
Mr. Hayter's kindness I have had frequent access t
seum, and more particularly to that branch of it w



A B C D is a wooden frame which may be placed o
mon table.

f f Two brass rods, supporting

e e Two brass rests in the shape of half-moons. On th

M M The manuscript is placed, with

g g some raw cotton to guard it from being injure
contact of the metal.

h h h is so much of the manuscript roll as has alrea
furnished with a fresh back of patches of gold
skin.

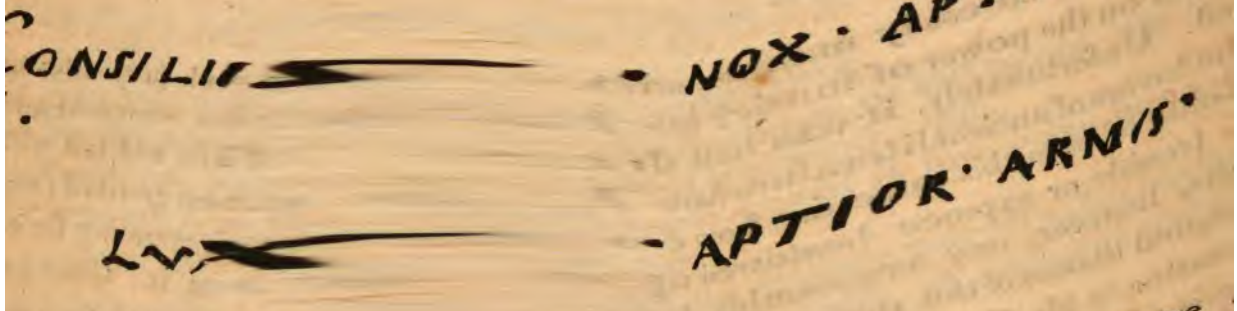
As soon as a sufficient extent of back is thus secur
l l l, silk strings, are fastened to the ends by means
solved gum Arabic. These strings are suspended
ik ik ik, a row of pegs (like those of a violin) going th
o o, an opening in the top of the frame.

In proportion as the laborious operation of forn

Here, my dear T. I shall for the present leave the Hercu-
anean papyri, with my most fervent and pious wishes for
thei

one of its verses having appeared in the first volume of the Repository of A
the Author with the permission of the Publisher of that Journal, subjoins the ar
in question, accompanied by the fac-simile, which, for want of room, has
divided into two lines.

" We have the satisfaction to present our readers with
simile of a line of a Latin poem, found among the papy
unrolled under the direction of a learned gentleman
Palermo, under the patronage of an illustrious personage
its authenticity we pledge our credit with the public, wh
think cannot be doubted, when we subjoin to this gre
rary curiosity the comment of the learned gentleman



" It is part of an epic poem in Latin. There
nine verses in a page: in the verses a few letters are
each verse is written at its full length; and as it is he
and in a large character, forms an extensive line, espe
there is a full stop after each word: and the m
itself is very imperfect, and furnishes the latter part
the respective parallelisms. From this circumstance, and
number of lost verses which appear necessary to s

There are few of the ancient writers, you know as well as myself, but what speak in the highest terms of the skill of their age

Latin autography not a single criterion of classical antiquity; nor, therefore, of indisputable authority. This treasure alone more than compensates the munificence of the great prince who is the patron of this illustfious undertaking, and makes his royal name dear and venerable to all those who can justly value ancient learning, or appreciate the loss which this treasure has amply retrieved!'"

Repository of Arts, vol. I. p. 180.

As it may be satisfactory to the reader to be informed of the final result of Mr. Hayter's proceedings, a brief notice on this subject which appeared in the Repository of Arts for June, 1810, is likewise subjoined.

"The Rev. Mr Hayter, who, since the year 1802, has been superintendant of the Herculanean MSS. for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, has just arrived in London, from Palermo. We regret to have it confirmed, that the whole museum at Portici, including 1500 of those MSS. which had not been unfolded, and 230 originals, which had been unfolded, partially or wholly, by Mr. Hayter, were suffered to fall into the hands of the French, notwithstanding the remonstrance of this gentleman to the Neapolitan court, to have them removed, or sent to England. We learn, however, that Mr. Hayter had previously copied and corrected 94 of those which he had unfolded, and that these copies, which are fac-similes, were transmitted by him to the Prince of Wales, and have since been presented by his royal highness to the university of Oxford. Among these was a Latin poem, which Mr. Hayter conjectures to have been a composition of Varius, a friend of Virgil, of which some account, and a specimen, will be found in one of the early numbers of the *Repository*. Of this Latin poem, as well as of an ingenious treatise *on death, by Philodemus*, fac-similes have been engraved. Engraved fac-similes of three books and a half of Epicurus *de Natura*, the discovery of which was an invaluable acquisition, have also been left behind at Naples; but fac-simile copies of those, and four other books, are among the 94 now at Oxford."

Repository of Arts, vol. iv. p. 31.

of ancient art are deposited in
round floor of the museum ;
walls in plain frames, and hav
vered with a modern varnish,
from a foot square, to whole-length
e as life. Let us step in, examine, and

range
hey are
e, to my
Their

many an old friend! The half naked
ed with a necklace and bracelets, sitting
vild rock, and fixing her anxious eye on
ind has already wafted to some distance
the unfortunate, the injured Ariadne!*
ke; she appears doubtful whether her
r the fiction of a dream. You fancy
g out "Theseus!" You pity her
the faithless wretch (hero I was going
e had saved from destruction, and who
ndon so heavenly a form on a desolate
the delicacy of the painter's judgment!
ubens, a Caracci, a Buonarotti, would
height of despair, perhaps tearing
for aught I know, dashing her head
e should not have felt more, nay, not
But this unknown Grecian artist, by
of her rising from slumber, the very be-
ss, avoids, on the one hand, every un-
while on the other he leaves it to the
o anticipate the despair which must be
ows the certainty of her wretchedness.
ou to think for yourself, he convinces you
o been at work as well as his hand; and
by dint of your own thought, of that of
ying to your taste, or pride, if you like
it.

* See plate 7.

she resembles, what certainly she cannot be; I am at a loss to guess the drift of the figure. oling the injured maid, by foretelling her ap- verance, and the punishment which awaits Not unlikely. Bewildered by guilt, or the ses of Phædra, Theseus, you see, has forgot- to the pre-concerted plan, to change the black e one. Ægeus is watching on Sunium for the arling son: he will soon espy the sable canvas, devoured by the Minotaur, and, by the rash his name to the Ægean sea. This fiction of tice pleases me, it is quite conformable to the ne of fate.

of Ariadne appears to have been a favourite he ancient artists; for this third picture is evi- from it also. The delicate imagination of the n so kind to the maid as not even to make her vith her distressed situation, before he intro- orter and deliverer to her. She still sleeps in a n a couch at the side, as she thinks of her lover; us flight she is yet to learn when she awakes. pity on her forlorn condition; he calls away a bacchanalian revel, and guides his way to red spot. The blooming god approaches with nong which Silenus is not forgotten.—Look at ttle *bonvivant* carrying his master's thyrsus, and smiling if you can. He is not pleased with the because he is obliged to use his short legs in- ing his dapple. But master Silenus is a well- gentleman when compared with that lecherous ired satyr, who, forsooth, has the impudence to elegant limbs of the sleeping beauty. Half an and the picture would not have been admitted llection; at least not without a green curtain

fo

is finger he wears a ring. A f
ouches the club with a count
lmiration of the prowess of th
devoted her affections. Som
ıtitude to their deliverer, are clinging round
nd attitudes; one embracing his knee, ano-
stone to kiss his hands; some throng from
e massy gate of the Labyrinth, to ascertain
deliverance; each strives to be foremost in
s to their heroic countryman. On an ele-
of rock, Diana, the tutelary divinity of Attica
sits with a bow of the flat antelope's horn,
d a tubed quiver by her side. This noble
T. merits a much ampler comment than my
ose admit of; and, indeed, the trascendant
sign and composition are worthy of an abler
ın your humble servant. From these obser-
r, I flatter myself you will feel how eminently
st has in every respect done justice to his
ıdividual part tends to the formation of a
; nothing is wanting to convey a perfect, a
is important transaction of mythic history.
elieve me, were as great painters as they

male, cer-
mance ex-
e youth is
Athenian

more than human, calmness of yonder youth,
encircling his temples, and the lyre he holds,
elian god. It is not the fierce destroyer of
the savage executioner of Niobe's guiltless
ecian pencil has here purposed to pourtray.
the god of light, the protector of the fine
which ennoble mankind, the patron of sci-
phy, is here delineated in all the noble sim-
er due to him. Every feature of his coun-
s a deep sublimity of thought; the very
graceful

ight blue edge, is loosely, but gracefully

muse of comedy, has these words, ΘΑΛΕΙΑ
dress consists of a close green covering or
ead, laurel crown, ear-rings, green tunic with
d red border, besides a fringe all round. In
olds a comic mask, and in the other a crook-
a bishop's crosier (*profana si licet componere*
her right knee a singular patch of red cloth is
hich I am under the necessity of leaving to the
profounder antiquarians than myself. Her face
of chaste hilarity.

le with that noble and serious, or (*pour tout dire*)
countenance, is (as the tragic mask in her right,
her left hand, and, above all, the subscription,
H ΤΡΑΓΩΔΙΑΝ, informs us,) Melpomene, the muse
y. Besides the laurel crown, she has a veil over
(not over her face) tied by a band or fascia. The
d under garments are blue, but of different shades,
former tied in a knot in front.

POLYHYMNIA, the muse of rhetoric, we shall make
process. But for the inscription, ΠΟΛΥΜΝΙΑ ΜΥΘΟΥΣ,
ld not be easy to guess her name or office. She has
ributes, simply holds her finger to her lip, and might
for the goddess of silence, were it not a little bit of a
to represent such a divinity under a female form. The
ery is two fold, a blue robe over a green tunic.

You are not gaping, surely, my dear T. at the sameness
this Pierian catalogue? Nay, have patience, forsooth,
read what I have patience to write down for you! You
uld not have me break off with four of Mnemosyne's
daughters,

(*degnamente*) the achievements of British
tat; he certainly remained not in my d
... but no? let us dispose of our muses firs
ny thing to say to Signora *Comesichiama.*
ır more to go through.

valour."—
ght! The
before we
There are

ΤΟ, the lyric muse (ΕΡΑΤΩ ΤΑΑΤΡΙΑΝ), might, if she left
trument at home or in the carriage, safely, on a May
y, take a promenade in Kensington gardens without
thought particular in her dress; so much is her rose-
ed tunic and its neat blue border, together with her
ıpper garment, the cut of the present day. Nor would
rtle wreath round her head (*provided it were artificial*)
ch criticised by our fashionables. The lyre is curious,
fferent from any I have seen; it has nine strings, *and*
ın the act of striking two with her left, *and one with*
ctrum she holds in her right hand; a *full chord, there-*
ıe intervals of which, if we knew how the instrument
ıed, it would be interesting enough to ascertain. With
ctrum, she evidently plays what we *call the bass, in*
ɔanyment to the two higher notes *which she touches*
ɛr left. And what better proof could *you wish for, to*
lict the current opinion, that the m*usic of the ancients*
unisonous melody? Our Erato evidently plays three
ıt notes at the same time: now, if three diffetent notes
layed at once upon *one* instrument, it is no great stretch
ɔose that several different notes might just as well have
ılayed upon several instruments at once, by as many
ners; or, in other words, *that the ancients did play in*

ΤΕΡΨΙΧΟΡΗ ΑΥΡΑΝ, Terpsichore, the *muse of dancing,* has
ibute a lyre with seven strings, of rude workmanship,
large sounding-board (*testudo*) affixed to the instru-
Her tunic is a blue and red *shot,* with only one sleeve,
ɛr arm being naked. The mantle blue.

The

st of my solitary observations, the compa
made their appearance, and filled the r
self-sufficient converse, which, before ev
nem to the same picture I was examini
ted my attention. I have been with fifteen or
ersons in one room in the British Museum; but
lest whispers were to the clamorous v ociferations
four, as the humming of a few solitary summer
n Primrose-hill, to the simultaneous crash of half
watchmen's rattles in Fleet-street. Add to this,
atever language they spoke, murder was commit-
very sentence; if Italian, the two Frenchmen were
sins—if French, the lady and her ma n the culprits

ded by the showman, they overtook me at the
Donna Anna, whom I surveyed as scrupulously
of the Pierides, *appeared* to be of the age of twenty-
dare say she was thirty). Her dress (*selon la cou-
pays* at least) rather elegant; hair *à la Grecque*,
gold or gilt comb; a silk shawl, twice as long as
ien towel, thrown tastefully over her shoulders; and
utiful corbeau gauze dress, here and there besprin-
with small tamboured sprigs of a light sky-blue. On
anks of the Nile I would have given the world for
squito net of the like texture—(no doubt, under such
b, one has to fear no stings). White satin shoes, of
se. A little foot; as neat an arm; black eyes, as
ete with sparkling rays as there are darts in Cupid's
ver (and that's saying a good dea !); a countenance
of Italian animation; a complexio n not brown enough
prevent the transparency of nature's carmine; a bosom
ich, although unassisted by the legal canvas hemis-
eres of the stay-maker, preserved a happy mean betwixt
negative

* See plate 8.

negative pasteboard elevation and over-positive cook-shop corpulence.

Here I had better leave off, otherwise I shall grow too anacreontic ('tis quite another thing to describe living objects and dead muses). To cool, however, the ardour of my pen, I need only say a word or two of the lady's husband; more, indeed, I suspect, cannot well be told of him; all about him seemed so neuter, tame, and unmeaning, that the purpose of his creation remained involved in considerable obscurity. People of his description are seldom absolutely ugly; but *here*, nature seemed to have deviated from her general rule: at least, his limbs were so strangely put together, that if one or the other possessed even any claim to individual regularity, yet coupled as they were to very heterogeneous neighbours, the *tout-ensemble* formed the oddest and most laughable appearance imaginable, forcibly reminding me of the exordium of Horace's Art of Poetry. A large plump cheeked head stuck on a slender long neck, that again joined to an emaciated breast, which terminated in a respectable corpulency, defectively supported by a couple of legs of the Doric order; for the diameter of the base considerably exceeded that of the upper part of the shafts. Of the entablature and intercolumnium, I will not presume to speak. Suffice it to say, that this hypergrotesque being was rendered more conspicuous by its adherence to the very latest fashion of the day. His *gilet* was no longer than the short waist of madame; but the nankeen smallclothes had so much encroached on the domain of the latter (I mean the waistcoat), that they had completely engrossed the protection of the abdominal regions, reaching, if not to the chin, at least beyond the third rib.—For a handsome woman, like Donna Anna, to have chosen such a non-descript, remains to be explained by the physiologists.

ANCIENT GREEK PAINTINGS, FROM HERCULANEUM.

I. 1ft 6. by 2ft 1. II. 0ft 10. by 1ft 9. III. 5ft 1. by 5ft

I

II

III

harpeggios in all probability to the lad's mel
wise has a cloak of the hairy skin of some
over his shoulders, and a crown of foliage rou

Donna Anna admired the beauty of the Pe
she was shocked at the monstrous shape of t
lyra.—" Yet fabulous history," I replied, "fu
several instances of ladies having been cap
charms of these odd beings, not to mention t
forcibly carried away by them, fond as they
have been of the fair sex."—" Why, were
tauresses for them to pay their addresses to,
upon Christians?"—" Undoubtedly, madan
such; the picture you so much admired a li
actually represented a female Centaur."—Do
sured me she had not attended to the sex, a
second thoughts, I think if one could get o
tion of conformation, and the horrid idea of
bed-fellow, a centauric spouse might not be
ther. If my husband, for instance, were of th
God forbid, I should never be at a loss fo
Wouldn't you, my dear, give your wife a
Chiaja when she liked to take a little exercise
*assai la mia moglie**," replied the *bon-homme*
laughing heartily at the idea of his being sa
dled, like Apuleius's ass, for the diversion
half. I laughed in my turn; the French ca
not seem to understand well what was said, l
vility, and his lieutenant for subordination's sak
ed altogether, and were going to pass to an
when the captain, who probably wished als
thing *piquant* in his way, observed, with an
cency, that there was a most striking likene

* My wife is jocular indeed.

ANCIENT GREEK PAINTINGS, FROM HERCULANE

I. 1 ft. 10. by 1 ft. 9½. II. 1 ft. 8. by 1 ft. 6.

I

II

London Pub. at R. Ackermann's 101 Strand 1815.

produced a discord in the lady's ear, to wh
matrimonial counterpoint instantly devised
accompaniment, by calling him a *ciuccio**,
(probably by way of climax) *un becco corn*

The latter expression, pregnant as it was
curious personal information, had something
in it. As well might a highwayman repro
with his poverty after having robbed him c
though it may be said in favour of the lady,
robbery, it was a donation she alluded to
Be that as it may, all was now at cross pur
sion, excepting your humble servant, who r
mained a passive observer of the tragi-comi
ungallantly enough, since the whole *frac*
originated in a compliment which the lad
enough to pay to British valour. Indeed,
by no means pleased at my apathy; and w
impossible to enlist me in the combat by a
cal hints, she addressed to me an open cha
pare al signore, aggio detto la verità eh‡

"The truth is, madame, that it betrays
neralship to abandon an enterprise at a
when the advantages to be derived from its
tion are not likely to be commensurate wit
would require."

"*C'est precisèment cela, il y va de la po
pousser les choses au dernier extreme,*" said
ing the company again. The lieutenant w
same opinion, and Don Ignazio conveyed
probation under a "*dice bene il Signor In*

* An elegant Neapolitan synonym for *jackass*.

† Would, for the comfort of English husbands, there we
epithet in our language!

‡ What do you think, good sir, have I spoken the truth?

stab of Theseus' sword; so he had his due for
with another man's wife! Excepting the mod
furnish the best comment on this picture:

——————" Quæ te vecordia, Theseu
" Euryte pulsat, ait, qui me vivente lacessas
" Pirithoum? violesque duos ignarus in uno?
" Neve ea magnanimus frustra memoraverit heros;
" Summovet instantes, raptam furentibus aufert.
" Ille nihil contra; neque enim defendere verbis
" Talia facta potest: sed vindicis ora protervis
" Insequitur manibus, generosaque pectora pulsat.
" Forte fuit juxta signis extantibus asper
" Antiquus *crater*, quem vastum vastior ipse
" Substulit Aegides, adversaque misit in ora.
" Sanguinis ille globos pariter cerebrumque merumque
" Vulnere at ore vomens, madida resupinus arena
" Calcitrat.—

This Pirithous had ill luck with the fair sex;
podamia was restored to him by the valour of
died soon after; and Theseus having lost l
about the same time, the two gentlemen can
from Sparta: but in tossing up for her, the
gained by Theseus, who generously offered
his friend into Tartarus, in order to steal for hi
than Proserpine herself. But Pluto got scen
both sparks were seized on their arrival in t
gions, where Pirithous was forced to remain e

Donna Anna, who examined the *tableau* v
female attention, discovered a new mytholog
to this lady's being carried off forcibly," said
ture at all events tells a different tale. Don'
in her countenance her anguish at the impen
beloved charger? Oh fie! look how she
the life of the equine seducer, instead (as a
racter ought to do) of assisting Theseus in re
sult offered to her and her husband!"

play to——imprint a *faunish* kiss on her blu not, mind! without as fair a portion of the la as is demanded by female decorum. Now tha me; but to describe the beauties of the desig colouring, the contrast between the delicate sn of the female, and the dark, yet not copper-co the sylvan spark; the expression of lustful de of the latter (which was not unlike the goat's stable opposite our friend B's), and that of blu in the Bacchante's countenance, it would l attempt.

"I believe, madam, it is a Faun stealing female Bacchante."

"*Stealing?* Ha! ha! ha!" (here the pene Anna expressed her astonishment at my sim immoderate burst of laughter.) "Pray do tell what is her right hand doing during this preten

"What else, but pushing off the head of intruder?"

"Oh! better still! so this hand which she h lovingly *over* the Faun's head is meant to pu Nay, now do speak the truth, sir, and tell us care to be pushed *off* in the same manner by of your's? But, who knows, perhaps it is t your country for ladies to ward off the attacks in this way. There's no knowing, every coun culiar customs.—However, wait! my good l decide the point; he is a connoisseur, I assur

Don Ignazio felt greatly flattered at bein (by his partner for life too), *tantas componer*

when our female antiquarian was called back
ject of her curiosity. This sylvan deity had,
of his brethren, a pretty little tail, briskly c
truly caprine attitude, to correspond with the
of its owner; but such was the delicacy of th
that this faunian appendix was rather indic
tinctly pourtrayed, and, as the Faun's positi
fronting, five ninths, at most, were visible to
Yet, for all that, even such a trifle did not es
eye of Donna Anna, which I suspect of mic
struction in matters of such classic import. In
fore, five or six very intricate questions were
your humble servant, with all the volubility of
inquisitiveness; to answer which, in a comp
tisfactory manner, nothing short of a dissert
norum et Satyrorum caudiculis, earumque
origine, would have fulfilled the lady's expe
antiquarian abilities. For such an undertak
this was neither the time nor place. Under a
fore, to treat this topic at large when I shou
the honour of being in her society (for I had a
declined her pot-luck invitation for to-day
merely giving a cursory explanation of the
Don Ignazio, whether from a suggestion of h
an innate aversion to the subject under discuss
his watch, exclaiming, "It is half past seven
be too late for dinner."—This opportune admo
ly adjourned the question. Madame as well
thought they had seen enough, and were fo
town immediately. They very kindly offere
their carriage, which I thankfully accepted,
to Portici on foot in the morning, with the ide
the best part of the day in the museum, taking
finding a dinner at my old landlord's with th
Resina, and returning at my ease in the cool o

quet virtuoso in the rear, carried us swiftly to t
Torre del Carmine I took leave of my new a
and made the best of my way through the nar
of the old city to my first quarters, Madame
remnants of whose *table d' hote* afforded a hea
my keen appetite. After a stroll to the Thu
evening, and a fashionable circuit to two or thr
I went to the opera, to see the new piece "*Il*
statico." Of all the ludicrous things I ever saw,
between two people in the balloon half way up i
two on terra firma below, had the most whimsi

I promised faithfully to Donna Anna to pa
pects very soon, and I mean to be as good as
fun's sake. The *menage* of that couple must
much curious matter for observation; and, if
ing materials for an official *procès verbal* to my
I do not hunt after adventures, but when they
way, why not catch them "as they rise?" To
and maners is to me more entertaining and p
to count the brickbats of shapeless old ruins.

LETTER XII.

N

My dear Friend,

MY time and my researches in this cou
tably divided between the relics of its ancien
the manners and actions of its present race, an
task of retracing my observations on both, th
hicle of my official reports to you and my friend
Do keep them carefully against my return! for

so fast on the credit Mr. P. had the good to me, that unless some scheme for be put in execution as soon as I get doubt but the last stage of my travels will be to retirement in St. George's-fields. You guess my I dare say! I must turn author *par force*: these bring me what they have stood me in, and more there is of them already, will go a great way come to be printed in quarto, with three or four handsome margin every way: besides, they will deal of amplification. They are miserably defective in moral and sentimental disquisitions. Those, I am told, may be had reasonably with you; I wish to have the very best, therefore don't mind a trifling difference in price. The moral character of the inhabitants of this part of the globe must, above all, be depicted in the blackest colours. By so doing, right or wrong, the work will at once become fashionable and *piquant*, the author be thought a saint, and the reader, with emotions of self-complacent pride, will like the Pharisee, exclaim—"God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are!" A little sprinkling of poetry too, here and there, but especially at the top of each letter would look vastly pretty.—You can get that done for me likewise, I dare say. For entertaining anecdotes we shall not be at a loss; some few we surely may contrive to imagine ourselves, and the remainder must be *borrowed* (in a new dress of course) *from* some Italian book of jests which I shall take care to bring with me. The historical, political, and statistical digressions will likewise have to be taken upon tick: we shall *borrow* them from Guthrie, Busching, and some Cyclopædia. Borrowing is no robbery. What harm is there *in lighting from* a great luminary a modest taper, to illumine the path of knowledge for our fellow beings?—Harm?—Why merit, the greatest of all merit. As to prints and pictures, the most important part of a travelling work, we shall do admirably. I have

assign
he wind
e is little
place of
intention,
tters must
oo. What
when they
r inches of
bear a good

We shall do, never fear! the work will go through a second and third edition. I shall have my money back with interest, enjoy British comforts for a year or two, and have enough left to undertake a second trip to some other region: write a second book on that; travel again, and write a third; and so on, till like the Macedonian hero, nothing be left me but a wishful glance at the moon, and a regret at the impossibility of visiting it likewise and writing a lunar Tour. What endless, what enchanting prospects!!

From this beguiling tissue of anticipated futurity, let us make a retrogade movement into the realms of sober *sublunary* reality.—I mean now to present you with a Neapolitan *tableau de famille*. Our scene lies in the environs of S^{t}. Teresa di Chiaja. The principal *Dramatis Personæ* are, your humble servant, Don Ignazio, and his lovely spouse, Donna Anna, whose acquaintance you recollect I made in the picture gallery at Portici. Curiosity, and my pledge to you, induced me to execute the promise I had given to visit this odd couple; and according to a laudable practice of mine, I determined not to go with empty hands. Presents, I have found by experience, are a most powerful introduction with mankind in general; and with the fair sex above all, their effect is next to magical, far beyond that of fine words, an elegant person, or even a good constitution. A silver-bladed fruit-knife being therefore deemed an appropriate passport on the present occasion, my old acquaintance, the retailer of English goods at the top of Strada Toledo, sold me the very thing, morocco case included, for two silver ducats, that is to say, two or three shillings below what I could have bought it for in London itself. Thus armed, I went last monday in quest of Don Ignazio's residence; but, after half an hour's most troublesome search, had the disappointment to be informed by an old servant-maid, that both master and mistress had gone out for the evening. The day before yesterday

my walk for my pains? Does not *friend* Horace

Rapiamus amici
Occasionem de die
Dùm virent *genua*.

Unfortunate quotation! The wag, I am positiv
ing game of my poor knee. Let him! I shall n
turb the sleeping beauty nor mope off. There i
course to steer is mak-
ther dis-
a middle

Inter utrumque tene, medio tutissimus *ibis*.

Hush! on tip-toe light I stole through *the half-open door*, shut after me by the discreet duenna, who, *familiar with the* rude construction of the ricketty lock, suspended with a tight hold its noisy clash.

Before I proceed, suppose I describe, in two or three words, the apartment, which I had now full leisure to survey minutely. Two windows at the further end, the door opposite; against the middle of one of its long sides stood a wainscot commode, covered with papers of spread rose leaves, all but a small spot, on which was placed a glass case, containing a waxen image of religious import, surrounded with a variety of ornaments of tinsel, artificial flowers, shells, and moss; above that, a large cracked looking-glass, the yellow varnish of whose silvered frame was a bad *apology for its* sister metal; in the corner I observed a tall, *old triangular* walnut-tree buffet, with glass doors and curtains: an *old* piano-forte against the opposite wall was likewise *the bearer* of seven or eight papers filled with more rose-leaves; and, over it, hung suspended the full-length *portraits of Signor* Don Ignazio, his *better* half, and a little boy, *which I presume* he called his own. Half a dozen old-fashioned chairs, a sofa to match, a guitar, and a chesnut table, composed the next lot. The most modern piece of furniture was undoubtedly Signora-Anna sitting before the table. From the scissars on the

eflect on the occ[illegible]currence, I cannot forbear
crous oddity of t[illegible]his novel *tête-à-tête*. I c
t visit to this la[illegible]y, and, lo! before we l
an articulated syll[illegible]able, both are doomed to p
; duet. God kno[illegible]ws how long the concert
tell is, that Don[illegible]na Anna had finished befo
vakened by the du[illegible]cet sound of the following
y accompanied on [illegible]he guitar * :

Se tanto [illegible]me piace
Si rara [illegible]beltà,
Io perder [illegible]la pace,
Quando [illegible]si sveglierà.

thus:

If, while entran[illegible]ced in balmy rest,
His charms ca[illegible]n give such pain,
When he awake[illegible]s, my wounded breast
Will ne'er kno[illegible]w peace again.

fib aside, nothing cert[illegible]ainly could be more *à-pr*
going to rise and ex[illegible]press my gratitude for s
pliment, when the reco[illegible]llection of the probable
he fractured nankeen, ch[illegible]ecked for a moment m
lour. This, however, I fo[illegible]und means to put und
rary eclipse by a loose s[illegible]uspension of my hand
l now I was enabled to [illegible]behave altogether lik
nan.

h! my dear T. if the [illegible]creeping motion of m
essed but a tenth part of [illegible]the lingual velocity o
n lady; if, moreover [illegible]I could infuse into m
arrative the spirit and [illegible]sprightliness of her co
l attempt giving you [illegible]a faithful abstract
ure as I am that ever[illegible]y the second-hand deli
ou. It was natural [illegible]to enquire after the h
This, as I presum[illegible]tly found, proved an

* [illegible] Frontispiece.

nazio appeared, from all I had perceived at [illegible] a most attentive and affectionate husband [illegible] pect, so that the single failing of an over[illegible] sition seemed fully counterbalanced by his other g[illegible] lities.——It would'nt do.

" That's just what vexes me. His pride pr[illegible] and his cunning enables him, to behave *to me i*[illegible] loving manner, whenever we are among *other p*[illegible] would think him the milk of human kindness, a[illegible] all generosity, fondness, and submission; but no sooner are we alone, than the picture is changed in an instant. Half a yard of new ribbon is enough to make him look as black as thunder. His hawk's eye will spy a new pin. He will ask a thousand questions, when I got it? how I came by it?"....

" He is not jealous, surely?"

" Would to heaven he were! He is perfectly indifferent as to what I am doing, so it brings on no expence; he is jealous of nothing but his pelf. You would scarcely credit his meanness: my own clothes he locks up from me. Not satisfied with the little he gives me, he rifles my pockets in the night when I am asleep, steals his own money, and gives it me twice over again. I have caught him at that: I marked one evening the pieces I had, missed them in the morning, and received them again at breakfast. What do you say to that!"

" *Ci vuol' pacienza* *,"

" Patience indeed! and bushels of it! Excuse the freedom I take in troubling you with my grievances; it does one good to

* You must have patience.

you shall see when he comes home, for h[illegible] under lock and key. I really one time [illegible] had totally changed his nature. But I s[illegible] take; as I got better, he got worse: a[illegible] quite well, than I found him as bad as ever; so [illegible] as you may think it, without a little illness now [illegible] should soon be starved to death. But, as you [illegible] to say, every one has his failings; and, if it w[illegible] more perhaps are worse, than better than he [illegible] therefore, is the best remedy. What's the use o[illegible] a thing you cannot alter. Come, sir, you seemed pleased with the little song I awoke you with; I'll give you the whole of it, and you shall sing me one in return afterwards."

I was more pleased, to own the truth, at the favourable turn which the state of Donna Anna's mind had taken in so short a time, and inwardly proud of being the author of so sudden a change. But such, my dear T. really is the character of this lively and sincere race of people, in the space of ten minutes their temperament admits of being miserable, and again completely happy. Dissimulation, generally speaking, they are perfect strangers to.

Donna Anna now sung the little air, "*Sul margine d'un rio*," with such tasteful simplicity, and accompanied her fine voice with such well selected chords of harp*eggios, as to* convey no mean idea of her proficiency in music. We are astonished at the meretricious *tirades* of a prima donna, by which she endeavours to drown the simple melodies of a Salieri, Paesiello, or Cimarosa, in order to shew her skill to greater advantage; but the tasteful delivery alone of the simple strains of a good composer finds its way to our heart and our feelings. Donna Anna's song was worth to me all the bravura's of a Mara or Banti. When it came to my turn, I proposed to sing a duet, which was agreed to. She produced

replied the wife, unwilling to discontinue [illegible] she had begun. In the respective attitudes [illegible] described, the husband found us on entering the apartment with his little boy. His fat face instantly assumed the looks— not of jealous anger—but of the most unequivocal transports of joy. "*Chist e una gracia* * !" exclaimed he while throwing his arms across my shoulders, and osculating my poor cheeks at a terrible rate. The savour of this salute amply proved the truth of one of the two accusations his wife had lodged against him.

"My dear, why did you not send for me? I hope you have entertained the gentleman, according to his merits, in my absence. *Nicola, fa la riverenza al Signor Inglese,*" continued he to the child, at whose odd appearance I could scarcely refrain from laughing. Conceive an infant, of perhaps five years, dressed precisely in the miniature costume of a man of five-and-twenty. His powdered curls were forced into a little pig-tail of the length of my little finger; coat, waiscoat, and pantaloons, were all of the cut of a grown person; and to complete the dwarf-like appearance of the old-fashioned little monkey, a pair of huge boots graced his lower extremities. On enquiring if Master Nicola was the whole of his family, I was informed that he had had another, which I should see when I came to *visit his shop.*

Not a word was said respecting the pilfered cakes and syrup; on the contrary, Don Ignazio found great fault with his wife for not treating me with some wine out of his cellar, till she observed on the impossibility of so doing, when he had the keys of every thing.

"Have I?" fumbling in his pocket. "You are right. What

* This is a favour, &c.

sm probably had ind
of the Abruzzian grap
. You see, sir, one
doms; and if you are
tle ball in a few minut

professed my willingn
ed joining in the past
e of my health as an e

For the first I have
ial host; you shall ha
r health, appearances
n or belief. Permit m
ee, four .... Why, m
re you, if all the peopl
ppear to *me*, (and I flatt
ne matter), I and my co
Pray who is your physici

"Dr. ——."

"That coxcomb? Wh
le than I have cured.
alomel and steel-rust?...
e remedy for every dis
get rid of that quack as
plain of that pain in y
d you a remedy, whic
one. Put a handful
and take a small gl
nove every obstruc
and vigorous bile
new energy to
an a week you
y dear sir, is

ced him to ma e frequ
e juice, "this is the very
of the best dancers in
ond of the sport, we sha
s."

ss to become a spectato
e, alledging my boo
use.

instant remedy," a
a pair of my shoe
all events *are again*
feel your *pulse*.——
od sir, give me le
of Naples were as w
myself I know someth
gues should starve p
here?"

that fellow has killed
y does he not presc
- Aye, I thought so;
se. If you'll follow
on as possible; and
ur right side, allow m
is a simple, and certain
f *garlick* into a bottle
ss full every morning
ion in your biliary du
act as a tonic on yo
ery one of the abdom
will be convinced of
n invaluable medicin

The few local arrangements, thought of to gain room for the impending diversion were just completed, when Don Ignazio returned with the respectable reinforcement of three more ladies, the mother and two daughters, tenants of the lower part of the house, and a hump-backed little being with a guitar nearly as big as himself. After a most pompous introduction to these new visitors, in which our host vouchsafed to grant me the promotion of *colonello nel servizio di sua maestà il rè della Gran Bretagna*, we set to work immediately on a country-dance. My steps were universally admired; indeed I am confident I never danced better in my life. The ligature round my legs imparted to them a wonderful degree of spring and vigour, and looked altogether pretty. As to Don Ignazio, poor man, he did wonders likewise. His legs, with every symptom of dropsy, exhibited a respectable degree of agility; but his enormous calves, like blubber or jelly, shook from right to left at every touch of the ground. Don Carlo was a second Didelot, and Donna Anna's steps were grace and elegance itself. In a little time we received an accession of strength in the arrival of three or four neighbours, so that at last there were nearly a dozen of us. Country dances, cotillions, and menuets à quatre, succeeded each other in turn; but of all, nothing pleased me more than the *saltarella* of Don Carlo and the lady of the house. This is a national dance of the Neapolitans, more distinguished by the gracefulness of its steps and attitudes, than by any intricacy of figures or great quickness of motion. I would fain have given them a hornpipe in return, but could not for the world beat the tune into old Thersites' head.

About midnight our host proposed to sup. The cloth was laid in an instant, every one lending a hand. The "stingy" Don Ignazio treated us with a profusion of three or four different sorts of delicious shell-fish, Bologna sausages,

observance of defin. IV. Euclid, I.*; and when we had got to *Porta di Chiaja*, they became as stationary as the pillars of Hercules.—What was to be done but, instead of being squired home by him, to drag the gentleman all the way back to his own door, where he was saluted by madame with an "*O che bestia!!*" and where I once more bade her "*felicissima notte;*" a wish, the realization of which I had, under existing circumstances, the greatest doubts of.

The reception and attention I met with at the house of Don Ignazio, is another instance of that goodness of heart and hospitality of the honest Neapolitans which it has been my good fortune to experience from every one of them since the first day of my arrival in this city. Besides two English families, to whom I had letters of recommendation, and whose houses are open to me at all times, I *then* knew *not a* soul here. *Now* it will require a full week to take leave of all those from whom I, an utter stranger, have received civilities, nay, real marks of friendship, which, in the whole course of my future life, I shall always remember with gratitude. To separate from such a people would cost a struggle, were it not to return to the happy shores of Old England, to you, my dear T. and to every thing dearest to my heart. Farewell.

Your's, &c.

* * * *

LETTER XIII.

NAPLES, ——, 180—.

My dear T.

NEXT to Rome, and, perhaps, without this exception, no spot on the whole globe can presume to rival this city and its

* A right line is the shortest distance between two points.

have been very ungracious indeed to have refused his request; the more so, as it arose from a wish to see a female relative of his, married to a farmer on the island. Suspecting that so sequestered a spot would afford little or no accommodation to a traveller, I determined on taking my cot with me; and my friend ordered his daughter the good Donna Luisa to prepare a pigeon pie of respectable dimensions, which, together with a Bologna sausage and some wine, ground coffee and sugar, were stowed in a small hamper. Don Michele also undertook to look out for a passage, and agreed with the padrone of a felucca to convey us for two ducats * a piece.

—We set sail at three o'clock last Tuesday afternoon, with a stiff, but not very favourable breeze. Passing close under the stern of an English frigate lying in the bay, my *friend* expressed a desire to go on board, as he had never seen the interior of a man of war. To such an aberration from our course the padrone would not consent without an additional bonus of half a ducat. This being granted, and leave obtained from the officer on deck, our felucca got along side the frigate, and I up first; but poor Don Michele, after some timid struggles to follow me, in every one of which he was baulked by the swell of the sea shoving the little felucca up and down, declined any further attempts, as, to use his phrase, "he valued his shins more than all the navy in England." This disappointment, and the little salt water which his silk hose had imbibed on the occasion, already ruffled his irritable temperament. But the worst of his trouble had yet to come. In the mean time, the padrone very civilly requested, as per agreement, the half ducat, for the *attempt* to put us on board the frigate.

Don M.—"Half a rope to hang you with, cheating rascal! Have

* A ducat is worth about 4s.

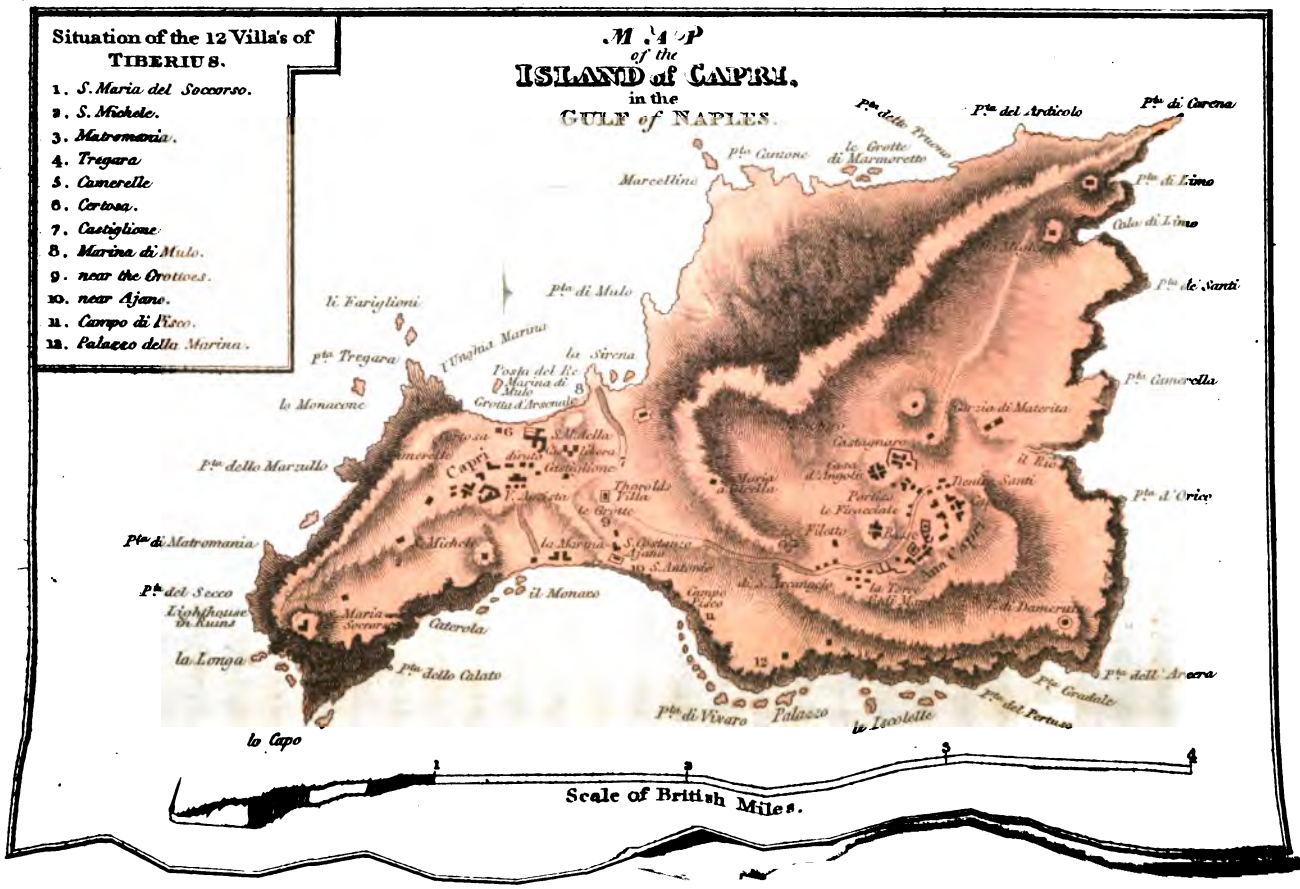
ere long a similar effect upon my constitution; for more than half an hour I felt very squeamish and listless. At last, however, *post varios casûs, post tot discrimina rerum,* we arrived safely at what is called the port of Capri before it was dark, after a passage of about five hours.

The inn which we were directed to, and which appeared to be the only one on the island, was a miserable hovel; yet as it turned out no worse than I had imagined, and as I had brought my provisions and cot with me, there was no disappointment at least. The trip had had such a beneficial effect on my friend's stomach, that he forthwith began unpacking the hamper; but what was his astonishment and indignation when, on taking out the pie, the cover fell off, and exhibited the dish emptied of every thing but some gravy left at the bottom. Our half dozen of pigeons *had* taken wing again. This was a sad revenge which the affronted sailors had taken. Don Michele grew furious, and was on the point of returning to the beach to find out the miscreants, when I represented to him the futility of such an attempt, since, even if he met with the rogues, the pigeons were surely eaten, and therefore irrecoverable. "The gentleman is perfectly in the right, nodded our landlord, a tall, well-made, and good-humoured islander. "You had better put up with the first misfortune, than expose yourself to insult from these good for nothing villains. The entertainment which we shall endeavour to provide for you, will, I trust, enable you to forget your loss."

On enquiry, however, what fare he could procure, we understood, to our great mortification, that of butchers' meat there had not been an ounce in the island these three weeks; fowl likewise remained a pious wish: but, by way of consolation, he assured us, that had we but honoured him with our custom a fortnight sooner, he would have boarded both of

can. Exhausted as the bird is, there is little difficulty in seizing him. The most common and productive method is, for one man to have a net, which he carries folded up on two poles, another drives the quails towards him, when the former instantly expands his net, and as soon as the birds strike against it, he turns the net with great dexterity, and confines them entangled as they are. They are then put into a bag, to preserve them alive, because the live ones fetch a double price at Naples. Very often, however, this pastime is attended with serious consequences: the bearer of the net, in twisting it round, frequently loses his balance, from the weight of the long poles, and is precipitated from the rocks. Even boys, from the age of four, amuse themselves by catching them with the hand in the bushes, and putting them under the netting which they constantly wear on their heads; and on their return home, the height of this *animated* head-dress, as it affords the best proof of their success, is a matter of triumph among them. In Egypt, where these birds arrive in the month of September, I have more than once seen the Arabs killing or laming them, by throwing short sticks at them. During the time that the Capitano Bey blockaded the harbour of Alexandria with his Turkish squadron, one of the Greek sailors of his ship caught two or three which had perched on the rigging. The Mussulman rewarded him generously, and desirous of varying the hard fare which a blockading squadron has usually to sustain, by a more ample supply of such a delicate rarity, promised a piaster for every quail that should be brought him. In a few days the rigging, sails, and yards were covered with flocks of quails; great numbers were caught of course, and every one was brought into the cabin, as the price had been so liberally fixed. To escape the dilemma of either ruining his purse or breaking his promise, the Capitano Bey resorted to the alternative of standing out to sea, as by removing from the coast, he got rid of the visits of these expensive strangers.

But


Situation of the 12 Villa's of TIBERIUS.
1. S. Maria del Soccorso.
2. S. Michele.
3. Matromania.
4. Tregara.
5. Camerelle.
6. Certosa.
7. Castiglione.
8. Marina di Mulo.
9. near the Grottoes.
10. near Ajano.
11. Campo di Fisco.
12. Palazzo della Marina.
MAP of the ISLAND of CAPRI, in the GULF of NAPLES.
Pta di Carena
Pta del Articolo
Pta delle Tirene
Pta Canone
le Grotte di Marmorette
Marcellino
Pta di Limo
Cala di Limo
Pta de Santi
Pta di Mulo
Il Fariglioni
l'Unghia Marina
la Sirena
Pta Tregara
Posta del Re
Marina di Mulo
Grotta d'Arsenale
le Monacone
Pta Camerella
Torre di Materita
Pta dello Marzullo
Capri
Castiglione
Villa
le Grotte
Pta d'Orico
Pta di Matromania
S. Michele
la Marina
Ajano
S. Antonio
Pta del Secco
Lighthouse in Ruins
il Monaco
Campo Fisco
Cisterola
la Longa
Pta dello Calato
Pta di Vivaro
Palazzo
le Locolette
Pta del Pertuso
Pta dell'Arcera
Pta Gradale
lo Capo
Scale of British Miles.

I have taken an opportunity to turn over cursorily. The importance of the subject has likewise engaged the pen of several moderns, such as D. Giuseppe Maria Secondo, who, in the year 1750, presented to the king a brief description of the island. Giraldi and Accucci, both Neapolitan physicians, have likewise published some observations on Capri; and some years ago, a German, of the name of Hadrawa, who, under the patronage of the government, had caused a variety of researches and excavations to be made, printed, together with the result of his labours, a succinct description of the island, which I have read, and which has furnished my narrative with a variety of particulars, that you must otherwise have dispensed with.

To begin methodically, by tracing things to their first origin, you must know, that the first inhabitants of this rock were a community of——wild *goats*, from whence it derived its name CAPREA, or rather CAPREÆ, in the plural number, in which the ancient writers generally mention it. History leaves us in the dark whether this caprine population was aboriginal or whether it came from the main land, although, if I may be allowed a conjecture on so important a subject, I should be inclined to embrace the latter opinion, knowing what expert swimmers the goats of antiquity must have been. If one of them was able to swim across the Hellespont, even with Phryxus and Helle upon his back, a few caprine colonists might well succeed in the short trip from the promontory of Minerva, the present point of Massa, which is but three miles distant. Nor is it known how long they remained in the undisturbed possession of their settlement; but so much is certain, that at the time of Hercules a colony of Teleboi arrived from Samos, subdued the former peaceable inhabitants, and fixed their residence on the island. Their history again is revolved in obscurity, Telon and his son Ebalus being the only sovereigns noticed by ancient writers.

The

curious, the former to the Greeks, and the latter to the Romans. He also erected a museum for natural curiosities at Capri; and Suetonius tells us of gigantic bones of men and animals, and of arms belonging to illustrious heroes, preserved there. From that author, it is to be presumed that all these sumptuous establishments at Capri owed their origin to the idea which Augustus had once conceived of resigning the government of Rome on account of his ill health, a plan he probably would have carried into effect, had he had to look to a better man for a successor than Tiberius, whose character he must have well known; and had he not feared for his own life, in case the oppressions of that tyrant should excite in the Romans too loud a wish for their former master.

When at Capri, pleasure was the only business Augustus allowed to be transacted; all distinction of ranks was set aside, unbounded licence of speech was, as Suetonius says, not only granted to, but even exacted from every one of his train. You might frequently see the conqueror of Actium pelted by his courtiers with apples or cabbage-stalks. The same author likewise mentions another island in the vicinity of Capri, to which Augustus gave the name of Apragopolis (the Idler's *Town*), on account of the life led there by some of his retinue. "*Vicinam Capreis Insulam* Απραγοπολιν *appellabat.*" I have looked for that island, but could discover none near enough to answer the description or purpose. If I were a critic, therefore, I should suspect the correctness of Suetonius's text. Why call an island a town? Might not the text originally have stood "Vicinam Capreis *urbem,*" &c. and been vitiated by an ignorant transcriber? If read in my way, no difficulty remains. Capreæ in that case is the ancient and original town of Capri, not the whole island; and the "*urbs vicina*" nothing else than the other town of the island now called *Anacapri.* The situation of the latter upon an artificial level, made on a high and almost inaccessible

mainder of his life. The island was extremely well calculated for his purpose. It had only one landing place, being on all sides surrounded by rocks deemed inaccessible to any but the inhabitants of the island. A few days after his arrival, while indulging in some secret pleasure, he was interrupted by a fisherman, who having caught a mullet of unusual size, thought the best use he could make of such a rarity would be to present it to the emperor, who no doubt would order him a suitable reward. But Tiberius, surprised and incensed to find that the fellow could find from the back of the island a path to reach him, by way of recompense, directed the poor fisherman's face to be rubbed and scratched with his own present. The poor devil no doubt must have thought his emperor an *odd fish*. He bore, however, the painful operation with patience, congratulating himself on not having brought at the same time an enormous lobster, which he had had some thoughts of doing. But conceive the unfortunate man's astonishment, when Tiberius, upon learning the cause of his rejoicing, ordered him to fetch the lobster too, in order to undergo a second process more excruciating than the first.

It was in the 14th year of his reign, and near the 70th year of his age, that Tiberius arrived at Capri; and as he scarcely ever left it, his stay there must have amounted to nine years; during which, the cares of government engrossed but little of his time. The provinces remained under the administration of his governors, whom he left to do as they pleased; many vacancies he even omitted filling up: still the machine of government went on pretty regularly, thanks to the wise and firm manner in which Augustus had established the new monarchy: a few insignificant rebellions were soon crushed by his lieutenants, and his own suspicious and cruel disposition, together with his retirement to Capri, prevented the success of any conspiracy that

gin with the most important
residence of the emperor, a
uished above the others by
It was *dedicated to Jupiter, a*
onius and other ancient writers.
edge of a tremendous preci
lands a chapel, built from its
the Virgin Mary (S^a Maria
abitant of this solitary spot,
of debaucheries and cruelties,
se prayers and fasts seem, as it
rmities of its former tenant.
able. Besides a range of lofty
rooms in tolerable perfection, and
aqueducts. The subterraneous pri
l out to us, in which the unfortunate
f Tiberius, was starved to death, a
ells us, famine drove him to eat the

At a small distance from this sp
ruins of the lighthouse, the falling
before Tiberius's death, was consid
s an omen of that event. Here we
spot from which this monster caused
elty to be thrown headlong into the sea,
taking care to have, at the bottom
ioned, the crews of which were ordered
hooks such of the wretches as had still
fall. This villa is further to be notice
which, after the suppression of the cons
pretended or real), the cowardly tyrant sh
ne months, without once daring to leave
ou consider the tremendous height of
not be surprised to hear of the truly e
which its summit affords. Right below
between the main land and the island, w

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he "great mother," *mater magna*; the co
rords into the present Matromania, may st
ithout much etymological stretch. But,
f this, the remains of a temple are still to be
avernous construction precisely answers the
f the Pessinuntian goddess; and, what is
ery precinct of this temple an altar of Cybele
ut, which is stated to be deposited in the Br
Pray go and ascertain that point!) The acc
cred edifice is now very difficult. We had to d
declivity, beset with briars and brushwood w
poor Don Michele's silk stockings in the
manner. But on our arrival I found myself a
pensed for the toilsome journey. The front an
of this temple seem to have been constructed
and are now almost entirely destroyed by time;
mainder, to its end, appears to have been exca
the solid rock; and that portion indeed has sus
injury, except by the growth of luxuriant shrub
kinds, which, as it were, strive to conceal its
the end of the temple a small stone staircase le
sanctuary, and there we observed several nich
cut in the rock. This dreary cavern was appro
judicious cunning by the worthless race of emascu
for the performances of their mysterious rites an
tricks, by which they deluded the superstitious
inhabitants.—The pagans, my dear T. had their
well as more modern religious persuasions. Un
mystic nonsense has in all ages exerted its cha
weak intellects, or held out its veil to crafty hypocri
votaries of the great goddess, therefore, might, wi
propriety, be paralleled with a certain class of o
sectaries, who seek a pride in their secession fro
of their fellow citizens, in order to embrace doctr
ved in mystic obscurity, and who depend, for th

ve been purchased a
ounces, according to
the subject.

dear T. to suppose that
of this villa formed the
me time after leaving it,
ith the most calm inquisi
rticular which my recolle
t authors enabled me to f
resembled the cross exa
nsellor endeavours to wo
tness box. I knew him t
it. When he had fished o
tion every thing he deeme
d short, coughed significa
ut his *tabatière* (double the
and equitably dispensing t
e narcotic dust, with a pow
bility, conveyed the stimula
land, and, with a strength
erberated an audible echo
m, and disencumbering, m
of his waiscoat from the su
ttled thereon, by a quick a
spread into the shape of a
" Signor Don Luigi! were
city, and your mode of thinki
y all that you have been tryi
egard to this emperor Tiberio,
nagination by way of a frolic
e servant. But as I entert
nciples, I am inclined to be
a fool of, it is not *me* at lea
nursery tales of your Taci-

the price
the workma
the reflectio
subject of o
the more so,
iveness, asked
tion of the ac-
rnish him with
mination with
o well to ex-
victim
t of my com-
meet for his
tly three or
ize of one of
each of his
r of suction,
to the vici-
nasal into-
from every
reover, his
lus of the
repeated
com,—be
less com-
and ac-
to per-
as a mere
make a
a better
that if
I make
d Sue-
tonio,

ave put a stop to the eloquent display his spirit
radiction, although I could not help perc bring amon
vild nonsense of his argumentation, som scattered sp
f reasonable conception.

Without further interruption, therefore, on his part, sa
hat of a few occasional clackings of the ton gue against hi
upper teeth, we arrived at the site of the six th villa, which
in the map, you will trace at the name of Certosa, there
being a convent of Carthusian friars erected on the very
same spot. Here, too, the observance of the severe rules of
one of the most rigid orders of monks seems to atone for the
lax discipline of the former imperial tenant. Few or no
remains of pristine splendour presented themselves, the soil
being in a great measure covered by the modern building
formed partly from ancient materials.

In our further progress we passed an old c stle, built
the Gothic style; and after another quarter of a mile's wa
arrived at a farm which goes by the name of Castiglio
At this place the seventh villa is reported to have sto
but, owing to the elevation of surface, no trace of it ar
be seen above ground. Some years ago, ext sive e
vations were carried on at this very spot, three r four
terraneous apartments laid open, and, in the c urse
work, various interesting discoveries made; su as s
fine cameos, and, among those, a beautiful h
manicus, a tesselated pavement in the highest pr
of which Hadrawa gives a drawing in his work,
busts and mutilated statues of excellent Grecian
ship. Some of the rooms were paved with neat s
on many of which the manufacturer's name was
several stoves, and a number of leaden pipes carr
the apartments, as well as two or three reservoi
render it evident that the whole was appropr
fashionable Roman luxury of warm baths.

Shafts and capitals of the rarest marble, and fragm
beautiful pavements, have, not long ago, been disco
on this spot.

Besides the twelve villas above noticed, other objects
curiosity of Tiberian date obtrude themselves in vario
parts of the island, some of which I shall pass over, not
swell the bulk of this letter, which, to my regret, has alread
become more voluminous than I had an idea of. But I can
not forbear noticing a stupendous grotto cut into the roc
on the southern shore of the island, called Grotta dell' Arse
nale. Its purpose may be inferred from its name; it served
as a dock to build gallies in, being completely covered by
the excavated arch of the rock. It ought to be viewed by
sea in a boat, in which you may row to the very bottom
but my friend feeling no curiosity to venture on what h
termed a useless expedition, I did not chuse to perform th
trip alone, especially as I had still fresh in my memory th
effect which the chilling cold of the Sybil's ca e near Po
zuoli had produced on my feeble system.

The harbour of Tregara is also worthy of noti e. A sq
dron of gallies was constantly kept in it by th suspici
tyrant, either to resist a naval attack, or, in the last ex
mity (as was his intention in the conspiracy of ianus
save himself by flying to his legions in Spain or

No wonder that such a man as Tiberius shoul
the nine years he passed at Capri, only twice ventr
pose himself to the fancied danger of visiting th
and even these two journies, as Suetonius inform
mere attempts. The first time he got no farther
gardens near the Naumachia; and the second t
he had come to the seventh mile-stone, a most c
unfavourable omen, deterred him at once from

was starved to death. Th… though …
and of Capri, was the old gentl… man preve…
is days in this his favourite ret… seat, where,
s, he had without controul, in… dulged in ev…
suality and cruelty.

death of Tiberius the splendou… r of Capri de-
ly; not, as some alledge, beca… use the senate
n thither purposely to demolish … the buildings;
lly unwarranted by history. On … the contrary,
eeding emperors occasionally reso… rted there for
nent. Caligula, who had all the vices, and none
ood qualities of Tiberius, resided … some time at
nscription found there, records eve… the stay of
elius. In later times, however, it … served, like
ls in the Tyrrhenian sea, as a pl… ce of exile.
Crispina, the sisters of Commodus, w… re banished
epeated earthquakes, probably, th… traces of
isible, contributed more than any ot… er cause to
on. Nature herself (would I say we… I a poet)
ance on the soil which witnessed t… outrages
against her. In our times, my dear T… she would
o need to resort to such violent mea… s to effect
e. Consigned to the fraternal care of … great re-
ation, Capri might have been done … or just as
re would have been no need for the G… hs, Van-
Barbary Corsairs, to give a finish to the … usiness.
nations, however, had their share in th… work of
n. The Corsairs, above all, handled t… e island
hly in the frequent visits which they paid … during
t belonged to the Spanish monarchy, … previ-
nat period. The famous Barbarossa on… landed
verful fleet, and for some time remaine… ster of
is oppressions and cruelties were such, … to this
y three hundred years after the event, t… ead of
his

ts figure may be compared to a shoulder
ıe whole island divides itself most natura
qual parts, each intersected by a ridge of
'he western portion, by far the largest, is th
ıe two; its mountainous ridge, the most ele
eneral aspect, the wildest; although in m
ye is delighted by the sight of considerable t
he highest and most luxuriant state of cultiv
on all sides with frightfully naked rocks. The
the eastern division of Capri, although not
equally romantic, and may be classed under
groups, the highest of which terminates in
S^a. *Maria del Soccorso*, where, as has already
the first and most celebrated of Tiberius's villas
The other detached heights are, S^a. *Michele*, S
Libera, and one called *Tuoro Grande*, near
Tregara. Of S^a. Michele, as the site of the s
rian villa, I have likewise spoken above; and
della Libera stand the ruins of the Gothic ca
noticed. The fourth eminence, Tuoro Grand
the fourth Tiberian villa, in the place of which
serve a solitary cross, erected on its very summi

Between both heights is the stately Carthusi
(marked *Certosa* on the map), our visit to which
omitted in its place, that I might not interrupt
rity of the catalogue of Tiberian villas. An
monk, of a middle age, paid us every possible
and shewed us their church, which our good lan
highly extolled for its paintings. But, instead of
of the Roman school, with which my imaginatio
corated it, I had the disappointment of beholdi
of fresco-daubings, which a sign-painter would h
beneath his notice. The church itself is a hand-
ture, and the convent conveniently laid out.

ith mildness, "although unsuccessful, I
r to you in the other world; but, as I hav
iend is an honest man, I shall make no scr
glass of rosoglio with him. Here's to his
ersion."

The rosoglio was as excellent as the sent
nlightened and worthy Carthusian. I wo
listened to this instructive discourse for many
purpose of our excursion admitted of prolon
After thanking him for his civilities and kindn
with my friend, in order to pursue the ulterior
investigation; observing to the latter, rather
I own, that if any man were capable of making
me, it would be one of father Stefano's liberal
ened principles: to which he replied, in a s
surly tone, "I believe you, sir; for as it is, I
principles are pretty much akin to your own."

But to return to my topographical dissertati
did I leave off?—Oh! it was at the four great
the western part of the island. They are done
shall now proceed to the town of Capri. Its si
though considerably elevated, is in a valley, in
part of the island, about half a mile from the sea
number of inhabitants were stated to us to amou
2000; and its circumference may be one mile.
cathedral, which scarcely deserves that name, its
being perfectly ordinary. Near the cathedral is t
of the archbishop, a plain, but solid building; an
to the latter, a seminary for young persons desti
clerical profession. There is close by, likewise
vatorio for the instruction of girls. The deans o
ter live in detached houses; their revenue, der
from lands and farms, and in a great measure a

prove? One swallow does not make a
people of a *certain* taste are generally obse
great deal of taste."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Mean? Why that this countryman o
course of his *classical* education, had an opp
on the delicate fare of some of the *classic* auth
minute details of the innocent Tiberian frolic
classic breast a *classic* zeal of imitation; and
means in his power, he at once gratified his
by settling on this *classic* spot. Or, to solve
another not less probable manner, that his exp
England, and subsequent retirement to Capri,
not of option, but of compulsion. We have ha
city of Naples two or three of those choice sp
youred us with their company, because they co
remain in their own country."

This unprovoked and unfounded piece of ma
nearly exhausted the capacious measure of
I was going to serve Sir Benjamin Backbite in
when I recollected myself, by considering his
solely proceeding from an innate spirit of contr
mental infirmity, which is amply outweighed
good qualities. Don Michele is an excellent fat
a husband, and an affectionate friend. His wife,
his failing, is passionately attached to him; he is
her; and rarely fails complying with her wishes
her requests are framed diametrically opposite
desire. She has assured me herself, that a great
property has been spent in relieving and assisti
tresses of others, and especially the Calabrese,
men; an assertion which I ought to credit, wh
on his kindness to me on every occasion, and

ng our kerseymere, with short sleeves, not reaching to the
ow; two purple stripes, about half an inch broad, went
round the lower edge of this garment, which was very
tle different from a modern shift; no stockings or breeches,
t a clumsy sort of half-boots made of black leather, and
minating about two inches above the ancles. His features
re regular; those of a man nearer fifty than forty, who in
youth had been handsome; the nose nearly in a line with
forehead, and the chin almost projecting to the perpen-
ular from the nose; black bristly hair, with a sprinkling
grey ones: altogether unlike any one I know you are
uainted with; except, perhaps, were I compelled to make
omparison, the Italian who once taught you the guitar,
whose name has slipped my memory, only that he was
siderably shorter than the latter, not exceeding, I dare
, five feet four in height.

The ring on his finger was formed by two golden serpents
ding round each other, elegantly worked, and between
ir mouths was a beautiful onyx, representing, in deep in-
such a precious relic should be thrown away upon a
barian infidel; but the Mussulman insisting on our per-
ning the given promise, without much ceremony began
xtricate the ring from the finger of its owner; observing,
ng the operation, that the flesh had already become
siderably softer, and the temperature of his skin less
l.

The Turk had scarcely accomplished his sacrilege, when,
r inexpressible astonishment, Eupator's right arm began
ually to exhibit convulsive starts, similar to the appear-
of galvanized animals. This strange and unaccount-
phenemon was soon followed by an incessant tremour
e lips, like the quiverings of quick blood. In a little time

th these means of communication we were pretty well
ed to keep up a conversation, the interesting and
lar nature of which so deeply impressed itself on
nind, that I think I shall be able to trace to you its
ressive course with a tolerable degree of fidelity, oc-
enally substituting dialogue in the place of historical
:ative.

EUPATOR (*to Perninoff*). I thank thee, stranger, for this
t friendly office, in our unfortunate situation. Tell me,
ray, is the terrible convulsion of nature over already?

PERN. Fear nought, Eupator, the danger is past, and
ou are among friends, desirous of giving you every assist-
nce in their power.

EUP. The gods be thanked for their protection! But
pray, has Plotilla, my wife, has Mnestheus, my freedman,
escaped the fury of the devouring elements?

PERN. Compose yourself, my friend! it will be time
enough to talk of those matters when you have recovered
more of your strength and spirits. Do you wish to eat some-
thing—it shall be sent for instantly?

EUP. Alas! I augur no good from thy evasive answer.
Be candid, stranger, for thou art addressing a man whose
life has been spent in the pursuits of philosophy; of that
philosophy which teaches us to bear the most unwelcome
tidings with the same equanimity as it enjoins us to hear
joyful news. Speak, I beseech thee.

PERN. In complying with your earnest entreaty I shall
lessen the grief which the loss of your house, your city, your
friends, and your wife, must cause to you, by adding, that,

had

vere justly held inferior to none, and superior to most countries of the globe; an assertion, of the truth of which I bledged myself to convince him, if he would accompany me on my return to England in about a fortnight's time.

Eup. Pardon me, Briton, if what I have said offended more than I intended. I applaud thy zeal in thy country's cause, well or ill founded. Patriotism is the germ of great and noble deeds, such as have raised whole nations to a proud pre-eminence over their rival neighbours. But thy invitation to accompany thee to thy cold and sterile country, my age and the re-establishment of my affairs forbid me to accept. One favour only I shall, therefore, ask from thee; I shall trouble thee with a letter for my son Lucius, whose friendship and influence with our prefect of thy island will prove beneficial both to thee and thy family; and if thy trunk should want filling up, a tunic or two, together with a sword-belt embroidered by the hand of his mother Plo....." Here a gust of tears interrupted the affectionate father's speech: with a hurried and sobbing utterance he only added, "Alas, Plotilla! thou and thy presents are no more."

Mr. Denzner, with a goodness inherent in the German character, entreated Eupator not to make himself uneasy about the re-establishment of his affairs, as there was no doubt but the court of Naples, in consideration of the singularity of his situation, would settle a handsome pension on him for life, until which he very obligingly offered him his country-house, on Posilipo, and the command of whatever money he might stand in need of.

"Citizen Eupator," exclaimed Monsieur le Marquis de Villignac, "will stand in need of no assistance from the court of Naples, or from individual liberality. To-morrow the *procès verbal* of this strange event goes to the first consul, and

emains fortunately exceeds that which is gone. Besides
ny paternal estates in and about Methone, in the Peloponesus, the bounty of our good emperor Titus has, as a reward for my services to him and his divine father in the late Judæan campaign, presented me with confiscated lands of rebellious Jews in the vicinity of Jerusalem, which last year yielded upwards of three hundred thousand sesterces, and which, under an improving administration, may be made to rent double that sum.

At the mention of *Methone*, Perninoff unfortunately had whispered to the Turk, "That's *Modon*, the town you come from." Mehemed-Aga, who understood no joke, instantly joined the conversation."

MEHEM. As to your lands about Jerusalem, Eupator-Aga, Dgezzar-Pacha no doubt will take as good care of them as if they were his own. But with respect to your estates at Modon (or Methone, as you are pleased to call my native place) give me leave to ask you whereabouts they might be situated?

EUP. Methone thy native place? Why, to judge from thy Parthian dress, I should have supposed thy home to be nearer the Euphrates than the limpid waters of the Pamisus. But leaving that point as it is (since, to speak the truth, the habits of you all are more like the mummery of a saturnalian frolic than any real costume), I can answer thy question in a moment. My property extends from the mouth of the little river that empties itself into the Ionian Sea, near Methone, along its right bank, (which forms the boundary) to a length of about nine stadia, as far as the ancient temple of the Dioscuri, at an average breadth of $2\frac{1}{2}$ stadia, the principal aqueduct of our town crossing it in a diagonal direction.

MEHEM.

ne affaire d'honneur, qu'il faut arranger en règle. Ayez la
onté, citoyen Russe," addressing himself to Per[illegible]noff, "de
prêter votre épée à Eupator, àfin que tous les de[illegible]se battent
selon les loix d'honneur et de gentilshommes. Uniform-
nately, Mehemed, in exposing his hand to att[illegible]ck his au-
tagonist, had, by an unlucky discovery, given t[illegible]e latter fresh
and more just cause of offence: Eupator, o[illegible] espying his
own ring, on Mehemed's finger, exclaimed, with a *vio-*
lence scarcely to be expected from a newly [illegible]evived man,
"Why, the assassin has robbed me of my rin[illegible]g too! Per-
haps, that too, was one of thy wife's wedding g[illegible]fts, *of which,*
no doubt, thou canst produce the title-deeds. To Rome!
will have the highwayman conducted, to h[illegible]ve his brains
beat out on the Gemonian steps."

I thought it high time now to put a stop
quid proquo's, which had hitherto arisen from
ignorance of his uncommon, nay, unparal[illegible] to the endless
As a preliminary step, I addressed Mehem[illegible] poor Eupator's
lian, to entreat his forbearance; and after h[illegible]old, situation.
from him an assurance, under the solemn ple[illegible]od-Age in Ita-
signor's beard, that he would not only calm[illegible]aving received
ger, but on no account recur to future act[illegible]ge of the grand
endeavoured gradually, and with all the ca[illegible] his present an-
delicate situation required, to acquaint and [illegible]s of violence, I
with the real posture of his affairs. It wa[illegible]ption Eupator's
persuade him, that, since (what he called [illegible]familiarize him
slumber, a space of time exceeding seve[illegible] *no easy task to*
had intervened; that of the generation he [illegible] his yesterday's
a vestige was left; that of the nations, [illegible]nteen centuries
religious faiths which then existed, scarcely [illegible] *had quitted, not*
nay, that, but for the works of a few authors who wrote
about his time, accidentally preserved; and some relics of
the perfect plastic arts and of coins, as well as of the beau-
tiful and solid architecture of his age, which confirmed the
fidelity

and which induced us to postpone his egress from the vault till the cool of the evening.

"Indeed, my friends," continued Eupator, "if your tale be true, and I fear there is but little doubt of its being so, I see no reason why I should wish at all to revisit a country, to which—however my own—time has rendered me a stranger; or to mix with a race to which I do not belong. A stranger to their language, their manners, and their laws, without one friend, without property; the few years which the gods may grant me, would be lost in beginning the world afresh, in forgetting past ideas and recollections, to make room for new experience. Under such circumstances, the remainder of my life would prove a series of troubles and vexations, which, as it is in my power to avoid them, I have no mind to undergo. I beseech you, therefore, carry me back to my sarcophagus: let the chilling vapours of my tomb once more consign me to a painless death; and, after this last service of your kindness, obstruct the access from the eyes and knowledge of prying posterity.

This was a new whim of Squire Eupator's, to combat which Perninoff and I summoned up all the eloquence and arguments we could master. In these endeavours we were seconded by a repetition of the liberal pecuniary offers of Mr. Denzner, and the more liberal promises of the first consul's generous protection held out by the Gascon. Our combined efforts were more successful than I at first expected: Eupator began to waver in his resolve, and soon, whether from curiosity, or that he never had been very serious in his determination, he gave up all idea of the sarcophagus, and promised to keep alive for our sake.

As we had a good deal of time before us, I thought this the right moment to request of our friend an explanation of the

curean school, but lately acquired at the expence of so much study and lost time. Among other revelations, the doctrine of immortality impressed itself deeply on my conviction; the soothing prospect of a future recompence for the adversities we experience, and of a lasting reward to piety and virtue, appeared to me a natural consequence of the justice and goodness of the Supreme Being. I witnessed with admiration the extreme care which, under this persuasion, the enlightened inhabitants of Egypt bestow on the preservation of their deceased relations; and I shall not easily forget the awful sensations I felt when Hermonthis, for the first time, conducted me into the sepulchral vaults of our family, where I beheld my maternal ancestors, for twenty generations back, ranged in order of time, their virtues and errors equitably recorded on the shells, by the hands of holy and impartial judges, in sacred characters, legible but to the elect. What an incentive to righteousness, what a determent from vice! Nor will the words of my cousin at our parting ever be obliterated from my remembrance: "Go in peace!" said he, "you will find many brethren in Italy; let your instruction and example increase their number, as the welcome rains of Æthiopia increase the waters of the beneficient Nile, and with it the happiness of this blessed land. Remember the fundamental law of the great, the good Osiris, '*Love all mankind like members of one great family emanating from the Supreme Being!*' Does the great God withhold the gift of reason, the blessing of health, of rain, or sun-shine from any? and why will the short-sighted mortal refuse his love to any of his race? Who dares presume so much on the superiority of his intellects as to proclaim" . . . . But, my friends, I am wandering from my purpose; pardon the sweetness of past recollections. I left Italy, at my separation from Hermonthis. On my arrival in I endeavoured, to the best of my power, to put his precepts into execution. The little temple which, if it have escaped

time to examine this singular phenomenon, for almost immediately after its appearance another tremendous peal or crash was heard; my house, however solidly built, trembled in its foundations: a second eruption issued from the mountain, which seemed to vomit forth, as it were, a whole province of unknown matter. In an instant all was darkness; and my house, still tottering, became buried under a mass of sand or earth, the excessive heat of which, together with the confined air in the rooms, rendered respiration difficult, and a longer stay in it impossible. But, alas! on groping in the dark to effect my escape, I found every window, door, and outlet totally blocked up by hot sand and ashes. I called in vain for help: my people and slaves either were in the fields gathering the vintage, or had gone to the play; besides, my voice was scarcely audible from faintness and want of air. In this agonizing situation, I thought of my ice-cellar and of this very vault, to which a subterraneous passage had been contrived from the house. To that hidden retreat I resolved, if possible, to shape my course, and there either to end my days, or to wait until the sad catastrophe was gone by. With the utmost difficulty, and by efforts almost beyond my invalid strength, I groped through darkness and excessive heat. You all know part of the way; I shall only add, therefore, that the refreshing coolness of the atmosphere in that subterraneous vault was a delightful contrast in my parched condition. Totally exhausted, I lay down in the sarcophagus, the only resting place in that chamber.—And here, friends, my tale closes: for all I can further remember are, the terrible and continual roarings of the mountain, the incessant concussions of the ground beneath me, and an unconquerable drowsiness which soon after assailed me. I suppose I must have fallen asleep; but from that moment up to the time I saw you here around me, I have no recollection whatever. The interval may, as you inform me, have been a sleep for centuries: to me it appears no longer than one night's rest.

Such

men, a German, a citizen of Nurnberg, invented the first of these instruments.

EUP. What dost thou say? a German, on of those barbarians, who, in my time, lived like savage nimals in forests and bogs, clad in the skins of wild bea s, feeding upon acorns and horse-flesh? Impossible! thou art joking. The figures on the dial, which are surely in R oman characters, contradict thy assertion. The German were even ignorant of the use of letters.

DENZ. I appeal to my companions to attest ny veracity. (—*We nodded assent.*)

EUP. Thou astonishest me, friend. In my time, believe me, the most precious gem of all Rome wou d have been deemed an inadequate remuneration for a c ock like this. As it is, considering the labour required in its construction, I dare say, its price is only within the reach of princes and very wealthy individuals.

DENZ. By no means, Eupator! Althou h luxury demands them at all prices, a watch may be bought for less money than a coat. Few tradesmen are witho ut one. *Many* of our boys even wear them. And as to the figures in Roman characters, they are merely employed on account of their being more generally known than any o thers, and upon the whole more uniform. For you are very much mistaken, my good Eupator, if you suppose my co ntrymen of the present day the same as your cotemporary Tacitus has described them. According to him, we certainly then were ignorant of the use of letters; but times may be supposed to have changed in the space of 17 centuri es. To convince you of the truth of what I advance, look a t this book, written by a countryman of mine, Winckelm ann, on the discoveries

order, may be impressed successively on many thousands of separate sheets, and thus the copies of one book be multiplied almost endlessly. In this manner one man may *print* several hundreds of copies in less time than he would be able to write one: proceeding from the same prototype, all must necessarily be equally correct, equally uniform, and alike beautiful; and, what is more, the price of a book, produced by so easy and expeditious a method of multiplying copies, cannot amount to one-tenth part of the money which would be paid for one written by a pen.

SELF. Even the first labour of composing the types, our friend Eupator will probably imagine less tedious, when I inform him, by way of example, that the most voluminous debates of the British senate, protracted sometimes till late after midnight, are read in print the next morning at breakfast by many thousands of citizens, indeed by any one that can afford to gratify his patriotic curiosity at the expence of a sum not exceeding the value of one person's consumption of bread for one day. The works of Virgil, of Horace, or of Julius Cæsar, may each be bought in elegant binding for less than the price of a pair of shoes.

EUP. The invention of clocks and watches excited m astonishment; but what you just now have been relati respecting the art of printing is so full of the marvello that it almost baffles the implicit credit which I fain wo grant to your assertions. What, the whole of the works Cæsar for a pair of shoes? The deliberations of last nig senate in the hands of many thousand citizens the r morning? Is it possible? Yet, to own the truth, the cess you have been good enough to describe appears fectly adequate to produce the effect you mention, how marvellous. What a field you have opened to me f flection! My limited ideas can scarcely compass th

P

If I live, friend, I shall visit thy country, which like Greece in our time, must have become the emporium of learning and wisdom.—Once more, I pray, let me cast a look on thy specimen of the art of printing.—*(Turning over the leaves,)* Excellent, delightful !—Ha ! what do I see ? a copy, by Hercules ! of a painting in my friend Titius Aristo's dining-room. This surely is not printed too ; but drawn on purpose for the illustration of every copy of the book.

DENZ. I beg your pardon, Eupator, even the drawing is printed, or engraved, as we call it. You shake your head in token of your doubts. Hear me, and then judge. (Here Mr. D. explained the process of engraving, with German minuteness and perspicuity, notwithstanding the frequent interruptions on the part of the French marquis, who conceived himself entitled to speak of things which he declared to be *de son ressort, de son metier).* The expressions of surprise and admiration of our stranger at this new information equalled his former protestations : "Every moment," said he, "convinces me of the justness of my first remark. I have to become a citizen of a new world, infinitely more perfect and enlightened than that which I left behind, In my time we fondly imagined the genius of my ancestors, the Greeks, had raised the arts to the highest stage of perfectibility. But am sure, with the facilities of instruction and communicati which the invention of engraving must afford, paintin sculpture, and architecture cannot but have made immen strides towards superior excellence."

SELF. The fact is the reverse, I lament to say : the w of Phidias, of Apollonius, and of other Greek masters, w time has spared us, are still considered as models of pe tion beyond the reach of modern art ; the proportion solidity of ancient architecture, such as we behold th the Parthenon and in other Grecian temples, in your a

th

the merit of some highly useful discoveries, I should be guilty of great injustice not to declare, that every other nation of Europe has, in a greater or less degree, contributed to the advancement of science, or to the comfort and benefits of the human race. Here is our friend the Briton, for instance. His modesty has hitherto been silent on the discoveries of his enlightened countrymen. He will, therefore allow me to mention the name of Newton, whose genius and deep thought watched, as it were, Nature in her most hidden operations. To him we owe the knowledge of the attractive power inherent in matter, and of the laws of gravitation resulting from it; from him we hold the theory of light, of its refraction and reflection, and of its prismatic decomposition. His discoveries in astronomy, various and important as they are, appear more the work of divine intelligence than of the limited sphere of human understanding; and by his enriching the higher fields of mathematics with new theorems and formulas, nay, with entirely new branches of that incomparable science, he has cleared to his successors a road on which they have since rapidly proceeded from one discovery to another, in astronomy as well as in every othe department of natural philosophy. But it is not in specula tive science alone that the British name stands conspicuo among the moderns. Their inventions and improveme in every species of manufactures are immense. The in nuity of their machinery has almost superseded manual bour; and to put the former in motion, they have no n of wind, water, or beasts of draught. The marvellous f of vapour alone produces the same effect, since the in tion of steam-engines by a Briton of the name of Wat medicine too, besides the discovery of the circulation blood by Harvey, Britain can pride itself on the inocu of both the small-pox and the cow-pox, by means of many thousands of human beings are saved from th effects of one of the most dangerous diseases.

meditation, with his hand on his forehead)—I now recollect a hieroglyphical inscription on the small porphyry obelisk which stands without the Alexandrian gate at Canopus, and the erection of which tradition ascribes to Repoth, the great astronomer of Memphis. There, if I remember right, the existence of a country west of the Fortunate Isles is mystically alluded to, as abounding in gold, silver, and precious stones. Should your *America* perhaps be the same?

PERN. The very same! At its first discovery its copper-coloured inhabitants were found bedecked with gold, which they greedily exchanged for our iron, a metal unknown to them. Even now, one year's produce of the inexhaustible mines of America exceeds the money at your time in circulation over the whole Roman empire. Now, the discovery of that immense country, which changed the whole face and relations of the ancient world, and which, for ought we know, may at one time lead to the subjection of the latter, belongs neither to the Germans nor to Britons. It was a Ligurian mariner, Christopher Columbus, who, upwards of three hundred years ago, succeeded in realizing Plato's dream, and your friend Repoth's mystic allusion; and his merit is the greater, since the discovery was not, as most others have been, an effect of chance, but the result of mature deliberation, founded on careful observation and scientific deduction, which convinced the bold Ligurian of the certainty of his success.

EUP. Bold indeed, to venture upon so long a voyage o that treacherous element, without any guide, but his ow couage and the stars of heaven!

PERN. *And* the mariner's compass, you should have a ded; an instrument likewise of modern invention, or use least; which, together with the timekeeper invented Harrison, the Briton's countryman, render a ship's cours

taxes, are far from being banished from the face of the earth; on the contrary, the present generation, throughout Europe, suffers more severely under their pressure. And how can it be otherwise, when on the one hand luxury deprives us Europeans of one half of our means of existence, while on the other every morsel we eat, every rag we put on our backs, nay, even the light of heaven we enjoy, is dispensed to us with a heavy per centage, called "duty," which our governments are under the necessity of levying upon their subjects, to defray the expenses of almost continual wars caused by the ambition and the jealousies of the many independent States into which your former Roman Empire has become subdivided.

EUP. Impossible! unless ye are all ruled by the iron sceptres of insatiable tyrants whose lust after power and avidity of gain have no bounds.

SELF. Always wrong in your conclusions! I repeat to you, friend Eupator, that every syllable I have uttered is strictly true; and by way of staggering your logic a little more, I, for one, have to add, that as far as regards Great Britain, the monarch who has ruled over her for these forty years, in goodness of heart, mildness, justice, and piety, may boldly stand a comparison with your cotemporary Titus, and his successors, Nerva, Marcus Aurelius, and Antoninus Pius. Nay, such is the excellence of our constitution, that were our king ever so inclined to oppress his subjects, his designs would be frustrated by our senate, the *elective* representatives of the nation, in whom alone the power of taxing the people is vested.

PERN. *(to me)*. It is really cruel to torture the resuscitated and as it were incipient faculties of our friend in this manner. Why not be candid, and tell him at once how the

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raise money on such easy terms; but for *their* embarrassments the perfection of the divine science of finance has likewise devised a ready remedy.

EUP. And what can that be?

PERN. Paper-money.

EUP. Thou dost not mean money made of paper?

PERN. Exactly so! *(Taking out his pocket-book).* Look here, friend Eupator, this scrap is the symbol of about 2000 sesterces, which I received last year for one month's pay, at Odessa on the Euxine Sea. It is true, here in Naples it won't purchase as much as a pinch of snuff; but when I get back to Russia I shall have no difficulty in buying with it, a fine horse, or three or four cows, wearing apparel, nay, even gold or silver plate, just as well as with ready money.—Now don't you think this is a most excellent invention, superior to all the gold mines of the ancient and new world? With it a government can never be poor: in fact, it may be as rich as it pleases; for with the same facility as this scrap was printed to be worth 2000 sesterces, it might have been dubbed into the value of two millions. With these scraps of paper we build bridges, harbours, and ships, or carry on the most expensive wars.

EUP. Excellent! I think it beats all the discoveries the moderns you have made me acquainted with. It is more than human, it is a truly divine suggestion; it makes me ashamed of the ignorance and stupidity of my own age which considered rags as an ignominious mark of poverty, not suspecting that they constituted the germ of public riches. I shall, nevertheless, make bold by and by

qué de tuer le plus grand homme de ce siècle ; c'est donc ma tabatiere qui a, pour ainsi dire, sauvé la France entiere. Bonaparte m'en a raconté lui-même l'histoire de ce fait important. Lors de la bataille de Chébreisse contre les Mameloucs, me dit il un soir. . . .

(Here the marquis was unfortunately and suddenly interrupted in the very outset of his story. Eupator, who had helped himself to a pretty large dose of the narcotic powder, began to feel its effects in so much greater a degree as he was absolutely a stranger to it, and as his nerves were still in a weak condition. He was seized with so violent a a fit of sneezing, that Perninoff and I became seriously alarmed for his life, while the marquis exclaimed exultingly, "Ce n'est point du tabac ordinaire je vous en reponds ;" and when Perninoff bade him hold his tongue, he shrugged up his shoulders, stepping back one pace, "Eh quoi donc ? Est-ce ma faute, s'il en a pris une poignée ? By degrees, however, the sternutatory paroxysms became less violent and frequent, and in two or three minutes more, our friend to our unspeakable joy, recovered his lost speech.)

Eup. A pleasing irritation, you call this ? a medicine clear the head ?—Mine, I believe, it has pretty well clear of all its contents, the brains not excepted. Treacher Gaul, may the gods send thee perdition ! If thy catgut ner are callous to its violence, keep it to thyself, but don't pose on others thy American poison, which instead of gorating my eyesight, has pretty nearly blinded m scarcely see where I am ; I shall never recover this sho

Pern. I have to ask your pardon, my friend, for I innocently been the cause of all this, by my ill-timed gium on the virtues of snuff, not suspecting that you make so excessive a trial. However the misfortune is

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EUP. Gently, Gently, my good friend! I take it unkind of thee to play off thy jokes upon an old stranger, who has hitherto listened with attention to thy instructive information. Telescopes may assist the sight in a reasonable degree, but to see the goats walking at Capreæ savours a little of the marvellous.

SELF. It may so to you; but I assure you I have stated nothing but what is true. Nay I will go further, you shall count the mountains in the moon.

EUP. *(Laughing immoderately.)* The mountains in the moon!.....The mountains in the moon! Excellent! charming! The vallies too of course, and the rivers, lakes, cities, houses, and inhabitants. Look ye, Briton! to the Gaul there I would have forgiven such a lie; but from the little we know of thy nation's character, I could not have supposed thee capable of such an imposition.—The mountains in the moon! That's a good one!

PERN. When you have done laughing, facetious Eupator I would beg leave to ask, whether it be the philosophy c Epicurus you imbibed at Athens, or the instruction of you Canopian cousin Hermonthis, that taught you to reject, a absurd, every thing that was above *your* comprehension?

EUP. Neither, thou second Anacharsis; but comm sense tells us to entertain a doubt of things which appear b yond the range of our own experience, or which from ana gical inference we cannot even think probable.....

PERN. Until you have ascertained their truth by persc observation, or by the concurrent testimony of credible nesses, you ought to have added. But you expressed so thing more than a doubt—a self-conceited, ironical m

these gentlemen have been entertaining you with all sorts of modern inventions, ascribed by report to their nations, the English and Germans, or to any other but the French, of whom their selfishness and envy have induced them to maintain a studied silence, as if the French, who in wit and ingenuity excel every other nation on the globe, had done nothing in any branch of science which deserved to be commemorated. Ah, citoyen Eupator! can a man of your understanding suppose such a thing for a moment? The French have been indefatigable in their efforts to enrich the sciences, and to increase the comforts of mankind. I am ill qualified to stand up their advocate; nevertheless I will do my best to defeat the insidious views of these gentlemen.—Pray, citizens, who is the inventor of choreography, or the art of exhibiting in geometrical diagrams the figures of dances, such as cotillons and country dances? Who else, but the celebrated Arbeau, my countryman?—And you, citoyen Denzner, who have palavered so much about your German discoveries, do you know the nation to whom you owe the comfort of hiding your bald pate by a false head of hair, which I dare say our Eupator to this moment took for a natural one? It is the French who have the strongest claim to the disputed title of the invention of wigs, of which if I recollect right, the first were introduced at Paris as early as 1620.

EUP. Thou art right! I certainly took the German' hair to be his own; but I must tell thee, that the inventio is by no means new, for our Roman beaux were very we acquainted with the use of false hair; only when they stoo in need of any, they knew better than to use grey ones. T be old was not the rage in my time.

THE MARQUIS. *Pauvre innocent,* to fancy these gre The colour, *mon cher* Eupator, is artificial; and here

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Eup. All these things, my good Gaul, may be very well, and in some degree useful or agreeable; but thou wilt allow that they are trifles, when com . . . .

The Marquis. Trifles? Oh, I perceive you want something grand, something of *éclât*. I am your man on that tack too. What do you say to a voyage through the aërial regions?

Eup. Such a thing would be nothing uncommon. Dædalus, the Cretan, if early tradition is to be credited, flew through the air with wings of his own invention.

The Marquis. I know that fable as well as yourself: I have his picture, and that of Icarus too, now hanging in the National Museum. *Mais il ne s'agit pas de cela.* There is no question about wings for a little trip, such as from Pompeji to Herculaneum. I am talking of a voyage of a hundred and more miles through the clouds, without any wings, in a boat or basket of wicker-work.

Eup. The possibility of such a feat appears to me very problematical.

The Marquis. I thought it would; but not so to these citizens, who have seen or heard of my countrymen, Blanchard and Garnerin. But I will not keep you in suspense. You must know then, that a Frenchman of the name of Montgolfier was the first who invented what is called an air-balloon.

(Here Monsieur de Vallignac gave to Eupator, with great self-complacency, a lively and pretty correct description of the aërostatical discoveries and adventures of his countrymen; and, after enlarging on the present and future advantages of this important invention, asked him "*Que pen-*

ses

EUP. The idea of occasionally conveying intelligence by means of signals is not new. Thou wilt find instances in Polybius and other, even earlier authors. Nevertheless, the merit of perfecting the invention, and of giving it system and permanency, will not be denied to thy countrymen. Its use to all governments, in war as well as peace, must be very great; and I thank thee, friend, for the clear and concise description of it. There is but one part of thy account which I am under some difficulty of comprehending, I mean that part of the telegraphic machinery by which, as thou expressedst thyself, the intelligence was thundered into the ears of the inhabitants by means of a hundred pieces of ..... of .....

THE MARQUIS. Of cannon, I said. But you are mistaken to suppose them a part of the telegraphic apparatus. They are unconnected with it, and only made use of to announce by their loud report the joyful news as quickly as possible. However, I am glad I mentioned the thing, since cannon, fire-arms, and gunpowder are one of the most important inventions of the moderns. Gunpowder is made .....

PERN. You had better, Monsieur le Marquis, let Mr. Denzner speak upon this subject, as it is his nation that has blessed the human race with this important discovery.

DENZ. I understand you, perfectly, sir, and shall be ready to admit that the invention of gunpowder has been the curse of mankind, as soon as you shall have proved that wars have been more destructive since its adoption, that battles fought at the distance of musket-shot are more bloody than conflicts in which armies rush into manual contact and butcher each other with the sword and spear. But however, let us defer the discussion of this question, to another time,

own, to me incomprehensible piece of mechanism, the effects of which I am anxious to see. Why not make the trial now in this place? Suppose thou directest thy tube against one of my wine-jars in yon corner. Alas! they once contained the choicest Falernian!

MEHEM. With all my heart, though the distance be but small. Mind, not to be frightened at the report!

The Turk fired, Eupator dropped from his seat, and

* * * * *

I AWOKE FROM A DREAM, which has furnished the *subject* of this long letter. Mehemed's pistol still vibrated in my ears when I opened my eyes: but in vain did I look for Eupator and the companions of the delightful vision. In the stillness of a heavenly morning I saw nought but a few lagging beetles driven, like evil spirits, to their abodes of darkness by the approach of day. Aurora's saffron rays just beamed on the walls of my chamber. The magic glimmer elevated my imagination, still warm and full of the cherished fiction. Half-dressed, I took the pen to seize the force of virgin impressions. Alas! I soon found the odds were *terribly* against the goose-quill, in its race with an impatient rapidity of ideas. Mechanically and prosaically did it grope on, skimming with labour the surface of the dictates *of an* exuberant fancy. Perseverance, however, assisted me in overcoming all obstacles and difficulties. The occasional defects of my memory were readily supplied from the *same* source whence the dream arose; and where the tenor of the latter appeared in the garb of extravagance and unconnected crudity, common to the somnular wanderings of the mind, sober reason was applied, to soften the narrative down to probability, to curtail, add, or amplify as seemed most proper to represent a favourite subject to the greatest advantage. Your candour, my dear T. will not be displeased

with

This being fortunately the case the next day, Don Michele made his appearance at twelve o'clock, precisely in the same costume in which he accompanied me to Pozzuoli.

On our way to the port we passed the post-office, surrounded by an immense crowd of eager spectators, whom Don Michele proposed to join, in spite of my protestations that we should be too late for dinner. After waiting for him about ten minutes at the corner of the court, he returned triumphantly with a letter, which, to my great and most pleasing surprise, proved to be your's. Eager to know its contents, I hastily thanked my friend, broke the seal, and began to read on the road, but was soon checked by my companion, who observed, that it was not the custom at Naples to read in the streets, whatever it might be in London; and that, if I had a few minutes patience, I might find full leisure to peruse it in the boat, if I thought the letter better company than himself.—"It is from a most intimate friend, Don Michele!"—"And *will* be so on our return this evening, without the loss of a single sentence."

With a person of Don Michele's disposition there was no arguing. I submitted to his whim, put your letter into my pocket-book, but signified to him that the communications of a *distant* friend had, in my opinion, always a paramount claim of interest; and that, when once returned to England, a letter from *him*, if ever I were favoured with any, would certainly not remain *one* minute unread, in whatever company I might chance to be. This trifling occurrence explains the whole of Don Michele's character. I had no sooner concluded my observation, than the honest Neapolitan grasped my hand, and said, with a tremulous voice, "Why talk of leaving us, dear Don Luigi? Are you not getting better every day? Only stay another month or six weeks: surely you will not go before the court returns from *Palermo*!

to run about the city with every body's letters?—That might do in a small country town, but in a city like Naples the thing is out of all question"

This argument was not carried to its proper close, because we had just now arrived at the water-side, where one of the frigate's boats, under the superintendance of a midshipman, had been waiting for us. This young spark no sooner beheld the gay costume of Don Michele, contrasted with his grave and, just then, surly countenance, than he made free to indulge in a titter, which, however stifled in its birth, in all probability did not escape the keen looks of its object; for immediately after he had seated himself, and carefully disposed the skirts of his silken frock, D. Michele expressed his surprise at my friend's entrusting the safety of his guest and of the boat's crew to the conduct of such a child as this; not omitting a severe reflection on the barbarity of English parents in sending their offspring adrift at so tender an age, before they could have received proper instruction of any kind, and before their religious principles could at all have acquired a fixed bent.

To an Englishman, dear T. I need not repeat the weighty arguments I opposed to my wrangling boat-mate; all, it is true, to little purpose: even the name of Lord *Nelson*, his great idol, was not admitted in favour of my position, since, as my friend had been *credibly* informed, that great admiral, instead of serving in the navy from his youth, had been brought up for the church, and been in orders, before ever he thought of going to sea—a fact he was the more ready to believe, from the perusal of his lordship's official dispatch, relating to the victory of the Nile, which began with the words, "Almighty God——" There's for you!

We had now neared the ship, heard the boatswain's whistle

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stated Don Michele's wish to inspect the ship, offering to be the interpreter; to which the first lieutenant very obligingly replied, that there was no need of an interpreter, since the doctor understood and liked *Italiano* as well as any man, and would be happy to show my friend every thing on board; he therefore would introduce us to him directly. Accordingly we proceeded down to the gun-room, in the way to which D. Michele, although repeatedly cautioned, knocked his pericranium more than once against the beams, and took abundance of snuff to counteract the bilgy effluvia that assailed his delicate nostrils. The surgeon, to whom we now were presented, appeared to be a North Briton by his accent, possessed (as we soon found) of all the urbanity of manners, information, and modesty peculiar to his countrymen. I thought proper to tip him a hint respecting my landlord's extraordinary character, a precaution I deemed necessary, to obviate unpleasant misunderstandings. The surgeon seemed delighted with an opportunity of speaking his favorite language. He surveyed my friend's costume with evident marks of surprise, shook him by the hand, and offered of his own accord to lead us round the ship. His own cabin probably was, in the doctor's opinion, the most interesting object on board; for into that we were ushered, by the light of a candle, daylight being a desideratum. A chest of surgical instruments for amputating legs, drawing teeth, trepanning, &c. was displayed, to the no great gratification of the Neapolitan visitor, who observed, he had seen the like, and better, a thousand times before. The next thing was a portfolio of drawings, which the doctor stated to be his own performance, and which, indeed, were no contemptible specimens of his talents as an artist; by no means in want of the apology, that they were all done by candle-light in that very cabin.

Among others, there happened to be a view of a portion of the city of Pompeji, beautifully executed. The ruinous buildings

companion had now exactly what he had
or, and what indeed he had known before.
oets," he observed, "claim the privilege of
ishels, no one will wonder at, nor care about;
e that from them, and restrict them to truth,
their trade and their bread. Nor would I re-
our of an artist, who, in composing a land-
ner drawing by the sole help of his imagina-
any object which his fancy might suggest to
heighten the effect of his fictitious perform-
aking a view from nature, nature alone is to
faithfully copied; and for that simple reason,
inspect it may be enabled to form a correct
e they have not seen. Now, Signor Dottore,
his question—When you get back to your
and, and shew them this romantic view of
sort of a notion will they form of the place,
d by, with your finger, and inform them:
ou must not mind, they are merely put in to
t; nor are these pretty he-goats and lamb-
equence, they being likewise introduced for
nd as for these fragments and inscriptions,
word of them either, they owe their place to
and symmetry.' The *effect* of all these fan-
probably be, that your friends will *give*
agination at the expence of your veracity,
to know what part of the picture to take for

geon was looking at me with perfect amaze-
g in English, "what a queer fish" this friend
which I briefly remarked, that find fault
nd *only* foible in D. Michele's character, and
ulgence towards him.

critic, scarcely interrupted by the few words
con-

sh on their tables. That he declined partak
s, I forgave him willingly; since the first season
etable, although not begun in England, was
es: they therefore remained in undisturbed re-
bit the semblance of a tesselated pavement, va-
tones of green, black, brown and yellow hues.
lour prevailed in this vegetable mosaic, the na-
i it was proper to describe for the better under-
vhat follows.

were busy with the pies, our waiting atten-
ti-Ganimede and another Tar-Adonis of about
re stilling their animal cravings with the re-
table in the sternmost recess of the gun-room,
f two small port-holes, sufficient for their pur-
capable of exhibiting to us the exact progress
tions. Whether the *green* peas left to their
were a welcome feast to *them*, I cannot say;
s certain, that, while occupied in picking out
r, the martial spirit implanted in British youth,
he navy, suggested to these young heroes, the
employing the most hardened particles *of the*
manner of missile weapons, of bullets in mini-
hus practising in their obscure recess an inte-
sham-fight. As in real combat, single *shots*
rst exchanged, till, when the growing ardour
ad rendered the contest more and more spirit-
nswered broadside. One of these, unskilfully
l its aim, flew forward, and raked p the pow-
d's head dress, as a cannon ball hat strikes
rows up volumes of dust, sand, and mortar.
gravity and temper were not disc mposed by
l and unprovoked act of hostility on the con-
med with a witty coldness, " bbiamo, per
dietro da noi !*" But the fir t lieutenant,

* heavens, we have foes in our rear!

who

Tranquillity, however, being restored, and the cloth removed, the bottle was put in circulation with a health to "General Breezo;" and, to entertain my friend in a suitable manner, the doctor, who, as caterer, presided at table, sent for M'Murdoch the bagpiper. The Eolus of harmony appeared forthwith, and, having duly prepared himself by the donative of a glass of strong grog, began his performance with "The flowers of Edinburgh," in which the terrible pipes went with rapid execution over a number of notes, while the uninterrupted monotonous snorting of one or two larger tubes formed a sostenuto bass-accompaniment of peculiar elegance. Here I had an opportunity of observing how vague and various taste is, and how little it is to be reduced to *one* standard. The doctor's eyes glistened with joy at the sound of his national air delivered by a countryman of his on his national instrument; while the Neapolitan's frequent yawnings and contortions proclaimed to me at least, the little entertainment he derived from this Highland music. Indeed, on being proudly asked how he liked the tune, he by no means minced his opinion, but broadly declared, that he was glad to see the company so well amused by it, and, *on that account*, could not but approve of what afforded pleasure to his friends, even at the expence of his own taste; to follow the dictates of which, he was bound to say, that he would as soon hear the squallings of half a dozen of famished brats, as the grating sounds of so barbarous an instrument. Upon this unexpected remark, our hosts were civil enough to put an end to the first act of the concert by dismissing Mr. M'Murdoch with his bagpipes. "Aye, aye," said the first lieutenant, on hearing my friend's opinion, "these Neapolitan Signors are all for the vocal, so let's be on t'other tack. We'll give him a song every bit as good, and better mayhap, as any he has heard from the best of his what d'ye call 'ems. Start ahead, Jem!"

This

the floor, along which they ran in diverging tracks. Against the effects of this phenomenon all the lad's sorrow was as little proof, as most of the company's gravity. An involuntary half-stifled titter saved him from the cathartic mixture, and served to tune his vocal organs into a fitness for action. Taking hold, therefore, of the tiller-rope above him with one hand, in order to have one left to accompany the voice on the button-holes of his jacket, and shutting fast both eyes, he began, "'Twas post meridiem half past four," which he gave at full length, to the great satisfaction of *all present*, perhaps even of Don Michele, who declared the lad's voice to be a very good one, and that it was a pity he was *not* put into one of the *conservatorios* at Naples, *where, by a* scientific instruction, and a proper direction and modification of his rude natural powers, he might in time become as great a singer as Braham and others were, *that had had* luck and sense enough to seek perfection at the fountain head. The lieutenant, on the interpretation of this observation, assured my friend, that Jem would do *very well as* he was, without being put into any of his reservoys, or undergoing any other *scientific operation*.

After a few more songs, such as "Ye gentlemen of England," "The cherub that sits up aloft," &c. a walk upon deck was proposed till tea-time; and as the captain was on shore, his cabin was shewn to Don Michele, who, for once, admired its elegance, and the fanciful manner in which groups of muskets, pistols, and swords were arranged along its sides. As it was growing late, we soon after tea took leave of the officers, especially the first lieutenant and doctor, who promised their company at a dance I am about giving in my quarters on the Infrescata, principally to please the family I lodge with, and from whom I receive such incessant marks of kindness. Of this, as well as of any other matter that may occur in the interval, you shall have a faithful relation in the next letter you will receive from

Your's, *****.

with the others in shewing to me. The thing had long been promised, and expected; no wonder, then, that one evening, when I was sitting in the midst of them, highly entertained by the mirthful and spirited conversation of this careless (I mean *care-free*) and happy race, Donna Luisa, unfortunately for her, began bantering me about the long talked of dance, and asked when it was to be. For this she was most severely rebuked by her father, not only, as he declared, because it was an unwarrantable freedom in her to ask such a question, but also as it appeared no better than a broad hint, that they were tired of me altogether; "for," added he, "did not Don Luigi declare the dance should be previous to his departure, as much as to say, that after the dance his stay with us would not be long; why then hasten this forerunner of his loss?" I strongly pleaded for the poor girl, by assuring her father, that at whatever time the little festival took place, my subsequent departure would not be hastened on that account. And in this declaration, I apprehend I spoke even more than the truth; for it is not unlikely the new acquaintances I have formed through my ball, will delay my departure instead of accelerating it. Last Wednesday, then, was fixed for the great day, and to put Mr. Michel into good humour again, I requested it as a particular favour (thus making a merit of necessity), that he would not only officiate as master of the ceremonies on the occasion, but charge himself with all the preparatory arrangements. I had no sooner spoken, than he assumed an air of important complacency, rose from his seat, and begged I would adjourn with him to my room up stairs, as it was impossible to talk the matter over properly "before all these women;" at which observation, *all these women looked ex*tremely black. His son-in-law alone was admitted to our conclave; for what reason, however, I know not, as he could not offer any proposal without being silenced by the father, with a surly admonition to hold his tongue and let his betters speak.

As

when to take off his hands from a picture. You shall not lose the account altogether; only remit me the narrative for the present: imagine me, without having succeeded in my errand, returned from Pozzuoli in the heat of the day, arrived at my quarters before Don Michele, the dinner half spoiled by his not coming, and your humble servant faint with hunger or heat I don't know which. At last I spied *him* turning the corner of the vico,* his hat in one hand, wiping with the other the drops off his forehead.—His official report was as follows:

"'The execution of your orders, sir, is the cause of your waiting; for when D. Michele undertakes a thing, *he* likes to go through with it at once. First, as to the company, there will be ten couple, besides our family and some odd ones, if they all come, of which there is little *doubt*, although two or three were not at home when I called; and what is more, *gente di garbo*,† such as you might suppose my friends to be. Three or four will come in their own carriages; and some of the lasses will shew you what is called dancing at Naples. Care too has been taken, that they should not want for good music: you will have, Signor Don Luigi, the first oboe of St. Carlo, two excellent violins, a flute, tenor, and violoncel—my son will play the tambourein."

"Six musicians, Don Michele, for this little dance! why that's out of all reason. Half the number".....

"Are *hired*, and the others gentlemen high in the profession, who for *my* sake have promised to assist as friends at your party. Money, of course, is out of the question. You see, good sir, Don Michele can command a thing or two. As many more would have come if I had asked them;

* Lane. † Quality. but

a number of flower-pots, tastefully placed in the windows and on the sideboards, exhaled their fragrant perfume over the whole suit of rooms. The operation, however, in which I found my master of the ceremonies, when I entered the apartments, was a mystery to me. He was busily occupied in locking every drawer of my two *commodes*, the closet, my trunk, &c.; and having done so, handed me the several keys, observing, "Here, Sir, are all your keys, every *thing* is safe now." I replied, that I presumed it would have been equally so without his taking this trouble, for the few friends at least, *I* had asked; and that as to those *he* had *invited, I* should have deemed the most distant suspicion of their honesty, an insult upon him. "It may be so," answered he, with his usual surly tone, "and I dare-say it will *be so;* but, at all events, the removing of temptation is the part of a good Christian, and can do no harm." The precautions of Master Michael, as I found afterwards, were by no means superfluous; indeed, they were even incomplete, as you shall learn by and bye.

I am not going to plague you with a minute journal of the proceedings of the evening; but a few incidents, I imagine, will entertain you. The musicians arrived in good time, and the company dropped in fast after eight o'clock. The carriages began to rattle in my humble lane, and attracted its curious inhabitants to *every window.* To receive such a number of strange faces appropriately, was a most irksome task; but it was alleviated by the sight of many a good-looking young lass, and two or *three real* beauties; one especially, Donna Carlina, reminded me of Miss ——, as being a handsome and animated likeness of that young lady. My English friends from the city, and the lieutenant and doctor from the —— frigate, likewise made their appearance in due time; and healthy as their countenances shone forth, and well dressed as they were, they greatly

cere thanks, observing, that if there was a momentary change for the better in my looks, I felt warranted in ascribing it to her presence. She was going to repartee something, when we were interrupted by the arrival of more new faces, whom Don Michele presented to me with great formality, adding, that as there were but few visitors wanting, the musicians might begin the concert, which I approved. He likewise whispered in my ear, that one of the ladies, and several Neapolitan gentlemen of the company, were good singers; that they had brought abundance of opera-music with them, and that, therefore, it would be best to have as little instrumental music as possible, perhaps the oboe-concerto alone would be sufficient under existing circumstances; to all which I likewise nodded assent.

After the oboe-concerto, therefore, which really was delightfully played, the operatic budget was opened: a young lady, with her brother, sung a duet from "Il *Fanatico per la Musica*," with great and deserved applause. It was now suggested, whether, as there were several more singers in the room, we might not be able to muster sufficient strength for the finale in the first act of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. Volunteers were called for, and on counting the parts, nothing but a bass voice was found to be wanting. Every thing seemed at a stand for a few minutes, till seeing that there was no chance to supply the defect otherwise, *I offered to* undertake the part, if the company would indulge *any blunder* I might commit. The truth was, that from *seeing* this very opera perhaps half-a-dozen times, I knew *it almost by heart*, and the finale, in particular, was very familiar *to me*. Don Michele, who had no idea of my singing by notes, seemed amazed at my boldness, and observed, with a significant sneer, "Take care, Signor Don Luigi, not to stick fast in the middle, this is not ship's music" (alluding to the songs he had so severely censured when on board the *frigate*),—I begged

"There, Mamma, do you hear? And here, look at this frame, which is the colonel's doing. Now, although it is as ugly a face as God Almighty has ever created, I warrant every one will know it to be the shade of our friend Don Michele."

These observations created a general laugh, in which Don Michele had the good sense to join, observing, however, that he could never submit to the verdict of *one* judge, alone, in an affair so important to his domestic peace, were it only on his wife's account; and therefore appealed to the justice of the whole company, for the truth of Miss Carolina's assertion. Upon this, a wit proposed collecting the votes of every one, went round whispering, and finally declared the opinion of the majority to be, that Don Michele was a good-looking man when pleased, but the most ugly bear when disputing, or out of humour; a sentence which was confirmed by his wife in its full extent.

To return to Donna Carlina; I promised to draw her shade, provided she would allow me to keep a copy for my own use; to which she replied, "As many as you please, to assist your recollection."

As this might be taken in two very different ways, and as there was plenty of work cut out for the rest of the evening, I answered with a bow, gave orders to prepare for the dance, and to hand refreshments in the interval. My punch found much favour with all present, the ladies not excepted, who emptied their glasses as rapidly as if it had been lemonade. I did not join in the country dance, resting my apology on the state of my health, and my physician's recent and peremptory orders not to indulge in any exercise which might heat or excite the nervous system, as he called it. But, although not dancing, I was fully employed in another way,

as

Plate XIII.

ny apartments, I blush to confess that my resolution to
p my toes in a state of sober quiescence was shaken at
. I could have withstood the pressing solicitations of
f-a-dozen of these exhilarated damsels, but for the irre-
tible temptation of their animated example— and of the
cellent music. Fancy, for once, dear T. the loving smiles,
e glistening eyes, the seducing attitudes of these pretty
eapolitan bacchantes, and then ask your conscience how
ng any Christian, were he even a Quaker or Moravian,
ould have stood proof against such attraction? The worst
f the thing was, that having once broken my vow by dan-
ing with Miss Carlina, a kind of rivalship ensued among
he other ladies, most of whom now laid a successive claim
o be led down a country dance by "*il Signore* Colonello"—
With the assistance of my grave Mentor, Don Michele, I
atisfied them all! for he peremptorily declared, that he
would not suffer any excess of fatigue which might lay me
up afterwards; and therefore suggested, in order to please
all parties, that I might be allowed to change my partner
during any one dance, whenever I thought proper. This
wise proposal of my friend's being agreed to, I contrived to
dispatch two or three fair candidates in a quarter
of an hour, allotting to each a space of time proportional to
the estimation I formed of her claims to my favour.

In the course of these pedestrian evolutions, *I thought I*
observed in several of my fair partners, *cheerful as they* had
been before, an unusual and extraordinary *access of spirits*
and gaiety; which, with every allowance *for the southern*
latitude, and the ice-punch (now administered to them the
more frugally by reason of the unlooked for *increase in my*
numbers) I was at a loss to account for, till I saw my man
Benedetto whisper something into Don Michele's ear, which
the latter forthwith telegraphed into mine.

But before I let you into this secret, it is proper *that, like*
a skil-

high as mother Eve did after that unfortunate pippin, codlin, or *pomme d'amour*, the digestion of which is so rigidly entailed upon us poor mortals, that I even feel warranted in ascribing to that primary *faux-pas* the illicit longings of my Neapolitan fair guests after my frugal stock of Pozzuoli wine. No sooner did one of the damsels espy the forbidden shelf, than, inasmuch as, on such occasions in particular, the sex is all over the world gregarious, the assault thereon was a settled matter: *veni, vidi, bibi*, was the word; and my delicious Pozzuoli wine fell an easy prey to their sacrilegious hands and palate.* *Implentur veteris Bacchi*, or, in plain English, mesdames tippled till they had their fill: and what they left was very nearly finished by four or five half-starved footmen, and other hall-rabble, in attendance on their worthy masters; for, when Don Michele went into the kitchen, he found but a small remnant in one of the bottles, which he secured in his own room.

Inspired with the juice, and further exalted by the agitation of dancing, most of my fair guests became still more exhilarated, some grew ecstatically merry, and a few scarcely manageable. Surrounded by these voluptuous "bacchæ," I feared the fate of Orpheus. Their frolics, however, I must say to their credit, were chiefly levelled at Don Michele, probably because he had spoiled the continuation of their sport. This poor man had now to suffer all sorts of mischief for refusing to join in their revels, till at last, for the sake of peace, he consented to dance *one* minuet and no more. All was hush in an instant, when he placed himself with his fortunate partner in the middle of the room, as stiff as buckram and as serious as if he were occupied with the solution of an algebraic problem. But no sooner had he performed the first step or two, than, in turning his body with grave elegance

* See plate 14.

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and as we had fortunately our Caledonian Æsculapius at hand, he was forthwith sent down stairs to administer professional relief, which in this instance consisted of the simple recipe of a dish of tea, and was attended with the desired beneficial effect, so as to enable the patient to return home without any other assistance than the arm of her brother.

The dawn of morn was the signal for the gradual separation of the company; from all of whom, whether of the establishment or extra guests, I had received, in the course of the evening, the most pressing requests to make *their* house my own: and, to their credit I must say, that, as far as I have yet had time or inclination to try the sincerity of these invitations, I have had no cause to regret my compliance. When all were gone, poor Don Michele had to sustain a severe rebuke from his wife, for his carelessness in not securing my wine-bottles: "But so it is," said the notable good lady, "he will know every thing better than other people; had he done as I wished, and left us to mind these and other matters, Signor Don Luigi would not have had his wine drunk, and some of these would-be ladies would have gone home sober, instead of making ..... of themselves." To this accusation the husband made a retort courteous, by blaming the female part of the family for not accompanying the fair guests into the kitchen, and minding the things there: and thus, in spite of my representation of the insignificancy of the object, a neat and lively argument was maintained between both parties for some time, and only put an end to by the entrance of the confectioner with the report, that, on counting the leaden ice-moulds he had brought, five were missing, as also eight *pewter* tea-spoons, which he hoped I would allow to be charged, as Don Michele had already made so hard a bargain with him, that if he were to stand the loss of these (valuable) articles, he must be out of pocket by me. My friend was now going to put himself

pletely restored by the well-deserved compliment I paid him on the efficiency and snugness of his arrangements, and by the satisfaction I expressed at his conduct of the evening's entertainment. The family insisted on instantly putting up my bed again in its old place, to afford me some rest; an offer which I declined, as it was not only broad daylight, but a heavenly morning, such as my indolence had not yet allowed me to enjoy since my stay in Naples, held out an irresistible invitation to breathe the pure morning air of the lofty and salubrious region I inhabit. I therefore saddled my horse myself, and sallied forth across the Uomero towards the Pianura, a favourite ride of mine. What a contrast burst upon my feelings! An hour ago plunged into the midst of bacchanalian revels, I now quaffed rich draughts of the purest vital air; fluttering gusts of gentle morning breezes waved the clustering foliage of the classic pine, just bronzed by the glowing tints of the rising sun; thousands of feathered songsters hailed the new-born day with their wild notes, in answer, as it were, to the distant matin-bells of the Neapolitan convents; thin and partial mists arose from the luxuriant fields, leaving every herb and blade bespangled with glistening drops of dew. Every now and then a panoramic view of Naples and the surrounding country burst through the thickets of stately trees which girt the elevated road; and this enchanting picture was closed by the venerable Volcano, emitting from its crater a thin and fleeting cloud of harmless vapour.* Vivid recollections of my earlier healthy years obtruded themselves involuntarily, my heart expanded with the purest emotions, and after the revel scenes I had but just shared in, I felt inwardly proud in being still susceptible of the impressions of innocent delight which Nature alone is capable of exciting. Refreshed in body and mind, I returned home to breakfast; and, after a hearty

* See plate 15.

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ıds exposed, and her hair full dressed and
ıct, you might have taken her for a per-
not the waxen and livid hue of death pro-
ber to be that of eternity. As I am not now
f travels, I will spare you a side or two of
ions, which might be made on this singular

That Don Michele, with whom I since
ation on the subject, stood up its strenuous
ill easily believe; and, indeed, to some of
ıad little else to oppose than my personal
e indelicacy of the spectacle.

neral procession and their chaunts, bells,
ceeded, musing upon what I had seen,
edo and Chiaja to the Grotta di Posilipo.
l as my thoughts, the cavern resounded
rumblings of a number of carts, and the
clownish drivers. To avoid a collision with
darkness visible, I inclined my horse to the
ried me twenty times safely through; but
ill-luck would have it, the noise of the ve-
brutish masters frightened the poor animal
n his restive capers and endeavours to get
ıe drove my thigh so close against the rock
on regaining day-light out of this cave of
ı piece of my pantaloons fairly ground off,
made to extend the grinding operation to
f my own skin.

pear before Donna Giuliana in this novel
(although I had not long ago met with a
ı a similar errand) was a matter of extreme
ıe silk handkerchief tied round the affected
ı sorry palliative. Trotting on, however,
on at the gates of Pozzuoli, where, among
four

four or five of
attended me th
old acquaintan
offer, and told
pose you know
liana's being m

There was g
so forcibly did
telligence affec
would be ashan
that moment,
right or pretext
certainly beyo
views by any
fact, but for tw
me; and I, wi
ture, would fai
nent settlement
reason at all.

I had just tin
a reserve of a fe
store the balanc
me to enter his
cicerone's inform
liana's uncle, wi
all calculated to
fortunate bridegr
unknown to the n
fortnight of the w
kind interference
my former letter
would not intere
vitation to my fêt

It will not be diffi
rect idea of the sing
tural curiosity. A c
gined; on the contr
with its summit cut c
ly speaking, a trunc
two hundred yards i
is called the Solfatar
hill, but sunk in co
an uninterrupted rid
trees and underwoo
perhaps of your own
theatre, the surroundi
to the arena, or, as it
modification, that the
above the level of the
forms a flat, compose
ance.

On entering this d
hollow sound of your
guide still more confi
over an immense cav
whitish soil under you
have ocular demonstr
vacuum, is—a gulph o
able promenade, you
volcano, with the hea
shoe soles, and volume
their way through the
very smoke is brimsto
it touches becomes in
may suppose the air y
pregnated with any t
place must be very u

Somewhat more than a mile north
Astruni, likewise the remains of ar
mountain, unlike the Solfatara, is c
open crater, a circular plain perha
cumference, is covered with a be
small trees, and contains two or t
Surrounded on all sides by a
scarcely imagine a more roman
veyed it from the heigths abov
well stocked with deer and oth
ed and locked by a gate.

I took my leave of the Sol
same time. But before I ser
I obtained from him an exact
way I had to take to arrive
intended to take in my road
half a mile, I found mysel
wildered; and to render n
had turned my horse into a
perpendicular sides of w
other, till there was actua
ceed onward, or even to
difficulty I dismounted, i
the path ultimately led.
was no danger; for, as
either to stand still, or
defile. Going forward,
tive sulphur making its
the stone with a variet
blueish, and others ye
forty yards, I found
water of which was s
and about Naples,
springs of every des

ertheless, pleased with the discovery, particularly novel sight of seeing brimstone grow, if I may be ıe expression. Another novelty, for *me*, was the ast quantities of wild asparagus, which I met with cursion, and which is gathered and sold by poor Naples. It is not to be compared to our fine Enragus, and I have seen no other than this wild my stay in Naples.

atest difficulty remaining, was to get the horse. defile. As I could not drag him out by the tail, d tried to back him; but he did not understand ıvre, and reared briskly. Dismounting, therenore, I took hold of the bit, and by gentle treatally pushed him backwards, till there was room ack him about.

was right again, I resorted to a remedy for findroad, which, whenever my way was home-, ere now, more than once successfully put in he horse now became cicerone: left to proceed his own instinct, he in less than a quarter of ght me into a lane, from whence I saw Lake before me; here I espied, and soon met a gners and Italians on horseback, just coming In England we should have passed each o*dire*; here one of the cavalcade, without cessed me, "If you come to see the Grotta del u are just in time; the man that shewed it to e way behind." I thanked the communicaaced on, and soon found the keeper of that attended by three dogs, the wretched vic- curiosity.—I'll describe at once.

el Cane is here reckoned a very unaccountable

* Dog's Cave.

ıeak off against the sides of the rock, with
ietween their legs; and when the fellow, with
called them to him, they crept, or rather
ls us in a reluctant curve (*caninoid* perhaps.)
ady been predetermined to forego the gratifi-
lle curiosity, I must not have had a heart to
, my dear T. to have remained unmoved by
anguish of these miserable animals. Giving
master to understand that the dogs would
, we proceeded to the grotto without them.

le cave, about ten feet long, and six feet in
ɛigth, you are admitted by a door which is kept
see nothing that could interest your curiosity;
and pestiferous gas, extending more or less
f about a foot, spreads itself along the whole
hat altitude the air is harmless, and you re-
ɔut below it, any living being breathing the
the short time of a few minutes, is sure to die
ons. The experiment is usually made with
of the Spanish viceroys of Naples, the famous
Toledo, a man to whom the city is indebted
ı improvements, had the inhuman curiosity to
with two galley-slaves, who both died very
ɛing plunged into the deadly atmosphere.
immersion is but short, such as one minute,
l is instantly taken to, and thrown into, the wa-
(which is but four or five yards off), it will re-
fit; but its health is nevertheless much im-
requency of similar experiments; and I have
og is seldom able to go through more than
ons at most. What I am telling you here is all
s of others. I was quite satisfied with seeing a
immersed in the gas; it became suddenly ex-
l, what struck me most, the smoke, instead of
rising,

s bringing you into new troubles before the
rid of. You are right, my dear T. and the
ittle I have to add will certainly not justify
sh sheet. Once more, my good fellow, you
se sallies now and then; in a friendly letter
to write down at random what comes up-
ny the Younger says, *aliud est epistolam,*
aliud amico, aliud omnibus scribere.—Come!
ations in one letter, that is pretty fair I think.

e experiment with the light was performed,
ade adieu to the grotto; and here I was wit-
ait, strongly indicative of brute understand-
e. As soon as the three miserable curs saw
the door of the cave, they possessed canine
conclude that nothing more was to be feared
eir bearing a part in the exhibition.—They
yfully, rolled their still wet carcases in the
p their cruel tyrant's legs, and licked and
ıe most expressive manner. Even I, though
r to them, shared in the manifestation of
y. Sterne would have made a famous chap-
your humble servant, quite satisfied with the
e scene, untied his horse from the tree, and,
ther noticeable incident, arrived at his quar-
scata, as reported in his last.

Ever your's, &c.

* * * * *

LETTER XIX.

Titus, an Antoninus, a *Henry quatre*, or a George. The people here are literally mad. This ecstacy my cynic lord, who sees every object through the medium of his disloured and splenetic fancy, malignantly deduces rather from the eagerness of the vulgar for the expected festivities and exhibitions, and their hope for the return of prosperity with that of the court and its numerous attendants, than from any effervescence of loyalty; a virtue which he prides himself to possess in a pre-eminent degree, and for which, indeed, according to his relation, he has suffered severe persecution during the revolutionary epoch of the recent Neapolitan history. When he speaks of his king, it is invariably by these fond terms, "*il nostro amatissimo sovrano*."* This, really sincere, devotion to his king, a few days ago, procured him a singular office.

In order to give to this city, beautiful enough in itself, a kind of temporary holiday dress, it is at this moment in the act of being decorated with a number of superb gingerbread structures, wherever there is room for cramming them, all of classic model, you may suppose.—Ampitheatres, temples, triumphal-arches, and colonnades, are springing up like mushrooms. The marble and granite solidity of their ancestors of the Augustan age—lack a day!—is aped in canvas and deal boards!—The superintendance of the erection of one of these doll's houses is said to be a good thing; and I am assured by Don Michele, that, if every competitor had obtained a slice of the job of canvas-architecture, a very decent city might have been run up; and that, as government could not possibly satisfy all, many of the disappointed canvas-candidates had gone over to the opposition, (if I may be allowed to profane this hallowed term by transplanting it to Neapolitan soil) and might, for aught he knows, attempt to make a patriotic bonfire of these combustible monuments of modern

* Our most beloved Sovereign.

e house: only a day or two ago, when I
, what the noise below was about, she
ı, " Cos' altro se non quel maledetto

ɔcen agreed upon to accompany Don
ɔcity to inspect the fruits of his architec-
er with the other *machiné*, (as he calls
ments) in different parts of the town.—
lainly heard under my feet, his stentorial
ıterpoint with the additional keys of ma-
ıundry variations, on the eternal Theme
e *machiné*; to put an end to which con-
speed in my toilette.—Just as I entered
ſata thought proper to put forth a sub-
or two, in her way, at a time when the
ing a fallen loop in a faithful pair of silk
ɔrd (*stante pede*), gave her a just hope of
ocally kind ear to her well-meant repre-
en the aspect of the negative pole of his
lulled her usual fears. Don Michele
ening with unwonted composure to his
, with his shin in the lap of Delila (a fac-
odic attitude of a crane), his great instinc-
ıte the continual fluctuations of his center
ed all his attention†. He seemed fully
of having, by the slightest vibration, his
d with the hosiery weft. His posture
ent, have been fitly compared to an atti-
ıd it been accompanied by any thing like
But his bitten lips seemed to tell what,
ɔs of less restraint, he would, and could
Maria's arguments. Unfortunately for
her

at confounded amphitheatre. † See plate 16.

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some stone colonnade, which, on the present great occasion, was probably deemed an insufficient ornament. Some dozens of busy carpenters, &c. gave a pledge, that whatever was in the power of deal, canvas, ochre, white-lead, and size to achieve, would be done, to create a superb colonnade to last for a day or two.

Upon my word, dear T. these temporary structures appeared to me as so many ominous presages of the brevity of the joy of ....

Proceeding down *Mont-Oliveto*, we reached the *Sedile*, or *Seggio del Porto*, the site of Don Michele's *triumphal* career. I ought to inform you, by the way, that this *Sedile del Porto* is one of the four or five singular edifices in Naples, the purport of which I had some trouble to find out. The Neapolitan nobility, it appears, is divided into several associations, enjoying particular privileges, and having particular public functions assigned to them. These *sedili*, or *seggi*, I am told, are the halls or head-quarters of each association, where, formerly more than now, they had their meetings to deliberate upon matters of their common interest. They are lofty, fanciful structures, open on all sides, and inwardly decorated with innumerable coats of arms of the families belonging to the respective associations.

Although Don Michele gave himself very great airs of importance with the workmen, I soon found reason to suspect, that he was but a secondary person in this great national undertaking; for an architect was present to direct the operation. My friend probably superintends the financial branch; at least I saw him pay the workmen. These are mere surmises, for when I asked him what the architect had to do with the concern, he replied, in a surly tone, "What else but to execute *my* design? And what do you think of

ucted our departure, with a request for something
la salute del Rè *.

y suppose, dear T. that the concentration of the
within the elliptical walls of this wooden amphi-
s productive of a degree of heat by no means con-
y delicate frame, already sufficiently fevered and
y no common exertions of climbing over half-
ters and planks. The feelings of my companion
y visible on his glistening countenance, checker-
peared, by numerous lactean rivulets of dissolved
pomatum; his sufferings had silenced his speech,
s closed motionless, except to give vent at period-
ls to puffing breaths of internal vapour, sent forth
for equal draughts of the exterior less heated at-
ir. Whenever Don Michele is silent for any
time, an approaching storm may be looked for
; to avert the bursting of which, in the present
sed an adjournment to an ice-cellar, which was
dry "*come vuolete*†." His speech returning
of the frozen raspberry juice, he commenced
on according to the Socratic method of question
—"You seemed to be much delighted, Signor
ith this said amphitheatre of our's?"—"As far
to judge, it appears to me a correct and beau-
e of a real one."—"How old do you conceive
Its age cannot be many days surely, for it is
ortnight since I walked across the square on
ls, when there appeared no signs of it."—"And
y, did you say the theatre at Pompeji was,
ed some weeks back?"—"Between 17 and 1800
numbers," was my answer, although I now
he drift of my friend's catechisation.

* ak the King's health.

† As you please.

In

hear what was going forward. A board above the head the engrosser proclaimed his calling.—" *Qui si fanno memoriali, lettere, ed altre scritture, nel' ottimo stilo moderno.*" (*Here are drawn up memorials, letters, and other writings, the best modern style*).—Ever eager to seize any opportunity of observing the manners and national character of people whom I have every reason to think better of than me of our superficial magpie tourists, I pressed forward to obtain a nearer view of the transactions of this universal secretary; when Don Michele, pulling me back by the skirt my coat, begged I would not demean myself, by thus mixing with the vulgar; adding, that if I had a mind to see one of these public writers, he would conduct me to a friend his at no great distance, under whose very windows the whole kind of literary traffic was carried on daily, and from whose balcony I might watch at my ease the operations of the man and his untutored customers. " You already know, Don Matteo," he added, " for he played the violoncel the other day at your concert and ball, out of friendship to me."

This was a welcome offer: thither we shaped our course. On entering the apartment of the first floor, Don Matteo left his score, scraped a number of bows in quick time, with bustling hurry turned a child, two fowls, and a barking dog into the adjoining room (whither his wife followed as soon as she had packed off a litter of old clothes, broken toys, pea-shells, &c. which disfigured the symmetry of the composer's abode), and thanked my *fidus Achates* in the most hearty manner for procuring him this unmerited honour of the *Colonel's* visit. " He is not come to see *you*," replied the uncourteous cynic; " all he wants is to look out at your window, to observe the man below writing his letters."—" If so," rejoined the son of Apollo, " I shall for once have reason to rejoice at the neighbourhood of the fellow, whose customers, together with himself, I have often wished

in

ssessor, with inward satisfaction, left the ora
order to make room for a Turkish captain
hose literary necessities consisted in a mem
he restitution of some goods illegally seized.
e the means of exchanging ideas were not so
re; partly from the Turk's not knowing well
but in a great measure also for want of the us
e and impressive gesticulations, which, in t
half-way towards being understood, and wh
to the decorous gravity of a Mussulman. How
eans of the *Lingua Franca*, both parties con-
nter into mental communication with tolerable
his *Lingua Franca* may justly be called *a non-*
nguage, at home no where, yet understood all
editerranean. It is a barbarous Italian, *in* which
ion of the verb is expressed in the infinitive, *and*
oun invariably appears in the nominative case,
the English spoken by the Negro-slaves *in* our
n colonies, such as *Me not* go *yesterday*, &c.
ant, where it probably originated during the
period of Venetian and Genoese commerce and
his *patois* is indispensibly necessary, and uni-
iliar, to all engaged in commercial pursuits.
locument was ready for signature, *Ibrahim Reis*,
neither read nor write, was desired to make his
t, which he refused with religious abhorrence;
his little finger into the inkstand, imprinted on
correct fac-simile of the tortuous furrows of his
vay of signet. To my great surprize, this state
lued at no more than one carlin (5d.) although
a folio page, and decorated with some fanci-
ed initials.

had no sooner discharged his literary debt

than

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n a most popular author *with us*; for his
g skilfully propped with harmonious, in-
rmless expletives, possess the *elegant melli-*
s of the present day, which *charms the mu-*
d taste, without injuring the *thinking facul-*
h, like a *sauce picquante* to unsavory viands,
mends for the dearth or insipidity of the
hed up with a relishing seasoning. The
nto my head of treating you with a specimen
and I was just going to step down to give him
f a poetical epistle I meant to send you, when
ought him a small dish of stewed Windsor
raw cucumber and a crust of bread. This
d a glass of iced water from the neighbour-
calculated to preserve his intellectual powers
n Matteo informed me, was the *whole of his*
together with a segar by way of *dessert, in-*
official duties for about half an *hour*; after
rs of pressing service remained to be dispatch-
sume the quill, and suspend his *siesta*, or af-
to a late hour of the day.

ved a whispering consultation be
on Michele, which terminated by
s to me, in a low voice, an invitat
the former. Don Matteo could not have
rustworthy negociator; for my fri end, who is
on-vivant, after delivering faithfully his mes-
n wretched French, that I had better decline
he was sure I should not be able to drink
wine; and the peas, to judge from the shells
d on the floor, were much fitter to be preserved
gainst next season, than to be bro
relieved his uneasiness instantly, b
Don Matteo, that we were both e

alone could muster many thousands of volumes written by the other sex.—"*Gesu Maria!*" exclaimed the confounded Neapolitan, with a sigh.—"Many thousands you say?—To be sure, if they do write at all, there can be little doubt but they will write as fast as they talk, and faster too, for there is nobody to contradict them; and considering, that by this means, perhaps, they talk the less, the men, for aught I know, may be the gainers in the end, unless out of complaisance, they are obliged to read what the women scribble. Upon my word, Signor Don Luigi, I do not *envy* your country this universality of scholarship: let every one *be* taught according to the wants of his station in *life*; let there be a distinction in mental attainments corresponding *to the* distinction of ranks in society: otherwise, ambition and fear of hard labour will prompt the dregs of population to become gentlemen, and *we* shall have to hoe our own *fields*, sweep our own rooms, and brush our own boots.—Tell me, pray, what is the good of all this rage for making a nation of scholars?"—"The good, Don Michele? a general diffusion of useful knowledge, moral amelioration, liberty of thought, rapid improvement in arts and sciences, nay, in the most common occupations of life. You could scarcely name a thing on which we do not possess publications in England. We have works on cutting out cloth, on making soup, on boiling potatoes, on shaving one's beard....."—Here Don Michele fell into so violent a horse laugh, that Don Matteo burst from the next room in his shirt-sleeves, accompanied by his lady in a change of dress, to see what was the matter. "Have you ever read a work on shaving one's beard?" asked Don Michele, with affected seriousness.—"Is there such an one?"—"Not in our stupid Naples, you may be sure, but in the country of learning and philosophy, in my friend's country" (pointing at me). Don Matteo took Don Michele's irony very seriously, and exclaimed, "*Oh che paëse maraviglioso!*

siamo

he, with a bow, replied, "*Troppo onore*" (too much honour), *Signor mio!*" Perhaps, too, he meant to imply, that a challenge was too great a dose of honour for him. Be that as it may, the Frenchman was so little satisfied with the reply, that he requested me to tell my friend, he expected an explanation in another place. Through my mediation, however, an apology was obtained, and good-humour restored, to the great satisfaction of Don Matteo, who, next to the other Don, enjoyed his dinner more than any one present; and who, by way of making the greatest possible *repa*ration for his friend's indiscretion, invited the French gentleman, who professed to be a great amateur, to spend *the* afternoon with us at his house. To give the composer spirits *to go* through the impending display of his musical talents, I called for a bottle of *Lagrima Christi*. This produced a smile of satisfaction in the countenance of Don Michele, accompanied by a bad pun on the name of the wine compared with the subject of the expected Cantata, the welcome *to* his Sovereign, which, as he was pleased to observe, must be *any* thing but *lagrimevole*. We did not exceed the second bottle, Don Matteo protesting, when I proposed a third, that another might put him *hors de combat* for the rest of the day, too much rosin being quite as bad as too little.

Thus well refreshed, I reconducted my guests, together *with* Monsieur B. to Don Matteo's quarters, where we found *tutta la famiglia*, i.e. mother, child, and the fowls, just roused from the arms of Morpheus by the barking salute of the dog. That the composer would not take the field before he had tuned his old rattling piano-forte, you will imagine of course; the poor *creatura* (who certainly interrupted the solemn silence, necessary upon an occasion of such nicety, much less than Monsieur B.'s unceasing attentions to madame) partook of the tuning operation, by means of a paternal application, which forthwith produced a *flebile* in chromatic ascent

I make no doubt the inspired and enthusiastic composer would thus have continued to the end of his huge volume, had not Don Michele, whose gaping jaws, like portals, seemed to court the entrance of the poppied divinity, represented the absolute necessity he was under of resorting to his *triumphal arch*, before the men left off work; and, for that reason, preferred a request that Don Matteo would just give us the cream of the whole ... "The whole is cream," replied the ruffled bard, "none of your modern curds and wheys; turn up any one leaf, Signor Don Luigi, *quite* at random, and you shall decide. I abide by your judgment!..." "Ah! you have hit upon a bravura of Gertrude's, the vice-roy's daughter who is in love with Tell. My wife shall sing it; you will make an allowance, she knew nothing of music when I married her."

Donna Mariana furnished an example of the possibility of becoming harmonious by wedlock. She sung *with* taste and expression: conscious of the extent of her power, she had the rare judgment of not attempting what lay beyond it, and even to simplify passages which exceeded the *compass* of her voice or abilities. Thus she executed several airs so much to the delight of her lord, that he repeatedly expressed his approbation by a nodding smile, "a *brava*," and a tap on the shoulder, of a much more encouraging kind than the one he had dispensed to his only begotten heir.---But to do him justice, I must add, that the music was really sweet and interesting.

The Italians, as by instinct, possess an intuitive perception of the Beautiful in the fine arts; hence their superiority in painting, and in sculpture; and, as to music, in *melody* unquestionably; because melody does not depend upon laborious study, upon calculation, or artful contrivance; it is, if I may be allowed to say so, the gift of Heaven. You will meet

graces and flourishes *dans le bon genre*.---Don Michele, likewise, had a time of his own; so there was abundance of time between them of one sort or other. For the tortured features of Don Matteo's countenance during this severe trial, *vide* Hogarth's "Enraged Musician." Hitherto, however, his good breeding had prevented any severe token of his just displeasure: but when Monsieur B., ere *we* had come to the bottom of the left page, had already run his race through the right, and, with a *volti subito*, turned the leaf, Don Matteo's cup of patience overflowed at *once*; he jumped from his chair, and ran, like a madman, *up and* down the room.---"Have we made any mistake?" asked the astounded Monsieur B. with a smiling countenance.---"Oh! no, sir, not at all! It is I that have made the mistake, to trust my music into such murderous hands."---But for the Frenchman's imperfect knowledge of the Italian, *this* observation would have produced another quarrel. Don Michele, too, fond of a little mischief, was going *to* act the gratuitous interpreter, when his more immediate attention was engrossed by the arrival of wine, cakes, and ices. Suspicious probably of his friend's wine, he applied himself exclusively to the frozen dainties, in the dispatch of which his selfish speed soon rendered all competition impossible.

After a glass or two of *anti*-muscatel, the composer brought forth his *opus magnum*, the loyal cantata, the aspect of which entitled it to the rank of a musical curiosity. However original its intrinsic contents might be, its external appearance was a complete patchwork. Dozens of bits of staves were pasted upon every page: and Don Michele, holding a leaf against the window, observed, that there ought to be abundance of variety in a composition which so nearly resembled a harlequin's jacket.

Having requested me to join in the intervening chorus,

parts,

wine; and the rest of the company having joined in the toast, we took our leave of Don Matteo and his spouse. He saw us down stairs, and seizing a favourable opportunity, whispered to me a promise to treat me with his opera and the cantata in a day or two, when he meant to procure the attendance of a set of professional men, on purpose to give me a more correct idea of the composition, than what could be formed from the barbarous attempt of my two companions. ******

Your's, under every zone,

NAPLES, June —, 1802. * * * *

LETTER XX.

Dear T.

ROME, June —, 1802.

ALTHOUGH on my way towards you, I cannot refrain from sending you one more letter. It comes, as you see, from the city of the Cæsars, to close my correspondence in grand style. I arrived here two days ago, but such is the tantalizing uncertainty of my movements, that at this moment I don't know whether I may not have to decamp even to-morrow. To my great surprize and disappointment there were no letters for me at Mr. Sloane's. Perhaps to-morrow's post may decide whether my stay in this city will have been merely nominal, or whether it will be my good fortune, as it is my anxious wish, to devote the moderate space of a fortnight to examine superficially only the numberless objects of interest which hitherto have only bewildered my imagination. To make sure of one thing, you will smile when I tell you I have kissed the Pope's toe, and ..... But more of this by and bye; I must not tell my story backwards. Let's begin at the right end, and relate how I got to Rome, how I got out of Naples, the dear, dear Naples!

The

mediate departure, requested as the last favour at his hands, that he would put me in the way of finding a conveyance to Rome.—"What," exclaimed he, "I provide the means of rendering us miserable? Nay, Signor Don Luigi, this is too much to ask, though I might, had you no other friends in town, be perhaps prevailed upon to do even thus much, rather than see you fall into rascally hands. No, no, go to your English acquaintances, ask your *fuori-grotta* jockies*, they will not be at a loss to pack you off from us."—With these words, uttered in the tremulous accent of deep emotion, Don Michele left the room.

Strongly moved as I myself felt by this scene, *and nearly* wavering in my determination, I took the advice of the honest Calabrese in good earnest, and, at the recommendation of a friend in the city, engaged with the master of a single *horse* chaise to take me to Rome in three easy day's-journies, for which, inclusive of the keep of the horse and driver, I agreed *in writing* to pay twenty-five ducats†.

The bargain was scarcely struck, when captain *N.* made his appearance at my quarters to inform me that he *had* altered his mind, and that, if it could still be done, he would gladly accompany me as far as London. As the cause of this change in his resolution he stated, that on going to his inn the day before, he found his intended fellow-travellers, the two French messengers, tooth-and-nail engaged in a quarrel about some woman, and finally challenging each other to fight. Although the captain's arrival and interference caused a suspension of hostilites, and an apparent reconciliation, he nevertheless wisely considered the probability of similar scenes occurring in the course of their journey, between

* English friends of the author's, who occasionally amused themselves in horse-races on the Sea-beach, outside of the Grotta of Posilipo.

† Not quite five pounds.

id the gloom it impresses on the traveller's mind is not les-
ened by the numerous ancient tombs he meets along the road.
It was near noon when we entered the gate of St. John
and passed the church of that name, the Lateran, and the
Egyptian obelisk before it. The French inn of Monsieur Da-
mon near the Piazza di Spagna had been recommended to
us, but we had to enquire for it ourselves; for Paolo's jargon
now had become a dead language. With a transient glimpse
of the Colosseum, the column of Trajan, the Capitol, &c. we
at last reached our intended quarters, and were received as
inmates. Monsieur Damon's house deserves to be recom-
mended to all sober and humble travellers, like ourselves.
It is impossible to pay more attention to guests than he does;
his manners are obliging, he does not, like many of his col-
leagues, keep in the background and leave his lodgers to
the mercy of the waiters: he is constantly about, and ever
ready to assist the stranger in any of his wants. His charges
too, you will allow to be extremely reasonable, when I in-
form you, that for a good bed-room and two good daily meals
at the *Table d' hôte*, including as much common table wine
as I chuse to drink, I pay a Roman scudo a day*.—Break-
fast, as is customary almost all over Italy, you have to find
yourself in, from the coffee-house. Monsieur Damon imme-
diately procured us a *Laquais de place*, who, after exhibiting
an archive of written testimonials from various *Cavalieri* and
Milordi Inglesi, entered our temporary service at half a scu-
do per diem. This man is an adept in his calling. He knows
full as much of ancient Roman History as you and I do, can
tell when a column is out of proportion, when the *chiaroscuro*
is mismanaged, in short he might fitly deserve the appella-
tion of a walking pocket-companion, given him by the cap-
tain, were it not for his corpulency, which renders pedestrian
exercise a toil to him, especially in the heat of the day, when
he Italians are not in the habit of going out of their houses,
nd when, as he jocularly observed to us yesterday, none
t dogs and Englishmen are seen in the streets. Owing

* About 4s. 6d.

Owing to the number of artists and travellers th
hither from all parts of Europe, and to the inhabi
pending on them, in a great measure, for their
strangers enjoy at Rome the greatest possible
study of every painter and sculptor is open t
artists not only produce their own works
readiness, but will even take you to thei
This we experienced yesterday ours
visit to Angelica Kauffman we called
acquarell drawings of exquisite beau
that we enjoyed and discerned the
in his works, he spontaneously offe
Mr. D's, another painter in the sa
went with us through several streets
slippers ; a costume which in Lon
dozens of idle boys, &c. after us, h
here, altho' most of the inhabitants
were following their callings before
From our Consul we received more
He has been so obliging as to procu
Pope, of which, as I just come fro
particulars. Last night we received
liness would see us this morning at
going to bed I went to my trunk, t
my dress for this important occasion
most things, ill-luck would have it, th
were missing. In vain did I turn
thrice every individual article of
The inexpressibles had become
Benedetto, my Neapolitan man,
Malta, or packed them off for his
doubtful surmise to be entertained
The time was too short to order
forego the anxiously longed-for
but disappoint the Holy Father
and be wanting to the consul who

barrasing predicament, the captain, who felt for my distress, observed, that if it were not for the disparity of our size, he could perhaps have remedied the evil by a pair of black small clothes, which he happened to have in his portmanteau, and which he had laid by on account of their being too wide. How a pair of hose, too wide for an athletic man near six foot high, would suit your humble servant, you may guess pretty correctly when I add, that I am, from illness, about as thin again as when you saw me last. Nevertheless, as there was hardly an alternative, I made a trial, and found that by bracing them up to the third rib, I might the more venture in them, as we were to go and come back in a carriage under the guidance of a Mr. L. whom the consul's kindness had prevailed upon to conduct us.

Mr. L. appeared at the proper time this morning, and we drove to the Pope's palace on Mount Quirinal, big with classic recollections and famed for the statues of Castor and Pollux and their horses, the immortal works of Phidias and Praxiteles. We were ushered into an anti-room full of people, in which a guard of young Roman nobles, splendidly dressed and armed, bespoke rather the presence of a warlike monarch, than the abode of the peaceable vicar of heaven. Cardinals and courtiers with papers passed to and fro in great bustle of office during the hour and half that our patience was put to a trial. At last a chamberlain came out to ask Mr. L. whether we were of the catholic persuasion. The object of this question no doubt was to ascertain whether we were to receive the papal benediction and the donative of a rosary, with which his holiness usually presents the orthodox in faith. Our answer, of course, was in the negative, but as I should ave liked the present above all things, I added, that if the sh were not inconsistent, we should feel highly gratified such a tangible token of the honour to which his holiness graciously pleased to admit us, and hold the same in asting veneration. This observation was answered with ; but was soon found to have been of no avail.

Shortly

Shortly afterwards we were ushered into the presence. Conformably to the ceremonial we ly enquired into, we stooped down with o kiss the holy slipper; but the pope seiz his, raised it so quickly that I received on the forehead.—He was plainly dr white-friar, with a little black skul the appearance of a man of about f dle size, black hair, pale countenan expression, and features which ind good-nature. He kept standing quarter of an hour that the audien was ease and affability itself in his how long we had been at Rome, a handsome compliment to the va displayed in Egypt, and express the circumstances of the times, R sufficiently, to prove as attractive formerly been; adding, "It has like the ants, we must, with the as pair and restore as much as is conversation turning upon Engl ness was pleased to signify his adm Milton, whose "Paradise Lost", epic poem of the moderns, if not he regretted he could only enjoy means of a translation. Being sacred poetry, I thought I might "Night Thoughts."—"I have read holy father, "but they are too sombr These were his words, I can assure particularly at the time.—Mr. L. to be of the profession of the law, self of a moment's pause, to produce the case of a widow cruelly situate

ence of the delays in a law-suit which she had to sustain
r some years against the relatives of her husband, and to
which, bantered as she was from court to court, no termin-
ation was to be foreseen. "Your Holiness," continued he,
"is not unacquainted with her suit, she is at the brink of
ruin, and a word from the holy father would render her jus-
tice. Justice is all she claims, she hopes to obtain it at the
fountain." "What," replied the pope, "is this matter not
terminated yet? I recollect the case perfectly well, and
thought it had long been decided upon. I shall settle the
business at once," So saying, he took the paper from Mr. L,
stepped to a large table, full of papers; took a pen, wrote
two or three words and returned the document to our friend,
whose eyes beamed with joy at the good success of his errand.
The holy father now bowed to us, and we withdrew, under a
ceremonial, similar and similarly treated as at our entrance.
When in the carriage we thanked Mr. L. for his kindness,
to which he politely observed, that he had much more reason
to be beholden to us for the opportunity we had afforded
him of accomplishing an act not only meritorious in itself,
but very advantageous to him in his professional career.

With this account of my papal audience, dear T. I shall
probably take my epistolary leave of you: so much at least
you may calculate upon, that if in a week or ten days after
the receipt of this letter, you have not another from me, I
shall be on my journey homewards, and once more shake
hands with you towards the latter end of July. All present
omissions shall then be amply supplied by

Your's, &c.

* * *

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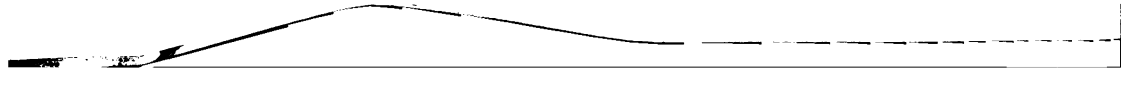

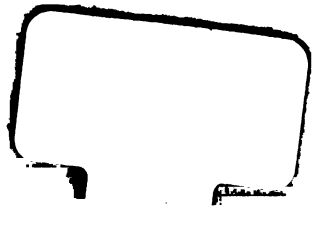

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